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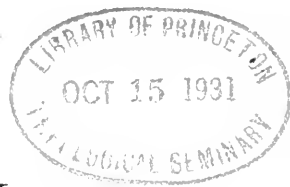
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W. A. Muhlenberg



✓
THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG

BY ✓

ANNE AYRES

VIR ANTIQUA FIDE ET VIRTUTE

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

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P R E F A C E .

A personal acquaintance with Dr. Muhlenberg, extending over more than thirty years, eighteen of which were spent under the same roof with him, and in an intercourse as close as that of a daughter with a revered father, will best account to the reader for the seeming presumption of the hand whereby the following memorials of his life and work have been gathered together.

The value and acceptability of the volume is to be found in the eminence of him whom it portrays, and in that fidelity and minuteness of touch in the portraiture naturally resulting, where the living subject has been intimately seen and studied for half a lifetime. This last was chiefly relied on in venturing upon so high a task; with the added assurance of his own words: "You know more of my heart and mind on all points, than any other person living."

The several sources from which the greater part of the work is drawn, become sufficiently apparent in the reading, but a little further explanation, in this regard, remains to be made. During a brief holiday in Europe, with Dr. Muhlenberg, in the summer of 1872, the opportunity was seized, as he reclined in the intervals of travelling, to take down many interesting particulars of those parts of his life with which I was not personally familiar, and more especially to obtain, in his own words, certain statements of principles, and opinions on points of importance, essential to the authenticity and completeness of what I had taken in hand to do. Such auto-biographical information, it should be named, was only given at my earnest solicitation.

For valuable data concerning his educational labors, I am greatly indebted to the Rev. Dr. Libertus Van Bokkelen, a former pupil and associate, who generously placed at my disposal, a large quantity of material, including personal letters and manuscripts.

But beyond all other assistance afforded me has been that derived from Dr. Muhlenberg's own private papers, journals, and letters. These were given to my sole and unreserved perusal, accompanied by directions that, within a certain period, all were to be destroyed. A modification of this command was afterwards secured as to sermons and other addresses. There was no permission to publish either journals or letters, but the contrary. Wherein this understood restriction has been encroached upon, the spirit of my friend and father will pardon the deviation, for the sake of the motive prompting it.

The book has been written amid the care and pressure of much other responsible work. More leisure and freedom for the purpose might have enriched its pages, and possibly have excluded some defects. It is believed, however, that nothing of moment has been omitted, and the faults of an unpractised authorship, it is trusted, will be overlooked in the conscientiousness of the history and the intrinsic interest of its subject.

A. A.

St. Johnland, L. I.

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THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

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ANCESTRY.

The Muhlenberg Family.—The Patriarch Muhlenberg.—General Muhlenberg's Last Sermon.—The Marriage of William Augustus Muhlenberg's Father and Mother in Connection with the Jay Treaty.—Conrad Weiser.—Question as to Whom he Married.

THE Muhlenbergs are associated with the earliest days of the republic as a highly respected and honorable family. Men eminent for piety and learning, for patriotism and public usefulness, grace their annals. The parent stock was Saxon, probably of the historic town of Muhlberg, on the Elbe, but in the course of events, they removed to Einbeck, in Hanover, then one of the free cities of Germany, and here, in 1711, was born the founder of the American branch of the name, "the blessed and venerable Henry Melchior Muhlenberg," as he is styled in his epitaph at The Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa., the burial-place of the Muhlenberg families.

This great and good man, owing to the early death of his father and other reverses, had a hard struggle

in obtaining the education which ultimately adorned his piety and talents. He passed some time in the orphanage of Francké, at Halle, and was twenty-four years old when he entered upon a collegiate course at Göttingen. After his graduation there he returned to Halle, where he was ordained to the ministry of the Lutheran Church.

During his residence in the universities of Göttingen and Halle, he formed the acquaintance of learned and noble persons who became his warm friends and patrons. In the Heister branch of the Muhlenberg family there is preserved as an heirloom an ancient silver-mounted snuff-box which was given to him, as a token of friendship, by Frederick the Great. Chief in his regard was his early benefactor, the eminent Christian philanthropist and scholar, Augustus Herman Francké, in connection with whose mission house, in 1742, he accepted an appointment as missionary to the German and Swedish Lutherans in the then British Provinces of America. He had supposed himself destined to a mission in the East Indies, and was making ready to go to Bengal, when a seemingly fortuitous circumstance made it plain that Providence had ordered it otherwise. It was reserved for him to be the founder and Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in this land, and to transmit, through his eminent great-grandson, a more extended blessing.

He was a man of many gifts and of apostolic zeal. With wonderful endurance, he traversed the country from Georgia to the borders of Canada, building

churches and schools, preaching and teaching in different languages, and so comforting the scattered families of his people that they called him everywhere "Father Muhlenberg;" by which endearing epithet he is still designated among Lutherans. His first church, built in the first year of his mission, at the village of Trappe, Pa., he named "The Church of Augustus," after his friend Francké, and he also added "Augustus" to the "Frederick" of his second son's name, whence it has descended to numerous individuals of the Muhlenberg race, and among them to the subject of these memoirs. The latter gratefully remembered to the end of his long life the far-back kindness of Francké to the head of his family, and sometimes when, in his abounding sympathy for some forlorn youth, he thought he might seem to be doing too much, he would say, half apologizingly, "You know my great-grandfather was a poor orphan boy at Halle."

The Patriarch Muhlenberg had three sons: John Peter Gabriel, Frederick Augustus, and Henry Ernst, all of whom he designed for the ministry. He sent them to Halle to be educated for this purpose; but the young men returned to America, just as the long smouldering fires of the Revolution were ready to break out in war, and patriotic and high-spirited, the field and the council had more attraction for them than the pulpit. Henry, the youngest, alone fulfilled his father's intentions. He passed his days as a pious and devoted Lutheran pastor, adding to his spiritual cure a close study of the natural sciences, in which he obtained

eminence, particularly that of botany. During an enforced absence from his church, through stress of war, he contributed some valuable works to this department.

Peter, the eldest son, took orders, very curiously, both in the Lutheran and the English Church. He had for his parochial charge the so-called "Valley Churches" of the Blue Ridge, Va.,—a hardy, independent flock, with whose spirit of resistance to Great Britain he keenly sympathized. He instructed his people openly in their civil rights, and accepted the colonelcy of a regiment, while yet their pastor. At length, probably through the influence of General Washington and Patrick Henry, with both of whom he had a personal acquaintance, he finally abandoned the sacred ministry for a military career.

"His congregations, widely scattered along the frontier, were notified that, upon the following Sabbath, their beloved pastor would preach his farewell sermon. . . . The appointed day came. The rude country church was filled to overflowing with the hardy mountaineers of the frontier counties. . . . So great was the assemblage that the quiet burial-place was filled with crowds of stern men who had gathered together believing that something, they knew not what, would be done in behalf of their suffering country. . . . He came and ascended the pulpit, his tall form arrayed in full uniform, over which his gown, the symbol of his holy office, was thrown. He was a plain, straightforward speaker, whose native eloquence was well suited to the people among whom he labored.

. After recapitulating, in words that roused the coldest, the story of their wrongs, and telling them of the sacred character of the struggle in which he had unsheathed his sword, and for which he was leaving the altar he had vowed to serve, he said, that, in the language of Holy Writ, there was 'a time for all things,' a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times had passed away, and, in a voice that echoed through the church like a trumpet blast, 'that there was a time to fight, and that time had come.' . . . A breathless stillness brooded over the congregation. Deliberately putting off the gown, he stood before them a girded warrior, and descending from the pulpit, he ordered the drums at the church door to beat for recruits. . . . His audience, excited in the highest degree by the impassioned words which had fallen from his lips, flocked around him, eager to be ranked among his followers. Old men were seen bringing forward their children, wives their husbands, and widowed mothers their sons, sending them under his paternal care to fight the battles of their country. Nearly three hundred men of the frontier churches that day enlisted under his banner, and the gown then thrown off, was worn for the last time.* He rose to the rank of Major-General, and holds an honored place among the patriot heroes of the Revolution.

His brother Frederick Augustus, the Patriarch's sec-

* "Life of General Muhlenberg."

ond son, served his country as a statesman. He was successively Treasurer of the State, President of the Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States, member of Congress, and First Speaker of the House of Representatives under Washington's administration.*

In the year 1795, while Frederick A. Muhlenberg filled the Speaker's chair for the second time, his eldest son, Henry William, married Mary, daughter of Mr. William Sheafe, a merchant of Philadelphia of German extraction, and William Augustus Muhlenberg was the eldest child of this union.

Henry W. Muhlenberg was paying his addresses to Miss Mary Sheafe at the time that the nation became so frenzied in the fierce agitation which followed the ratification of the "Jay Treaty." The House of Representatives was composed largely of the opponents of the treaty, and it was for a long time doubtful if the bills for the indemnification of Great Britain, which made part of it, would be passed. Mr. Sheafe, a strong federalist, anticipating that the vote would be a very close one, perhaps a tie, when the casting vote of the Speaker would be all-important, is reported to have said to Frederick A. Muhlenberg, "If you do not give us (the federalists) your vote, your Henry shall not have my Polly." It was ascertained that the leaning of the Speaker was in the right direction, and Henry and Polly were married accordingly. The bills subsequently

* Blake.

passed by a bare majority. William Augustus Muhlenberg was fond of telling this little story as showing how nearly he might not have been what he was (so high did party feeling run), usually adding, "But the vote went the right way, peace was secured, and here I am."

Both families, from the period of their settlement in the country, having married within their own nationality, he was of purely German descent, unless we accept a tradition, cherished by himself, of a strain of the aboriginal American, through the union of a remote ancestor, Conrad Weiser, with an Indian maiden. He used to say, "I like to think there is a drop of genuine American blood in my veins." Upon this obscure question there is much difference of opinion in the Weiser family.* Conrad Weiser's fragmentary yet eventful history affords warrant for inferring that there was such a marriage; a confirmation of which is further suggested by the physiognomy of some of the descendants, and among these, of that of William Augustus Muhlenberg, whose lineaments clearly indicated a not unmixed Teutonic origin.

Conrad Weiser figures prominently in our provincial history. He was born in 1696, in Astael, or Afstaefdt, in the electorate or duchy of Wurtemberg. In 1709 he emigrated with his father and others of the family

* Dr. C. L. Weiser of Pennsburg, Pa., in a recent biography, rejects the tradition, until actual "record" be adduced. On the other hand, Mr. Thos. B. A. Weiser of Brooklyn, N. Y., a grandson of Conrad Weiser's youngest son Benjamin, entirely accepts it.

to New York. At seventeen, a friendly chief inviting him, he was sent to live for a while with the Maquas or "Six Nations" Indians, for the purpose of learning their language and modes of life, and returning thence he acted for some years as a volunteer interpreter between his own people and the native tribes of the neighborhood. He became in due time the pioneer of the Germans in the settlement of Central Pennsylvania, and for thirty years served as Indian agent and interpreter for the colonial government of Philadelphia. His record is that of a man of great probity and piety, and of untiring industry in the service of his adopted country. In addition to his arduous official duties, he labored zealously for the conversion of the Indians to Christianity, associating himself, for this purpose, with such men as Spangenberg, Ziesberger, and Count Zinzendorf. To qualify some Moravian brethren to preach the gospel to the Maqua and Iroquois tribes, he instructed them himself in the native tongues. Under all these circumstances, and taking into account an ardent and enthusiastic nature and the primitive manners of those days, it would be nothing incredible that he should choose an Indian convert for his bride. The mention that he makes of his marriage in a brief autobiography, which has been preserved, justifies the assumption that he did so, thus: "In 1720, while my father was in England, I married my Anna Eve, and was given her in marriage, by the Rev. John Frederick Heger, reformed clergyman, on the 22nd of November, in my father's house in Schochary." The omission here and through-

out the biography of any patronymic in speaking of his wife, while he gives that of his mother; the celebration of the marriage, contrary to German usage, in the house of the bridegroom's father; and the Christian name of the bride,—all point to the verification of the tradition. “Anna” as the name of his godly mother whom he piously revered, and “Eve” as that of the primeval woman, would in the poetic German mind be a very natural baptismal name for one who, so to speak, was to be the progenitress of a new race. But, perhaps, there is room for a different and less romantic theory.

Anna Maria, the eldest surviving daughter of Conrad Weiser and his “Anna Eve,” became the wife of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and was thus William Augustus Muhlenberg's great-grandmother, on the father's side.

CHAPTER II.

1796-1811.

Birth and Childhood.—Early Religious Sentiment.—Death of his Father.—Preference for the Episcopal Church in his ninth Year.—A Quaker School-master.—The Academy.—Exemplary Boyhood.—Inventive Faculty.—St. James's Church.—Disappointment at the Consecration.—Innate Ecclesiastical Æstheticism.—Boy Journals.—Grammar School of the University, Pa.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG was born in Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1796, in a house which then stood on the corner of Third and Cherry Streets, but has since been pulled down. He was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth of the Lutheran Church.

With the first dawn of reason he seems to have known the fear and love of God. Questioned upon this point, he replied: "I think I can say, there never was a time, that I was unmindful of the presence of God, or without reverence for divine things, and I always looked forward to being a clergyman. When not more than eight years old, I remember I used to have church on Sunday evenings, going through a kind of preaching, at which the family would attend, to encourage me with their presence. I recollect very well that when I didn't behave myself, they would say to me, 'William, that will not do for a minister.'"

The youthful sermons here alluded to were much thought of by his relatives, but no notes of any of them have been kept. They were not childish gibberish or "make-believe" church, but as serious an explanation and application of a text as the thoughtful little preacher knew how to give. At the same time, child-like, he would always have a crimson shawl placed over a piece of furniture for a pulpit, and never forgot to take up a collection, the man-servant being usually present with a plate for the purpose.

One life-long peculiarity, familiar to those who knew him thoroughly, manifested itself at a very tender age. It did not matter how well he succeeded in what he took in hand to do, or how much approbation might be bestowed upon his work, he would invariably point out wherein it might have been more perfect, never reaching his own ideal. His father, whom he lost when scarce nine years old, is remembered as in the habit of remarking to his mother, "What a pity William always makes us see how much better he might have done that which pleased us so well!" One marvels what were those performances of a boy of seven or eight years, which drew forth such comment.

William retained a vivid impression of the last hours spent with his father. Mr. Muhlenberg died suddenly of apoplexy, and the evening preceding the attack he drove his young son in a chaise from Philadelphia to their country-house at Norristown. The boy never saw his father alive again, and to the last of his days always associated a mellow September evening in the

country, and its attendant sights and sounds, with his father's death.

A further incident, in this connection, also impressed him strongly. It would seem that in the excitement attendant upon the sudden illness of Mr. Muhlenberg the boy was left for a time unheeded, not even knowing that his father had expired. Wandering in a melancholy manner about the house, he was mounting the stairs when a door opened above and some member of the household came out. "Well, William," she said, "your father's dead;" and then, in the same breath, to a servant who stood below, "Betsy, put on the hams;" the funeral hams, that is, according to a custom, in those times, of spreading a collation for the mourners. A keen sense of the incongruous stamped this scene upon the child's mind no less forcibly than did his tenderness and sensibility that of the sunset drive.

There were two other children: a daughter next in age to himself, afterwards Mrs. Mary Rogers, and another son, Frederick Augustus, who became a physician and died in the prime of life. A pretty picture has come down to us of William and his sister, one nine the other seven years of age, going alone, hand in hand, reverently and discreetly, Sunday after Sunday, to Christ Church, Philadelphia. The worship of the Lutheran Church, at that time, was in German, and as the children were ignorant of the language, their mother did not require them to attend there; so, left to himself in the matter, the boy thus early made his election of the Episcopal Church. Old Christ

Church became very dear to him, especially its grand organ, which, to his ears, none other ever equalled. Bishop White, the rector, owing to some annoyance experienced by the congregation, had made a rule excluding all children not accompanied by their parents or guardians, but the devout behavior of this little pair procured them an exemption, and some good people observing their regular attendance gave them a seat in the gallery, where a noticeable object of interest for them was General Washington's pew, which still retained its red velvet linings.*

After a while a Lutheran minister the Rev. Philip Meyer, began to preach in English, and then Mrs. Muhlenberg desired the children to go with her. They did not at all like the change, especially as the Lutheran services were held in a hall without any of the attractive accompaniments of worship to which they had grown accustomed in Christ Church.

William's education began with a school-mistress, of whom he retained only the faintest remembrance. He was next placed at a seminary of the Quakers, or Friends, under one Jeremiah Paul, where he acquired the rudiments of English, but not making the progress his mother expected, she removed him. He said of

* There is an anecdote with regard to General Washington's church-going, which may be told here: "In the English Prayer-Book, the Litany follows the 'Collect for Grace,'—the American revisers of the book have placed it after the 'Prayer for the President,' which took the place of that for the 'King's Majesty.' This was done, Bishop White said, that General Washington, not attending church in the afternoon, might hear the prayer in his behalf."—W. A. MUHLENBERG.

this school: "My most distinct recollections are that we had to go to Quaker meeting every Thursday morning and there sit quiet for two hours; and on the day of my leaving I received a whipping from the school-master; good old Jeremiah, as he applied the rattan, saying, 'I ought to have given thee more of this, and then thy mother would not have to complain of thee learning so little.'" This vindictive castigation was the one whipping of his boyhood. After this he was entered at the Philadelphia Academy, at that time a celebrated school in charge of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, one of the assistant ministers of Christ Church, and famous for his pulpit oratory.

About this time Mrs. Muhlenberg, with her three children, went to live with her mother, Mrs. Sheafe, at the northeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets.*

William had a chivalrous love and admiration for his mother, and often dwelt fondly on the fact that though left a widow so young, with wealth and beauty in possession, she did not marry again, but devoted herself, and the fortune she inherited from her father, solely to the benefit of her children.

He, on his part, was the pride and delight of mother

* Mrs. Sheafe's maiden name was Seckel, and to her brother, Mr. Lawrence Seckel, we owe the delicious little pear of this name. When William Augustus Muhlenberg was a child, visiting at his great-uncle's, a German used to bring these pears for sale, always refusing to tell where he got them. After a time Mr. Lawrence Seckel purchased some land of the German, and there was the pear-tree from scions of which the fruit has been propagated throughout the country.

and grandmother, and was treated by them with an indulgence which he never abused. Referring to this period, his sister says of him, "He was a most reliable boy and a very amusing brother, always entertaining us with some new play or exhibition." He was very ingenious, and in the intervals of lessons occupied himself in scientific illustrations; in mezzotinting on glass, in making fireworks, in which he excelled, and in mimic theatricals. He had a workroom at the top of the house where he carried on these operations, and a friendly druggist at the corner of the street with whom he was very intimate on the subject of the chemicals necessary in his experiments, so that his grandmother used to say his choice of a profession lay between that of a clergyman and an apothecary.

In the spring of 1806 an accidental circumstance greatly furthered the boy's predilection for the Episcopal Church. The growth of the city of Philadelphia, and the tendency of the population towards the westward parts, made an Episcopal place of worship necessary in that direction, and the vestry of Christ Church and St. Peter's appointed a committee to consider "the ways and means for building another church." Searching for a suitable site in the neighborhood of Seventh and Market Streets, they came upon a lot of ground belonging to his mother, Mrs. Mary Muhlenberg, and bought the same of her for the sum of eight thousand five hundred dollars; and on June 10th of the following year the corner-stone of St. James's Church was laid, St. James's being included in the same corporation

with Christ Church and St. Peter's, and Bishop White being rector of the three as "united churches." The vestry, in purchasing the land of Mrs. Muhlenberg, gave her, besides the money, a large "double pew," as it was called, in the middle aisle. This, and the proximity of the new church to their dwelling were arguments for the attendance of the mother and her children there, which the eldest son eagerly pressed, and not without effect. Mrs. Muhlenberg determined upon the change, though in so doing she had to exercise much firmness in resisting the opposition of different members of her family who had then joined the English Lutheran congregation already alluded to. They thought she did grievously wrong in forsaking what they termed "the old faith." Nevertheless, later, most of them followed her example.

Meanwhile the church was completed, and when the day for the consecration arrived, William was all anticipation. The occasion failed, in one respect, to meet his expectations. Their house being very near the church, it had been arranged that the bishop and clergy should meet there to put on their robes and form the procession. Afterwards, however, Bishop White, wishing to make as little parade through the streets as possible, preferred a house still nearer the church. "I well remember," he said, "what a sore disappointment it was to me; for I had been talking with my schoolmates of the great honor to be done our house in the bishop thus using it." The consecration took place May 1st, 1810.

William Augustus Muhlenberg was innately a church boy, and a devout appreciation of sacred offices and of the meaning of fast and festival was intuitive with him. Further, his strong natural taste for the scenic made the appropriate application of it to the offices of religion delightful. This was spontaneous, instinctive,—neither the result of teaching nor the imitation of any model,—and it goes far to harmonize, or at least explain, the seeming inconsistencies, in after years, of his ecclesiastical æstheticism with his immovable evangelical faith.

From childhood he entered heartily into the Church Year. Page after page of his boy journals is filled with notices of the festivals as they come, and how he observed them. These youthful diaries are very artless jottings of whatever happens to concern him, and, particularly, of his faults and shortcomings; for, from first to last, never was soul more honest with itself.

Yet the scrawled and blotted pages are none the less alive with true boy nature, his sports with his companions, his likes and dislikes, with many a droll and keen observation of men and things as he meets them.

One of his minutes of Christmas exhibits strongly his ardor for religious services, and is illustrative, prophetically, of maturer days. After noting, on Christmas Eve, that school was broken up until after New Year's Day, that the confectioners' and fruit stores are in holiday array, and the mince pies being made at home, he adds: "I have dressed mamma's room and my own with boughs as handsomely as I could;" and

then drawing with his pen, at the head of the page, a large glory-rayed star with the monogram *M. A. S.* in the centre, he writes: "Prepare, my soul, to celebrate thy Saviour's birth. Behold, my soul, thy Saviour born in a manger! How great the condescension! Oh, the love of God! My soul swells with holy love. Oh! sacred flame keep up." He records that at seven o'clock on Christmas morning he went into St. Mary's and "all the chapels," and then to morning service at St. James's, which he found decorated "as well as might be," but evidently not to his satisfaction. He tells of the sermon by Dr. Abercrombie, and that he stayed to witness the celebration of the Lord's Supper (he had not yet been confirmed), then of the afternoon service by Mr. Kemper. He enjoys it all, and regrets at night that the day is over. "O dies felicissima! Dies dilecta!" he exclaims, "How happy should I be if I could spend all my days like this!" At the same time he laments that the services were not richer and fuller. "Were I an archbishop, the churches on this most holy day should shine with brilliancy, not poor laurel only. I would have the altar in white, a large painting representing the Nativity, wreaths of cedar and laurel to hide the walls, a choir with loud-bursting organ and thousand voices should sing their alleluias. Churches I would have builded in the most magnificent manner," etc., etc.; concluding with, "but I am young. I speak not contrary to what our good bishop thinks wise."

Before this, in his twelfth year, he had completed his

merely English education at the academy, receiving a diploma for his proficiency in the different branches. At the commencement, which consisted chiefly in exercises in elocution, being required to take part in an original dialogue on the "Choice of a Profession," true to his earliest wish, he declared his preference for the sacred ministry, quoting from Cowper:

"The pulpit, therefore—(and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)."

Leaving the academy he attended for three years the Grammar School of the University of Pennsylvania, preparatory to entering college.

CHAPTER III.

1811-1815.

College Life.—A True Friend.—Youthful Sports.—Confirmation.—Retiring yet Courageous.—The Juniors and the Provost.—Studies.—Church Observances.—Philomathean Society.—College Classmates.—Life-long Friends.—An Impenitent Boy Friend.—Public Affairs.—Closing Events of War of 1812.—A Day of Military Service.—The Treaty of Ghent.—Peace joyfully Welcomed.—Graduated with Honors.

HE entered upon his collegiate course when fifteen. This period of life, the period of feeling and passion, had its dangers for him as for most youths. That he passed through it unsullied may be attributed, among other causes, to the watchful affection of a young man in the University, who, though older than William, seems to have been magnetically attracted to him in an ardent and equal friendship which the latter always looked back upon, with gratitude to God, as one of the best blessings of his life. We have some recollections of these days from his own lips:

“While I was at the Grammar School, I became intimate with several of my schoolmates with whom, for two or three years, I spent the summer vacation, at a Quaker farmer’s in the country. From these companions I learned no good, and, through all my life, have regretted my acquaintance with them. And here I

must make grateful mention of Mr. Joseph P. Engles, who was a tutor in the college while I was in the Grammar School. Although seven years older than myself, we became warm friends. To no one in my youth was I more attached; and to no one individual in all my life, do I owe more of personal religious influence. He first became interested in me, from seeing my danger from the evil companions alluded to. . . . Engles and I used to have violent disputes together in religion and politics, as he was a strict Presbyterian, a covenanter, and a democrat, while I was a stout Episcopalian and a federalist; but we often went to each other's churches. Engles thought I made too much of the forms of religion, and was particularly offended at my wearing a cross inside my dress; it was a large silver cross, the first thing I ever had made. I recollect how relieved he was, when, on asking me what hymn I best loved, I answered:

“‘I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.’”

In a portion of Mr. Engles's journal of this date, we find frequent allusions to his youthful friend. At first as though studying his character; later as delighting in his society. In one place he says, “I have a very high opinion of Muhlenberg.” In another, “Muhlenberg seems to have escaped the gross corruption of his age.” Once when they had passed a

whole evening together, arguing upon predestination and kindred subjects, Mr. E., unwilling to part from his companion, prevented him, by a ruse, from hearing the hour cried by the watchman, and so kept him long past his usual time for returning home.

Napoleon, then playing his wonderful *rôle* in the drama of nations, was another topic of animated discussion between the two. Muhlenberg always detested the character of the mighty soldier, while Engles was blinded to its enormities by the glamor of military glory. A letter of rebuke to the latter on his gratulations at Bonaparte's resumption of power after his escape from Elba, is curiously illustrative, not only of the young Muhlenberg's anti-Napoleonic sentiments, but of the fire underlying his gentleness, and how he sometimes manifested it. The epistle begins without any of the usual terms of endearment, thus,—

“JOSEPH! You rejoice at the present news! What shall I say? One who professes to adore the Prince of peace, and who has been admitted to the privilege of his kingdom by the holy rite of Baptism rejoices at the elevation of a blood-thirsty, a hellish tyrant! Christendom reposed in peace. . . . The nations of the earth appeared to be uniting under the banner of the Cross. . . . The blessed time when peace shall be universal seemed to be approaching—But alas! again the monster rises! The enemy of the Church, the proud and blasphemous persecutor of the saints, the disturber of nations again appears, and—a Christian rejoices! Blessed Jesus, can it be?”

“Will the plea of patriotism be urged as the cause of your present joy? Cursed be that patriotism which is kindled by the view of rivers of blood. What! Would even a rational being, not to say

a Christian, desire the political interests of his country when they are to be purchased by the tears of thousands of widows and orphans? True patriotism never destroys philanthropy. No! Joseph, take your Bible and read the peaceful, the heavenly doctrines of Jesus, and be glad, if you dare, at the exaltation of Napoleon. Until you can prove that the Spirit of God delights in wars, I will not believe that a follower of the Lamb can rejoice in the present news."

His first printed verses, "An Ode to Spring," appeared at this time in the "Portfolio," a periodical of the day, and he began to throw off poetical effusions freely at the desire of his friends. He found more pleasure in literary occupations than in athletic exercises, except it were walking; his genial disposition led him to take part with his young companions, in boating, fishing, swimming, and even gunning, but he did not excel in these sports. Of gunning, a very few expeditions sufficed. The last time he went, he shot a dove, and then vowed never again to engage in the pastime. He was so dull at dancing-school, that the master often pulled his ears, and when on a certain occasion he understood the direction "turn out your toes" to mean that he was to spread those members within his dancing-slippers, he was pronounced incapable of learning. Nevertheless, he much enjoyed the practising balls, which, in those days, were very innocent things, always ending at nine in the evening. Throughout these days, and always, his heart was strong in its home affections; he was ever his widowed mother's fond and true knight, and the loving admirer of his only sister. Such words as "Mary played well," or

"Sister looked very pretty to-night," come in, from time to time, with his mention of an evening entertainment.

In the second year of his college course, he was confirmed. The Rev. Jackson Kemper was then one of the assistant ministers of the united churches and a very popular young preacher. He was popular in a good sense of the word, for he was the means of a genuine revival of religion. Young and old were moved by his preaching, and among them William A. Muhlenberg, who makes frequent allusion to the subject, in his journal of this period.

Notice being given of the confirmation which was to take place in the approaching Passion Week, he went to see his "beloved minister," as he then termed Mr. Kemper, though without any personal acquaintance with him, in reference to his acceptance as a candidate for the rite. He said, in relation to this: "Overcoming the extreme diffidence I felt, I introduced myself to him, and his kind manner soon put me so much at ease that I asked him some questions on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, about which my mind had been perplexed. All I recollect is that he assured me that regeneration did not mean a change of heart. He invited me to come and see him again, and thus began an acquaintance which lasted with unabated esteem and affection to the day of his death. . . ."

"On Easter Even of this year (1813), I was confirmed at St. James's Church, in company with a hundred and eighty others, most of whom were adults, and some quite old people. Such a time had never before been

known, in the church in Philadelphia, and greatly it gladdened the heart of Bishop White, as he expressed himself in a sermon on the occasion. It was not the custom at that time in Philadelphia, for any but communicants to kneel at the prayers, and I well remember the effort it cost me to do so, in the prayers, at the preparatory lectures, in our large square pew, where one could be seen by every body. It was at the time of my confirmation, too, that I resolved to give up going to the theatre, of which I had been rather fond, considering that as one of 'the pomps and vanities of the world,' of course to be renounced; unobjectionable as the stage then was, compared with its present depravity."

In taking this step, William had to endure some loneliness and occasionally a little raillery from his companions; but shy and diffident as he was in a high degree where duty was not at stake, he was strong in moral courage wherever there was need for it. An instance of this which is not unworthy of mention, appears in an episode of his college life while he was a junior. There were unruly and turbulent spirits in the University of Pennsylvania in those times, as in other colleges nowadays, and the majority of this class of juniors found their sport in systematically tormenting a venerable member of the faculty, the Provost, Dr. Andrews, to whom they recited in several branches. There was not the least provocation for this bad behavior, and William is at once indignant. He does not hesitate to call the conduct of the boys "shameful,"

and with three of the better-minded ones takes sides boldly with the master. The insubordinate ones taunt Muhlenberg and his allies as "curries," which they take as a matter of course. The contest runs through several months, Muhlenberg and his friends defeating the tricks of the others against Dr. Andrews, and standing up for him in various ways.

The matter ended appallingly in the sudden death of the Provost. He heard the nine o'clock recitations, one morning, and at a quarter past ten was no more. The unruly juniors were awed, and Muhlenberg's affectionate heart greatly moved. School being at once dismissed he went home, and, shutting himself up with his journal, filled four pages with a monody on the event. These pages are double-ruled around their edges, and filled in, by his own hand, with a broad, black border. In his lament he says: "How sweet was his disposition! How kindly he labored to make us understand Homer, Cicero, Juvenal!—a perfect master of the classics," etc., etc.

As regards his college studies, Greek, Latin, Belles Lettres, and Natural and Moral Philosophy were the most congenial. Mathematics went hard with him; nevertheless, he would not at any time allow himself to be behind here, in the recitations. If not a very close student, he had so much quickness of apprehension and so manly an ambition and conscientiousness in doing his duty, that he was always well up in any study that was before the class.

In addition to the regular college course, he took les-

sons between hours and of an evening in music, the piano and flute, in drawing, elocution, and chemistry, with botanical and mineralogical expeditions for recreation. Amidst all this work, he finds much fault with himself for his unstudious habits: "Lazy, lazy! I must study more," is a frequent item, of this date, in his diary. In one place he adds to this complaint: "If I do not attain mediocrity, it is not Nature's fault, for I feel able to learn any thing I take in hand." In another place he complains of the time he has to give to some studies (Euclid for instance) not, to his youthful judgment, necessary or useful for a clergyman, and expresses his weariness of the college routine, adding, as though solacing himself with the thought, "But religion is my delight." We may well believe this, since to all his other engagements at this time, he added a weekly attendance at the "Prayer Society" instituted by Mr. Kemper, and an observance of all church days and church occasions, so far as his hours with his tutors would permit. He makes full notes in his diary of his Sundays, with ordinarily, their three services, giving the gist of the sermons often with some striking criticism. Even at this early day he is thoughtful for the poor, and observes with regret the small collections after charity sermons, exclaiming in one instance, "O Benevolentia Temporum, O Charitas Christianorum!"

He took an active part in the "Philomathean," a literary society still existing, of which his class were the founders, and he himself a first mover in its for-

mation and one of its first moderators. This, while under seventeen, was the earliest effort of that originating and organizing power which he possessed so strongly and always so earnestly directed to the highest and noblest ends. In his journal of these days, there are scattered notices of "Philo." in her infancy which show him guiding and shaping her course with something of the Christian wisdom, ability, and tact which he brought so effectually to bear upon more important foundations in riper years. The following, among others, is an example. The Philomatheans had asked and obtained a room in the college for their exclusive use; Muhlenberg soon observed that the members congregated there on Sundays, to the desecration of the Lord's day. Not wishing to appear as acting in the matter, he made a communication to the society over the signature "Mentor Residens" with a motion which was carried unanimously, that the doors of the society room should be henceforth kept locked on Sunday. The society continues prosperous and useful.*

* On the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Dr. Muhlenberg received with great pleasure the following note from the society, together with the engrossed copy of the Resolutions to which it refers, and his reply to the Philomatheans was one of the last letters he ever wrote:

"UNIVERSITY OF PENNA, }
Phila, Nov. 6, 1876. }

"REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.,

"My Dear Sir,—By the same mail, I have the pleasure of sending you a series of Resolutions, adopted by the Philomathean Society at a recent meeting. 'Philo.' is in a flourishing condition. She has sixty active members, and her library numbers about 2,500 volumes

Mr. Joseph P. Engles has been mentioned as the choice friend of William Augustus Muhlenberg's youth. There were several others to whom he was strongly attached. In this connection he says:

“Besides this good Presbyterian, I was intimate with Christian F. Crusé, a Lutheran, with Geo. B. Wood, a Quaker, and, though less so, with James Keating, a Roman Catholic; I ought to add that I took occasional opportunities of going to the Roman Church, and for several years made a point of attending early Christmas mass in the old Roman Catholic church on the corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia. ‘Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus!’ how it rang in my ears, and I can not tell how much its echoes have had to do with the early Christmas services, in which so many have rejoiced with me in the course of my ministry.”

It is a testimony alike to his discrimination and to

In the new and magnificent buildings of the University, she is accommodated with two spacious rooms which have been handsomely fitted up. The walls are hung with photographs of the senior members, and above the Moderator's Desk is a scroll bearing the honored names of the thirteen gentlemen who in 1813 founded the Society. To one of these gentlemen Philo. now expresses her thanks, respect, and admiration.

“Our college also is in a flourishing condition. In the Classical and Scientific Departments, she numbers over three hundred students. Hoping that the Resolutions may not be unacceptable, but may call up some pleasant recollections of college days,

“I remain respectfully yours,

“J. WARREN YARDLEY,

“*Chairman Com.*”

the fidelity of his nature, that the college friendships here alluded to (Keating's only excepted, of whom we hear no more) lasted through life.* Of Christian F. Crusé, he made the following entry in his college diary:

"Christian Frederick Crusé I highly esteem. His genius is accompanied with the greatest modesty; his manners are mild and without the least offence. In all his essays, he discovers much depth of thought. He is very religious, and is studying theology to take orders in the Lutheran Church. His mother is very poor and he is educated by the German Society; nevertheless he has been always respected in the class and in the society, the Philomathean. I think he will be a profound theologian. I know not any young man for whom I have more respect."†

* Mr. Engles died in 1861. A photograph portrait of him remains, on which is written, below the likeness, "A friend to be forgotten never, A brother dear in Christ forever!" And on the reverse of the picture an inscription thus: "This was sent to me by Thomas D. Engles, son of my dear friend, Joseph P. Engles, who died suddenly in Phila. last spring. There was no one to whose religious and moral influence I was so much indebted in the days of boyhood and youth, as to that of this excellent Presbyterian,—We loved each other to the day of his death. W. A. M. St. Luke's Hospital, Sept. 3, 1861."

† It is interesting to read side by side with the above, the following notice of Christian Frederick Crusé by the same pen, fifty years later. It is dated St. Luke's Hospital, Oct. 9, 1865.—"There was a funeral last Monday in this Chapel which I can not forbear to mention. It was that of one who was more to me than a brother,—the Rev. Christian F. Crusé, Doctor in Divinity—truly a Divine Doctor—Divine in his life as well as in his calling. He was latterly the Librarian of the General Theological Seminary, and a Library in himself, especially

This sketch is one of a series of acute and graphic moral and mental portraiture of the entire class, made in the last year of the course for the purpose of reference in after times. Appended to each is his college sobriquet. Among the sketches, we find this of himself—"William Augustus Muhlenberg, with as many faults as any of them; but I fear he does not know them." His Quaker friend, Geo. B. Wood, he describes as "the best scholar of the class."*

In addition to those here named, there were several

in theology and sacred literature in all their departments and in all languages: and of history extensively, ancient and modern; yet not a repository of mere learning, but of learning applied and illuminated by the light of that which was to him the Book of books. . . . He was a true Christian philosopher, serene and patient as philosophy itself. Modest, meek, and reverential in a saintly degree."—*Evangelical Catholic Papers*, 2d Series. PASTORAL NOTES, p. 186.

* This gentleman, Dr. Geo. B. Wood, of Philadelphia, alone survived him. His eminence in his profession has justified this early promise. He is well known through his "United States Dispensatory," his "Therapeutics," and other valuable text-books. In the spring of the year 1876, Dr. Muhlenberg, after a long absence, revisited his native city, as it proved, for the last time, and called upon his old friend, then very infirm. The writer, who was present at one of these interviews, subsequently received from Dr. W. a graceful note, containing a handsome contribution towards the twenty thousand (\$20,000) dollars which was then being privately collected for a gift to Dr. Muhlenberg, as the beginning of an endowment of his St. Johnland, in honor of his eightieth birthday—the name of the fund being the "Muhlenberg Endowment." In concluding his favor, Dr. Wood requested that when the proper time came, this tribute of his might be named to the friend "*whom he had known, loved, and esteemed, from boyhood.*"

among his college associates for whom he entertained much regard for the time; and others, again, for whose welfare he became deeply concerned, though they were not his particular friends. To one such, who needed it, he writes an anonymous letter on Dissipation; for another he reminds himself to pray regularly, the beginning, possibly, of that peculiar sympathy for the young of his own sex which throughout life distinguished him.

Some memoranda of this period which he made on the death of a youth whom he had once ardently loved, reveal both his own remarkable powers of attraction and the character of much of his intercourse with his boy friends. The earlier attachment of the two had greatly waned before the end of their college career; they grew to differ so essentially in opinions, morals, and habits, it could not be otherwise. But when Muhlenberg heard that the lad had come to an untimely end,—he died at seventeen, under very distressing circumstances,—all the tenderness of his affectionate heart was moved, and he reviewed at length the incidents of their intimacy; largely, it would appear, to see whether he had done all he might for the other's salvation:

“The amiable, beautiful R—— is dead.

“‘There cracked the cordage of a noble heart.’

I never will forget him. One more generous and affectionate could not be. . . . When I recollect how sincerely he was attached to me, the thought of not having seen him in his illness occasions me much pain.

. . . . One of his expressions I particularly remember. He said, 'I wish I were religious, that you might think better of me, and that our friendship might exist beyond the present world.' How often has he pressed my hand with tenderest affection—with that hand now frozen in death! How quickly did his heart beat in unison with my feelings, on any occasion, whether of joy or grief. . . . I remember he once told me he had a dream, in which he thought the judgment had come: that he was to enter heaven, but that I was doomed to hell. He thought he told the judge that either I must come up with him or he go down with me; but if that could not be, I should take his place and he mine. I considered this an evidence of the sincerity of his affection for me. Again, I was one evening with him at St. Paul's Church, at an oratorio. Being engaged with the music, I paid little attention to him. Some time after, he told me that the coldness which I displayed towards him that evening prevented him from sleeping through the night. . . . I have conversed hours with him upon the importance of religion. He listened attentively. I recollect that he was much impressed, for several days, with a sermon on Repentance which we heard together. He said: 'I perceive the necessity of repentance, but I also see the total change which must be effected in the dispositions of my heart; and so I despair of ever becoming religious.' I mentioned the omnipotency of God's grace. He returned, 'I hope to be better before I die.' If my prayers have availed any thing, he

has made a happy exchange of worlds. For a month past, I have addressed the throne of grace thrice daily in his behalf.”

The year 1814 was an eventful period in public affairs, both at home and abroad. In Europe, the deposition of the great Napoleon. At home, the concluding struggles of the war with Great Britain. The thoughtful and Christian mind of young Muhlenberg pondered these events as they transpired. He greatly deplored the contest between the United States and England. An enlightened patriotism was his heritage, and “Our Washington’s Birthday,” as often as the year brought it round, was observed with honor and joy to the end of his days: but war was abhorrent to him, and his mind was fully impressed that the existing one was unnecessary. He had a strong bias towards the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, and in order to confirm himself in this theory, if tenable, or to correct his prepossessions if he were wrong, he wrote an essay on the subject, and persuaded a young friend, of that time, whom he dearly loved, Benjamin Rush Rhees, to say in a similar manner all that he could on the opposite side. This was his wont in any doubtful matter, and no one could yield a point with more candor and grace than himself, where reason demanded it. In the present case, all his pains did not settle the vexed question. Non-resistance and public protection could not be made compatible. Feeling and judgment remained at issue.

On the capture of the capital by the British under

General Ross, on the 24th of August, the youth of all the principal cities sprang to arms and there was a possibility that Muhlenberg might himself be forced into the conflict. In his diary of this date, he says: "All is military. Companies everywhere forming. I am just eighteen—what ought I to do?" On Sept. 13, he wrote: "The British have been repulsed at Baltimore: General Ross killed. Querie—Is it Christian-like to rejoice in the death of an enemy? New Testament says, 'Love your enemies.'"

Philadelphia was ordered to strengthen her defences, and the University of Pennsylvania offered its services to the committee charged with the business. On Sept. 23, Muhlenberg makes this entry: "The classes of the college worked to-day at the fortifications. I carried sods. Hard work. I put a handkerchief over my shoulders and tied it to the handle of the barrow. We ate our dinners out like workmen. We worked by ourselves in finishing a defence at the entrance of the forts."

The approach of peace filled his soul with almost rapturous thanksgiving. Those were not the days of cable or steamer, and the signing of the preliminaries by the commissioners at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814, was not known in the United States until seven weeks after. A frigate brought the good tidings to Philadelphia on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1815. On this date, William writes in his diary: "After morning service, I heard the joyous news of peace, that a treaty has been concluded and signed by the Prince

Regent—waits only for ratification by the President. The whole city seems in a tumult of joy. Every body congratulates whom he meets. But to God—to God alone—be the honor and glory and praise of this unmerited mercy, this greatest of human blessings. Mamma was overcome with the unexpected joy, and burst into tears. How shall we thank thee, O God! Let thy Church sing anthems aloud to thy name.”

The next day, he writes: “I can think of nothing but the peace;” and later: “Though it is not known whether the President will ratify the treaty, the city, this evening, is brilliantly illuminated. I filled the panes of my windows with colored transparent paper, and put a candle behind each. They had the appearance of colored lamps at a distance.”

His college course ended with the close of the year 1814. The commencement took place on the 10th of January, 1815, when he received his degree of A.B., with what are called “third honors”; Christian F. Crusé receiving the first, and George B. Wood the second, and these two friends were with himself the first moderators of the Philomathean Society.

He had eagerly anticipated his liberation from college, more especially that he might be free to pursue those studies only in which he could take delight; but it was not in his nature to terminate the associations of those days without emotion. With a tender sadness, he indulged at some length in a retrospect of his university life, even the disagreeables of which he then found had their pleasant side; characteristically add-

ing: "*Now*, I almost love Euclid"—"I am even attached to poor ——," an unfortunate youth whom every body disliked. One morning, a day or two later, he notes that he went to the chapel and "listened at the door, to the old prayers." He is able to say as this chapter of his life closes, "I have never had any quarrel with any one, and I leave college on good terms with each person in it."

CHAPTER IV.

1815-1820.

Study of Theology.—Interview with Bishop White.—The Theological Seminary Question.—Earnest Preparation.—First Communion.—Self-searching Questions at Close of Year.—Reforming the Organ Loft.—Office of Clerk Abolished.—Removal to Arch St.—A Prayer in Every Room.—Founded a Church in Huntingdon Co.—Proposed Visit to Europe Abandoned.—Ordained Deacon.—Bishop White's Assistant.—Extreme Diffidence at Beginning of Ministry.—Bishop White's Meekness.—Anecdotes.—The Sunday Schools.—Church Music.—An Auxiliary Bible Society.—Visiting Among the Poor.—Ordained Priest.—Accepts a Call to St. James's, Lancaster.—Letter from Bishop White.

Nor more than ten days passed, after Mr. Muhlenberg's graduation, before he called upon Bishop White in reference to his study of theology. The bishop gave him a very cordial welcome, telling him he had an hereditary right to the sacred office, through his great-grandfather, Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, whom, though a Lutheran, he said he venerated as an elder brother in the ministry. Bishop White was fond of anecdotes, and entertained the young candidate a while with pleasant stories of his great-uncle, General Peter Muhlenberg, who had been ordained in England by the bishop of London at the same time with himself.

As to his theological curriculum, the bishop referred

him to the course prescribed by the bishops for candidates for orders, advising him to begin with reading Paley's Evidences of Christianity, to which succeeded Butler's Analogy, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, and Adam Clarke's Commentary, the last then a new work, from which, as from the other authors named, Mr. Muhlenberg and two fellow students recited regularly to Mr. Kemper. The young men also met once a fortnight in the bishop's study, to read essays of their own on subjects chosen by the bishop.

It was not until a year or two later than the time of which we are speaking, that the formation of a Theological Seminary came seriously under consideration. The subject then awakened much interesting discussion, particularly on the question, whether a large general institution, or a multiplication of smaller schools, were the more desirable, and one of Mr. Muhlenberg's earliest writings on a distinctively church matter, was a paper on this point, which he delivered before the bishop at a meeting of the Theological Society in 1817. The manuscript remains. It is a clear, forcible, but youthfully eager argument for a large General Institution, or *Theological University*, as he would have had it, differing in this from his revered church-father, Bishop White, who expressed his preference for the establishment of local or diocesan seminaries.*

* The following letter from Archbishop Secker to the Rev. Mr. Peters of Christ Church, Philadelphia, referring to the foundation of the first colleges under Episcopal auspices in colonial times, is interesting in this connection. It was originally contributed by Dr.

Mr. Muhlenberg, in his preparation for the ministry, had other training than that of books. He constantly

Muhlenberg to one of the monthly numbers of his "Journal of the Institute," from an autograph in his possession. "Dr. Smith," the bearer of this epistle was the author of the Preface to the American Book of Common Prayer.

"GOOD MR. PETERS:—I received and read your letter of the 22d October, with great pleasure. But I have had the gout almost if not quite ever since, which hath attacked not only my feet, but my hands in such a manner, that for a long time I was not able to write so much as my name, and now I can write but very little without doing myself harm. However I can not let Dr. Smith go, without sending you a line by him. Providence hath blessed our endeavors here for the benefit of his college much beyond my expectation. And indeed his abilities and diligence have been the chief instruments of the success. Dissenters have contributed laudably; but the members of the Church of England, and particularly the clergy, have been proportionably far more liberal. Doubtless they were induced to it by the allegation in the brief, that this seminary and that of New York would be extremely useful in educating missionaries to serve the Society for Propagating the Gospel. And therefore I hope the Trustees of the College of Philadelphia will be careful to make provision, that all such as are designed for clergymen of our Church shall be instructed by a Professor of Divinity who is a member of our Church, which may surely be done without giving any offence to persons of other denominations: a fault that should, by all means, be studiously avoided: as I doubt not but through your prudence it may and will. And with due precaution the thing is necessary to be done. My hand admonishes me that I have gone my length. I have many things to say to you; but must postpone them till we meet, if it please God to give us life and health for it. I have heard within these few days that you have been very ill. May the Father of Mercies preserve you for the good of his Church. I am with very great esteem,

"Your loving brother,

"*Lambeth, April 13, 1764.*"

"THO. CANT.

accompanied Mr. Kemper in his visits to the sick and poor of the city, and seems to have made very diligent use of such opportunities of improvement, recording in his diary the most instructive of these experiences. "Students of divinity," he writes, "ought to be acquainted with such scenes. Mr. K. told me he had never been in a sick-room before he was called to visit one as a clergyman." With the same earnestness of purpose he now gave more "serious attention to music," not for an amusement, but that he might "be able to do something towards making the services of the church more elevating to the pious, and more impressive to the minds of the thoughtless." All his powers seemed bent towards fitting himself for the high office at which he aimed. "Do I indeed hope one day to preach the Gospel of salvation," he writes; "O God, if that be thy will, sanctify my whole heart for the work!"

It was not until now, Easter, 1815, in his nineteenth year, and two years after his confirmation, that he became a communicant. No reason appears for this long postponement of his admission to the Lord's Table; but throughout his ministry he was wont to advise an interval between Confirmation and the partaking of the Holy Communion, at least for young persons, often saying in this connection, "One step at a time." Habitually, from childhood, he remained to witness the celebration of the sacrament, and his own experience led him to recommend this practice to non-communicants of whatever age, and particularly to the young, as a means of edification and preparation. He con-

cludes the record of his own first communion with these simple words: "O Jesus, grant that nothing in my future life may disagree with what I have done to-day."

The last pages of his journal for this year illustrate strongly his intense reality and that holy strictness with himself which characterized him always. Designed simply for his own eye, and only preserved to be used as tests and waymarks whereby to try himself in future years, it would not be proper to give more than a brief extract, by way of example, as to the manner in which he habitually wound up each closing year; the form of the exercise adapted of course, as time went on, to his riper experience and wider responsibilities.

The paper is dated "Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1815," and reads:

"The end of another year. How much better and wiser have I grown since the last return of this season? Come, my soul, let us enter upon the examination—

"Oh Almighty God, assist me with thy grace while I endeavor to remember the multitude of my past follies and sins. Shine into my heart, that my secret wickednesses may be brought to light. Enable me to keep sacredly the resolutions which I shall make, if they be agreeable to thy holy will. Oh let them not be as those which I have formerly made. This I beg for Jesus Christ's sake.

"Have I grown in grace?

"I have been admitted to the altar this year, and have frequented it; but I often fear that I have been an unworthy recipient. I am thoroughly convinced that my improvement in holiness has not been so much as it should have been, considering my advantages—But, to answer my question, I must propose others to myself.

"Do I diligently read the Holy Scriptures?

"No.

"Do I habitually revere my mother?

"No.

"Do I keep continual watch upon my lips?

"No! But, oh thou Searcher of hearts, have I not made some advancement in this duty?

"Have I respected in all things the requisitions and ordinances of the Church?

"I have endeavored to be obedient.

"Have I properly observed the Sabbath and Holy Days?

"What shall I answer? The world would say, 'Yes' for me—but, oh God, thou knowest the secrets of the heart, to thee I must say—'No.'

"Have I been industrious in my studies for the ministry?

"Oh here I have been shamefully neglectful—Lord Jesus, take from me my indolent disposition!

"Do I indulge myself in sinful thoughts?

"Lord, I thank thee that thy Spirit has often—very often—preserved me from pollution. Yet, O God, hear the intercessions of my Redeemer!

"Have my good or charitable actions been done with a view to the glory of God?

"A few.

"Do I ever think of trusting to my own works for salvation?

"Glory be to thee, for thy Spirit hath taught me better!

"Am I constant in prayer for grace and spiritual blessings?

"I fear the coldness, not the unfrequency, of my devotions will be charged against me.

"Are God and holy things often in my thoughts?

"Yes; but will not my condemnation be increased by the consideration that I have sinned against such great light."

Then follow earnest supplications and resolutions in view of the new year.

From boyhood to his life's end, William Augustus Muhlenberg's evangelical faith and great heart of love drew him in Christian brotherliness towards believers of every name, and his activity and candor led him to know and to appreciate what was being done in the great mission of the Gospel to mankind by the religious bodies around him; but he was always unfalteringly and zealously attached to his own communion. His youthful aspirations breathe ardent desires for her advancement, and for her adornment with every thing conducive to the beauty and interest of the worship. Commenting, in his diary, on the remarkable revival of religion under Mr. Kemper, which has been named,

he adds: "Oh! that it may increase more and more, until our church shines forth in her primitive splendor; then will all see her excellence." Again: "I count it one of my greatest Christian blessings that I am in communion with a church that has no other foundation than the apostles and prophets, that preserves in simplicity the primitive orders, and is descended of a mother who is justly styled the Pride of Christendom!" This youthful zeal combined with other qualities of his mind to make him, from the first, something of a reformer, an instance of which occurs at the very outset of his course as a student for the ministry, when he brought about, somewhat amusingly, the abolition of the office of parish clerk, which at that time, both in England and America, was a very ungainly concomitant of public worship.

St. James's Philadelphia, was then the church of his affections. There he had his first class in Sunday school, and that school was one of the first in the country. There, too, he had his first singing boys, having, at the request of Bishop White, taken the direction of the music. He found rather a bad set in possession of the "organ loft," and it was on his reporting their ill-behavior to the bishop, who was also rector, that he received full power to effect a reform.

The clerk, who had hitherto been supreme, was, naturally, very jealous of Mr. Muhlenberg's interference, and resisted it. At the practisings, as a first step in reformation, it was arranged that this functionary should

simply lead the bass: but when Sunday morning came, he took his place at the centre desk and sang out as precentor as heretofore, the organist and he understanding one another, for they were equally opposed to the "revolution," as they deemed it. As long as the clerk did his old part of leading the responses, and giving out the psalm, it was impossible to keep him in the necessary subordination; Mr. Muhlenberg stated this difficulty to the bishop, who at once threw himself into his young brother's plans. Indeed he was very glad of such co-operation in a reform which was beyond his own power; for with regard to the organist and singers, the good bishop had often said, "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation;" he immediately said he would dispense with the clerk's leading the responses, and would give out the psalm himself. He, at the same time, furnished Mr. Muhlenberg with a written commission, as warrant for his action to the clerk. On the strength of this, Mr. Muhlenberg went the next Saturday afternoon to the organ gallery, and, assisted by his brother, chopped away the clerk's desk, and sewed together the curtains in front of it, thereby reducing the clerk to the level of the other singers. The amazement of the poor man on Sunday morning, at finding himself thus disposed of may be imagined. And who now would give out the metre psalm? To the surprise of the congregation as well as of the clerk, the bishop, who officiated that morning, did it himself; and thenceforward the rector always gave out the metre psalm in

St. James's, and soon after in Christ Church and St. Peter's also.*

The removal of the family, at this time, to a house of Mrs. Muhlenberg's in Arch Street, seems to have been an event of some importance in the life of the young student. Their residence on the corner of Market Street had become unpleasant from the numerous horses and wagons congregating there, and with the joyous, loving thankfulness, which was so strong in him, he makes much of the grateful change of neighborhood, and still more of his kind mother's care and pains in fitting up a particular room for his use as a study,—his first study,—pouring out his heart in a tribute of filial gratitude and affection. Ten years later, we have incidentally another glance of his inner life, in connection with this house. Philadelphia was then no longer his home; but having occasion to pass through

* About twenty-five years ago, the writer happening to be in Philadelphia with Dr. Muhlenberg and his sister, they paid a visit to old St. James's, when Dr. Muhlenberg told this story, merrily pointing out the scene of his exploit. He had a further anecdote touching the office of clerk, which, though the occurrence is later, is in place here. "Soon after my ordination," he said, "being in New York, accompanying Bishop White on his way to Hartford for the consecration of Bishop Brownell, at an evening party at my sister's, I asked Bishop Hobart how he, with his church views, could allow a layman, every Sunday, in his presence, to stand up and exhort the people. He asked me what I meant. I replied, 'The clerk giving out the psalm with the call to "sing to the praise and glory of God."' He laughed, and I know that not long after the practice was abolished in New York also."

the city, he revisited the Arch-Street Mansion, and talking with himself in his journal, of its memories and associations, he adds: "How well I recollect coming here alone after church one Sunday afternoon,—just before we moved in,—I offered a prayer in every room; nor have those prayers been wholly unanswered."

In the second year of his divinity studies, by a resolution of the "Episcopal Society for the Advancement of Christianity in the State of Pennsylvania," it was required that candidates for orders should read service as frequently as possible in the vacant churches of the neighborhood. Mr. Muhlenberg hailed his first exercise of this kind with lively gratification. From his earliest years, the goal of his ambition was, to be a minister, and this was a tangible step towards it. He writes, "Sunday, June, 1816,—This is the first time I have been invested with any spiritual office. I read a sermon, from Gisborne, on the Love of God, to a congregation at Radnor Church." In the month of August following, having a license from Bishop White, he went to Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, and remained there over six weeks, founding a church in the town of Huntingdon, in that county. He gained the affections of the people and was treated with marked kindness. "I felt quite like a clergyman," he adds, in noting the above facts.

A further object of interest with him, was the formation of an auxiliary Bible society, composed chiefly of young men, Mr. Muhlenberg being a manager, and, it would seem, treasurer. Bishop White was the presi-

dent of the parent society,—the first Bible society in this country.

His theological course was drawing to a close, and new plans were to be formed. It had always been his intention, seconded by his mother's wishes, to spend some time in Europe, for the benefit of travel and the acquisition of the German and French languages, particularly the former, of which, on account of his ancestry, he was naturally unwilling to be ignorant. He longed especially to visit the cathedrals of the old world, St. Paul's having been one of the visions of his boyhood. He mentioned to Bishop White his purpose to go abroad for a time and asked him whether it ought to be before his ordination or after. The Bishop told him it should by all means be before; but then went on to say he had been hoping his ordination would take place speedily, since the vestry, for some time past, had wished to appoint a young man to assist him in the parochial duties of the rectorship, and he had been thinking of him for the place. Bishop White's assistant! He was overwhelmed at the mention of so great an honor. There was not a moment's hesitation. The thought of going to Europe vanished at once, and he hastened home to his mother with the good news, who was no less filled with joy than himself. Mrs. Muhlenberg, had, a little before this, become a communicant of the Episcopal Church, attributing her revived interest in religion to Mr. Kemper's preaching, and not less, perhaps, to the influence of her eldest son. She had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church, in her youth,

and the rite, in accordance with Bishop White's practice, was not repeated.* It is a curious fact that Bishop White himself was never confirmed.†

Mr. Muhlenberg now prepared himself, with double diligence, for deacon's orders, which he received at the earliest age permitted by the church. He attained his twenty-first year on the 16th of September, 1817, and two days after, September 18th, it being the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, he was ordained by Bishop White, in St. Peter's Church, in company with Mr. Richard M. Mason, formerly one of his classmates in Dr. Abercrombie's academy. On the afternoon of that day, he preached his first sermon in Christ Church, from the text, "Pray without ceasing." He preached twice the following Sunday, and soon after was elected by the vestry as "assistant, or chaplain, to the rector of Christ Church, St. Peter's and St. James's, i. e., to Bishop White."

* On this point, Dr. Muhlenberg said: "Bishop White, when I was with him, would not repeat the confirmation of persons coming into our church who had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church. He spoke of those who held to the necessity of doing so, and who nullified all non-Episcopal ordination, as *New Lights*."—*Evangelical Catholic Papers, First Series, note to p. 362*.

† In the *Evangelical Catholic* of Oct., 1852, Dr. Muhlenberg, after mentioning some opposite opinions on this point, in two of the periodicals of the time, says: "As neither has positive information in the case, and we happen to have, we may as well state the fact. We recollect distinctly Bishop White's telling us that he was never confirmed, and his adding, moreover, that the English bishops were not in the practice of confirming those who came over from this country for ordination."

The venerable bishop and his youthful chaplain were well suited to each other. Mr. Muhlenberg complained in these days of an "unconquerable timidity" in the exercise of his public duties, rather it was that delicate sensibility and retiring shyness, which, through life, lent so great a charm to his originality and independence of mind. But this grace was sometimes a little troublesome to its possessor, particularly in the earlier part of his ministry. A tradition has come down (through the family concerned in the circumstances) of his exceeding diffidence when called upon for the first time to baptize an infant. It was in St. Peter's Church, a day or two after his ordination. His countenance suffused, his whole manner became embarrassed, and he earnestly requested Bishop White, who was present, to administer the rite for him. But the good bishop would have his young brother make a beginning, and did not yield.

A story of another kind is told of the first confirmation which he attended as bishop's chaplain. While the right reverend father was "laying hands" on a chancelful of young people, an excited lady rushed up, exclaiming in a loud whisper, "Mr. Muhlenberg! Mr. Muhlenberg! He said *she*! the bishop said *she*!" "Move him to the end of the row," was the quiet rejoinder. The bishop had made a mistake in the gender of the catechumen, the lady's son, but by this ready expedient all was made right when the round of the chancel was completed.

Bishop White was himself a pattern of saintly hu-

mility, instances of which Mr. Muhlenberg took pleasure in relating. One of them is in point here. On the first Sunday of his officiating as assistant, the bishop preached in the morning, and he read prayers, which latter service was of course understood to be especially the deacon's office. In the afternoon when Mr. Muhlenberg was to preach, the bishop put on the surplice to read prayers. Mr. M. reminded him, that to read prayers was his duty as the assistant. The bishop replied, "You read for me this morning, and I read for you this afternoon." The young deacon remonstrated, begging him for appearance' sake in the eyes of the congregation to allow him to take his place in the desk; but he would not, and walked out of the vestry saying pleasantly, "Turn about is all fair." "Turn about!" said Mr. Muhlenberg, in telling the story—"turn about between the Patriarch of the Church, then past seventy, and a boy honored with the appointment of chaplain to him!" The vestry very naturally objected to this arrangement, saying that the assistant ought always to read prayers, and laughing as at "*Bishop Muhlenberg and Mr. White*," but the bishop replied that he was quite strong enough for the duty of reading prayers, which he by no means considered an inferior one. Eventually, however, he yielded to what was thought right in the matter. On another occasion the bishop apologized to Mr. Muhlenberg for asking Bishop Moore, then on a visit to him, to preach in his turn. The good bishop habitually avoided speaking in the first person in his sermons and addresses, and to avoid

an "ego" would sometimes use so much circumlocution as to impair the clearness of a sentence. One more anecdote in this connection is worth repeating. One day when Mr. Muhlenberg was in his company, a third person entered and related at length a story of shameful wrong-doing on the part of a clergyman well known as opposed to Bishop White on church questions. The bishop listened with grieved look and in utter silence, and when the narrator ceased, immediately introduced another topic of discourse.

The three years of Mr. Muhlenberg's diaconate were well filled with work. Preaching was not an onerous duty, alternating as he did with the bishop, and each sermon besides serving for the three churches.* These early sermons were practical rather than doctrinal; they were plain, evangelical discourses. Speaking of this period of his ministry, he said: "I always aimed to be understood by my hearers, and I think I never preached beyond my own experience. Whether this was right or wrong, I do not say; but such was the fact." He greatly disliked what he called "the preaching tubs" of those days, feeling ill at ease in them;

* "The rector and the assistant-minister of Christ Church, St. Peter's and St. James's Church, were the same; and it is not easy to discover that any one of them officiated entirely at any one of these churches. Bishop White was rector during all the period. Rev. Robert Blackwell, Rev. James Abercrombie, Rev. Jackson Kemper, Rev. James Milnor, Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, and Rev. William H. Delancey, were his assistants, they preaching interchangeably at St. James's and the other churches."—*History of Philadelphia, by Thompson Wescott.*

and throughout life, never overcame a nervous timorousness in high pulpits, always preaching from the desk when he could.

The Sunday schools of the parish were an especial object of his care, particularly that of St. James's, which he had organized himself. He was the means also of forming a Sunday school society that became the basis of the present Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union; his creating and vitalizing energy in the Church thus beginning with his earliest exercise of her ministry. The celebration of the first anniversary of the society when all the children of the three churches met at St. James's was a great occasion.

He paid much attention to the music at St. James's, the immediate charge of which he was able to retain through the agency of his brother. He formed a choir there and published a collection of chants for their use. He longed to do more than was in his power for the appropriate observance of the Church Year; and in his diary of this date laments the general neglect of Good Friday. "The church was open for service," he writes, "and there was a moderate attendance; but the sermon of him who preached was quite a general one, without the slightest allusion to the Day. The anniversary of our country's independence is punctiliously observed,—should the day whereon we were redeemed from the slavery of sin pass thus unheeded by? Would that it were devoutly observed by Christians of every name!"

He found himself very much in demand by some

of the good ladies of the parish, particularly of one or two who became warmly attached to him, visiting the sick and poor with them, and helping them in works of charity generally. A large amount of this sort of duty, and also of baptisms and funerals, seems to have devolved upon the young deacon, and his memoranda of these labors are often both characteristic and prophetic, showing thus early the germs whence sprang, in after years, so much noble fruit. Closing a notice of one of his experiences, a sad tale of penury and bereavement with not a place where the poor people might lay their dead, he sighs almost audibly: "How I wish some plan could be brought about so that the poor might not be excluded from our churches and burial-grounds." From the beginning, he attached great importance to parochial visiting, and laid down a plan for himself which he hoped would secure his acquaintance with every parishioner. But the complex nature of the parish in the union of the three churches, and the extended duties devolving upon him through this, prevented the satisfactory accomplishment of his aim.

On the 22d of October, 1820, he was admitted to the priesthood by Bishop White, in Christ Church, having completed his twenty-fourth year the September previous. Shortly after this event, he accompanied the bishop to Lancaster, Pa., for the consecration of a new church there, St. James's. The ceremony took place on a Sunday, and, in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Muhlenberg preached. His sermon gave so much satisfaction that he was immediately invited to

the rectorship of the parish, or rather to three fourths of it, every fourth Sunday being reserved for the old minister, and on that Sunday the young rector was to preach at Pequa, in the same county.

The bishop at once advised an acceptance of the call. This was a little piece of strategy of the good bishop's, for he had no idea of parting with his chaplain. On the contrary, he thought to make use of the circumstance to render Mr. Muhlenberg's engagement as his assistant a permanent one, instead of leaving it subject to an annual election as it then was. He knew the esteem in which the young minister was held, and did not dream of his resignation being allowed to take effect. In this he was sorely disappointed. Mr. Muhlenberg accepted the call to St. James's, Lancaster, and the vestry let him go; for reasons, however, independent of any personal consideration, but connected with a policy of their own.

Mr. Muhlenberg, for his part, was well content with this result. Much as he regretted leaving Bishop White, he was not satisfied with his work in the united churches, and, further, had begun to desire an independent pastoral charge.

His official severance from his venerated friend, did not terminate their affectionate intercourse, as evidenced by autograph letters of the bishop's, as far down as the year 1831. Mr. Muhlenberg had won his kindest regard and retained it. The letters alluded to are not of any general interest. The subjoined copy of a note addressed to Mr. M. in the second year of

his charge at Lancaster is characteristic of the rest of the correspondence and of the bishop's old-fashioned style which he never relinquished.

PHA., *March 5, 1822.*

REVD. AND DEAR SIR:—Your Brother informed some of my Family that you propose to be in this City y^e Beginning of next Week. I presume you will come furnished with what a certain clerical Brother compared to a Highway-man's Pistol. But that y^e Pistol may be of y^e proper Metal, I judged it expedient to inform you that we have appointed, Sunday y^e 17th, for Sermons in Behalf of our Sunday-School Society.

I remain yours affy,

WM. WHITE.

TO REVD. WM. A. MÜHLENBERG.

CHAPTER V.

1820-1824.

Religion and Learning in Lancaster.—Apathy of the People.—Mr. Muhlenberg's Activity.—Forms a Sunday School.—Interest in Public Education.—Obtains Passage of Bill through Legislature.—Large School-house Erected.—Personal Devotion to this School.—Improves the Monitorial System.—Other efforts for Enlightenment of the Town.—The Special General Convention, 1821.—Plea for Christian Hymns.—Effort in another Direction.—Church Poetry.—Hymn Committee Appointed at General Convention, 1823.—Mr. Muhlenberg a Member.—Faithful Pastoral Labors.—Extracts from Parish Notes.

RELIGION and learning were at a low ebb in the city of Lancaster, Pa., when Mr. Muhlenberg entered upon his cure there. This was on the 2d of December, 1820. In his church on the Christmas Day following there were but fifteen communicants. The parish had fallen into decay through having service but once in every four Sundays, and this by a rather superannuated clergyman, and Sunday school there was none; though for some time past a union school had been in operation, composed of all the English-speaking denominations of the place, among the teachers of which were members of St. James's Church.

Public education seemed to be as little in advance as that of the church, and an indifference existed in this

regard which at once roused Mr. Muhlenberg. "The apathy on the subject of education which prevails in this place," he wrote soon after his arrival, "is fearful. I hope a better day is dawning. Happy shall I be if I am at all instrumental in its progress."

The story of his efforts to this end is worth giving somewhat in detail. He was not without his troubles in making the working of his church more efficient, but his energy and perseverance overcame them all. His earliest step was to form a Sunday school of his own, naturally regarding that as a very important part of a pastor's charge. He immediately brought about the erection of a house for the purpose, and some who had been his warm friends took offence at this, thinking the measure precipitate. They were hard to move from their old sleepy ways. As soon as the Episcopal school-house was opened, those teachers who were members of St. James's of course withdrew from the union to teach in their own Sunday school. Their withdrawal was another offence. It was looked upon as a sectarian measure and of aristocratic character, the comparatively few Episcopalians of Lancaster being of the upper classes. But the school was quickly filled with children who flocked to it from all quarters, and particularly from the Lutheran Church, where, as yet, there was no English Sunday school. It soon numbered a hundred children in each division, *i. e.*, of boys and girls severally, with a body of excellent teachers, and continued a very flourishing school throughout Mr. Muhlenberg's incumbency. His own personality was

the life and soul of it. There are those who at this day, after more than fifty years, love to tell of the charm of that school, or rather of its devoted rector. One of these, now a bishop of the Church,* who was a Sunday scholar there when six or seven years of age, and later one of his beloved college sons, has never lost the impression then made upon him. The bishop recollects looking up to the young pastor's face as he was officiating at a funeral, and saying to himself, "How beautiful he is!" He tells also of going in common with other little ones of the congregation to Mr. Muhlenberg's study, where, after counsels suited to their tender age, they were sometimes regaled with fruit from the spreading boughs of a tree in the garden below, which the pastor ingeniously contrived to reach for them by means of a long stick with a hook and open-mouthed bag at the end of it.

But the two hundred children of this Sunday school were a small proportion of the young of Lancaster who had reason to regard Mr. Muhlenberg as their best friend. In his labors for the public education of the place, he was the source of a far wider benefit. During his diaconate in Philadelphia, he had been elected a director of the public schools in that city, which were then conducted on the Lancasterian, or monitorial, system. He became much interested in that system, and was not long in Lancaster before he took measures for introducing it there. He obtained the passage of a bill

* Bishop Kerfoot of Pittsburg.

through the legislature, making the city of Lancaster the second public school district in the state, Philadelphia being the first. This was done with his usual unobtrusiveness and did not attract much attention, but after the bill was passed and a large school-house began to be erected from the public funds, the German residents took alarm, and remonstrated against the legislation as unjust, since only the English language would be taught in the school. They were too late. The school-house was completed, costing from nine to ten thousand dollars, and accommodating some six hundred children.

Mr. Muhlenberg was the youngest member of the Board of Directors, but, as the originator of the school, its working was left very much with himself. He indirectly obtained the appointment of a candidate for orders in the Episcopal Church as principal, and as the prayers, Scripture reading, and hymn singing were a daily exercise, many of the scholars were drawn to the church Sunday school, the head being the same in both. Mr. Muhlenberg visited this public school constantly, instructing the teachers himself, and taking as much interest in it as if it had been a work of his own. He introduced an important change in the Lancasterian method. The monitors according to that system were taken from the body of the scholars and remained on an equality with them; Mr. Muhlenberg selected a number of the older and more exemplary boys and girls to compose a class of monitors, who received instruction by themselves, and held a higher rank in the

school than the other children. It was the care of this public school which, interesting him increasingly in Christian education, led him, at this time, to regard that as likely to be the chief vocation of his ministry. He took two of the boy monitors of the school to live under his own roof, and these became two of the first tutors in the Institute at Flushing.

Another beneficent work was greatly furthered if not actually originated by him. Unlike almost every other city of equal size in the Union, there was no public library of any kind in Lancaster, and the young mechanics and apprentices of the town were in a state of great mental as well as moral indigence. In the spring following his advent, we find a meeting of the citizens called to form "A Public and Apprentices' Library." Very few attended, but a committee was appointed to draft the Constitution of the Library, and Mr. Muhlenberg was made its Chairman. A little later, this Library Committee met in his study on the question of founding an Athæneum.

Christian hymnody became, at this time, a subject of great interest to him. There were then only fifty-six hymns in the Prayer Book, and the metre singing was confined almost entirely to Tate and Brady's crude version of the Psalms. This poverty of our worship he set forth in a tract entitled "A Plea for Christian Hymns," which he addressed to a friend in the Special General Convention, meeting in Philadelphia in 1821.* Event-

* "The next General Convention, being special, was held in 1821, in St. Peter's Church, in the city of Philadelphia, from October 30 to

ually this paper accomplished its mission, but Mr. Muhlenberg was much disappointed that at the time it gave rise to no action. It was characteristic of his perseverance and of the tenacity with which he held to an idea he knew to be right, that he prosecuted his object in another direction. He prepared a selection of Metre Psalms and Hymns from various authors, which he entitled, "Church Poetry," and put the volume into use in his own congregation. It was quickly adopted by several other pastors, in different parts of the country, who agreed with Mr. Muhlenberg that in the use of hymns the clergy were free. In this opinion they were sustained by Bishop White. Mr. Muhlenberg obtained permission to express the bishop's sentiments on the subject in an article that he published in one of the periodicals of the day, and which thus brought the matter into wider notice and gave rise

November 3, inclusive. The bishops present were Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, presiding bishop; Bishop Hobart, of New York; Bishop Griswold, of the Eastern Diocese; Bishop Kemp, of Maryland; Bishop Croes, of New Jersey; and Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut. . . . The Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg was Secretary of the House of Bishops.

"The Convention assembled on the call of the presiding bishop, induced by the desire of the trustees of the Theological Seminary, to consider whether any, or what, measures should be adopted, for the obtaining of a legacy of about sixty thousand dollars, bequeathed by Jacob Sherred, of the city of New York, to a Seminary which should be instituted within the state, either by the General Convention or by that of the diocese in which the testator lived and died. . . ."—*Bishop White's Memoirs of the Prot. Epis. Church.*

to the remark at the next General Convention (1823) that "it was high time the church acted in the matter, for if not, the clergy would take it into their own hands." Mr. Muhlenberg, who was a member of that convention, then became one of a committee appointed on the subject of Psalms and Hymns. The conclusion of this history belongs to a subsequent chapter.*

These labors in behalf of public education and hymnody, while reaching far beyond Mr. Muhlenberg's own flock, were in the first instance suggested by their needs and earnestly applied to their particular moral and religious improvement. His fidelity as a pastor to the humblest parochial duty, and his deep, unfeigned concern for the salvation of the souls given to his care, appear very interestingly in every page of his parish notes of this date. For the sake of the insight they afford into this part of his life, we extract a few of the more general of these private memoranda:

. . . . "Spent the morning in visiting several of the poorest members of the church—am convinced that much more can be done, in this way, *out* of the pulpit than *in* it—Spoke with more ease and freedom than last week—I thank God for it, and pray he will give me necessary utterance."

. . . . "Procured Allein's Alarm and Baxter's Call—I wish I could preach more in the manner of these writers—God alone knows how I agonize in prayer to be useful."

* See page 83

Sunday. "Rose at six. Looked over sermon—Sunday school at eight. Preached in the morning on Baptism, and administered the ordinance to — and to —. The former I think was qualified, but the other was so unsociable and dull that, although I could not refuse her the sacrament, she desiring it, I was not as well satisfied as I wished—Afternoon at the Sunday school—attendance 176—Evening preached an old Sermon, 'Unto you that believe'—This was laziness—I had no excuse for not writing a new one."

Another Sunday. "Confirmation, seventeen candidates. The bishop gave too little notice, or I could have done better. Might have had a larger number, but discouraged some who did not regard the rite seriously. It is too often looked at as a ceremony of the Episcopal Church, proper to go through with, instead of a public profession of religion."

After a Sunday well filled with work. "Holy Spirit, descend and bless the labors of this day—If I am convinced of any religious truth it is that without divine grace our labors for our own salvation or that of others are altogether vain."

. . . . "Was called up at three A. M. to see a man who thought himself dying. He was much alarmed—had no clear ideas of the Gospel. Strove to show him the necessity of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He was too much frightened to be edified—Called to see him again after breakfast—'Oh! can't you give me some consolation?' he cried. How painful were those words to me—How would my

natural feelings prompt me to set before him all the glories of heaven. I went as far as I could, knowing that he had not led a Christian life."

. . . . "Mrs. ——'s little daughter is dead. Found the poor mother in an agony of grief—Tried to administer religious consolation, but when the loss is so fresh the sufferer refuses comfort. The child was her idol, she says. I'm pleased that she recognizes the hand of God in its removal."

. . . . "Mr. —— told me that ——" (an influential member of the parish) "was displeased with my using an extempore prayer after my sermons. But I am decided to continue it. I think it edifying, and it serves to impress the sermon on the mind."

. . . . "Was delighted this afternoon by two of my Sunday-school teachers desiring me to hold a prayer-meeting in the school-house. They are much impressed, and tell me that among their fellow-apprentices there is a spreading concern for their souls. I promised to give the subject serious attention. I know how prayer-meetings are often abused, but when conducted properly they may become nurseries of the church. In this matter one must endeavor to take the medium between enthusiasm and formality. . . . Young converts' weaknesses are so closely intertwined with their pious feelings that the former must be indulged for the sake of cherishing the latter. If, with a rude hand, we proceed to root up the tares, we may spoil many a fine blade of wheat that would have ripened, and borne fruit abundantly.—Lord, I pray for

thy direction! My heart is indeed refreshed at the prospect of a revival of religion in this place where its influence is so little felt."

Some time later. "Two young brothers, — and —, of the prayer-meeting, came by my request to my study. I wished an opportunity to talk with and advise them on the present state of their minds. While I encouraged their serious feelings, I tried to make them distinguish between mere feeling and sober religion. I warned them against Spiritual Pride, and against Censoriousness, that common failing of young converts. I showed them the danger of zeal without knowledge, and urged upon them a diligent attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to prayer. I recommended them, in conversing with their companions, to speak little of their own feelings, and more of the practical duties of the Christian. I solemnly cautioned them to look for the evidence of their conversion only in the right state of their hearts and lives, and concluded with prayer to God, in their behalf. They are young men of rather weak minds, and mistake too much animal feeling for real godliness. But Piety, in this soil, is so rare a flower that I am disposed to nourish and water every thing that bears its resemblance, or has any of its fragrance."

CHAPTER VI.

1824-1826.

Joy and sorrow.—Resoluteness.—An Occurrence Several Years Later.—The Roman Catholic Preacher.—Sentiments Regarding Celibacy.—His Journals and Prayers.—“I would not Live Alway.”—History of the Hymn.—His Dissatisfaction with it.—A Fable Apologetic.—Power of Looking at Himself Objectively.—Attempted Emendation of the Hymn.—Another in 1876.—Original Version in full.—Why He Wrote these Several Versions.—Unexpected Popularity of the Piece.—The Attention it drew.—Burdenome Honors.—A Contemporaneous Effusion.—Might have been a Poet.—Byron and Moore.—Conscious of Kindred Power.—A Poet of a Higher Kind.—Musical Gift.—A Rare Double Endowment.—Education Prospectively His Vocation.—Resigns Charge at Lancaster.—Passage from His Farewell Sermon.

MOST lives have their romance, and the one before us was not an exception, of which a separate story might here be written, were it to the purpose of these pages. Both the light and the shadow of that romance fell upon the years of earnest work spent in Lancaster, and when Mr. Muhlenberg gave up his charge there, he left behind him the grave of his earthly hopes.

As illustrating a strong element in his character, we make a single extract from his private diary in this connection. He had incurred the displeasure of a gentleman whose favor, at the time, was of importance to him, by instituting an evening service; after reviewing, for a minute or two, the advantages

he would be likely to gain by some concessions in this particular, he adds: "But for no earthly consideration whatever, not even the attainment of the dear object of my heart, will I sacrifice what I believe to be the interests of my church. O Lord, help me!"

He never formed a second attachment. Several years after the time of which we now speak, his friends became anxious for his alliance with a lady of very suitable connection, who was known to have a predilection for him. He called once or twice upon her, and engaged on a certain Sunday to escort her to morning service. On his way to keep the appointment, he passed a Roman Catholic church, and stepping in for a moment, these words of the preacher fell upon his ear: "We have but one heart; if we had two hearts, we might give one to God and the other to this world; having but one, God must have it all." "Amen!" said William Augustus Muhlenberg's inmost soul; "Farewell, —," and he neither took the lady to church nor sent her the book she had asked to borrow of him. His visits had been those of an acquaintance only, and he was free to excuse himself.

Not to be misleading, however, it is a duty to quote in this connection, some words of his own bearing upon the point before us. "If celibacy," he said, "has been the destiny of my life, it was not its programme. I never advocated the unmarried state as preferable for a clergyman, though in my own case, in the orderings of Providence, it has enabled me to do various works in the church, which otherwise I might not have under-

taken or even have thought of." He believed, indeed, and inspired others with the belief, that in all ages and in all the parts of Christendom, there have been individuals who, from supreme love to God chose to forego the ordinary ties of earth, remembering our Lord's words, "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it;" but he condemned entirely the imposition of rules to this end upon organizations or classes, either of men or women, and always spoke with the strongest reprehension of the enforced celibacy of the Roman clergy.

His journals, now and henceforward, throw increasing light upon the means whereby, through God's grace, he reached that spiritual growth which, combined with his fine natural endowments, made him the man he was. These papers are not, by any means, a connected record of his life. There are lapses of weeks, months, and years in their dates; sometimes they are quite fragmentary, but he evidently felt it profitable to write them as faithfully as he could; primarily for self-improvement, subordinately for the assistance of memory in other things. At the end of every few years, we find they have been prayerfully reperused, and the date of such exercise marked upon them, sometimes with a suggestion of the reflections excited. All along, with an affecting simplicity and sincerity, their pages breathe an intense desire after holiness and usefulness, and show a close self-searching, a jealous self-discipline, a depth of penitence, and persistency of prayer, such as one reads of the church's greatest saints. He frequently wrote out at length his

private prayers, and it is remembered that in his ministry he sometimes recommended this as a helpful spiritual exercise, especially for those who unhappily, even in their closets, required a precomposed form. "If you must have a form of prayer in private," he would say tersely, "write it yourself."

The first version of his far-famed hymn, "I would not live alway," belongs to this period. It is popularly believed to have been composed under the loss alluded to on a preceding page; but this is a mistake. We have his own words to the contrary. "The legend," he says, "that it was written upon an occasion of private grief, is a fiction." In fact the hymn was penned before the event referred to took place. Despite his cheerful temperament, there was in Mr. Muhlenberg, as in all earth's greater souls, a vein of melancholy, and this is one of its manifestations, not untinged, perhaps, by some forecasting, though unrecognized, shadows of the sorrow so commonly associated with it. Later in life, when his growth in Christ had advanced far above that to which at this time he had attained,—when, borne on the wings of a more vigorous faith, he lived habitually in a freer, clearer spiritual atmosphere, enjoying what he liked to call "the joy of strength and the strength of joy,"—he greatly faulted this early hymn, as not having a healthy Christian tone, and in 1871, nearly fifty years after its birth, took it quaintly to task on this score, in a very original and charming little paper, entitled "A Fable Apologetic." He had a remarkable faculty

for looking at himself and his works "objectively," so to speak. He could project himself before his own mental and moral vision, and approve or condemn as dispassionately, it seemed, as if he were judging some indifferent party. In the same way, he could always put himself wonderfully in the place of any one who had injured or opposed him, or whom he had accidentally offended, giving the other the full benefit of every possible excuse or palliation. And this he would do, not as constrained by duty, much less by any false sentiment, but spontaneously, instinctively, out of the greatness of his fine candor and genuine Christian charity. Sometimes in a minor matter, he would half-playfully arraign himself, as "Wilhelm August Mühlenberg," giving his name its German form and pronunciation, and so taking the *pros* and *cons* of the case. This would be in the presence of very intimate friends only, and his singular power of thus "objectively" discussing himself would never have been brought so publicly to bear upon the composition before us, but for its unexpected popularity and the consequent sincere desire he felt to make it a better expression of Christian faith and hope. In 1871, in connection with the "Fable Apologetic," already named, he tried an emendation of the piece, which he called "‘I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY’ EVANGELIZED."* But the trembling hand of age could not sweep the poetic lyre with the grace and beauty of youthful vigor, and,

* T. Whittaker, Publisher, No. 2 Bible House, N. Y.

however holier the strain, the evangelized version did not take. Not with any. "Be it faulty, as it may," people said, "we like the old better." And truly the hymn, as it came originally from his own heart and mind, with its Christian sentiment clothed in perfect imagery and its sweet and musical rhythm, has found an echo in too many other hearts, carried joy and consolation to too many mourners, for it not to remain ever a glory to him that he wrote it. At the same time his riper experience is not to be disregarded and there are many sanctified souls who will unite with him in saying, as in his later years he loved to do: "Paul's desire to 'depart and be with Christ,' is better than Job's 'I would not live away.'"

In the year 1859, when publishing a little collection of his verses for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital, he had made an attempt to correct what he felt to be amiss in the original piece by means of a postscript, appended to it;* and in 1876, only the year before he was taken away from us, he completed still another version, which in some respects is the most interesting of all.† The verses which now make the 93d hymn of the hymnal, formerly the 187th of the Book of Common Prayer, are but half of the original poem, which was thus condensed to adapt it to the purposes of public worship. The following is the authentic version entire and as last revised by himself.

* See "I would not Live Away, and Other Verses." A. D. F. Randolph, N. Y.

† See page 480 of this work.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

Job vii. 16.

I would not live alway—live alway below!
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where he deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages, in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly musick! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove
To adore him—be near him—enrapt with his love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord.

One must appreciate the amount of attention which "I would not live alway" attracted to its author, and particularly during the last twenty years of his life, to exonerate him, as is entirely due, of any thing like egotism in putting forth these various versions of it. It was, as already intimated, his genuine surprise at finding people make so much of the hymn which moved him to these endeavors to render it worthier of their attention. The kind of notice it drew towards him was sometimes amusing, occasionally a little troublesome. Persons would call upon him, to the interruption of some serious business, "Just," as they said, "for the purpose of shaking hands with the author of 'I would not live alway,'" or beset him for his autograph with a line of his "immortal hymn"; or again, accidentally catching his name as they passed him, exclaim,

“*Have I* the honor to speak to the author of ‘I would not live away’?” Both his humility and his pride rather rebelled against these demonstrations: his humility in that he did not think himself worthy of any such notice; and his pride, because so much more was made of this one production than of all his other labors collectively. “One would think *that hymn* the one work of my life,” he would sometimes say rather grimly.

There is another beautiful little effusion, written in 1824, in the same year with the original “I would not live away,” which is not too long for insertion here. We give it as a good example of his style—

SINCE O’ER THY FOOTSTOOL.

Since o’er thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full vision rolls, how bright!

If night’s blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple’s outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o’er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine,
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or, how my spirit so impure
Upon thy brightness gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Thus he might have been a poet, had he surrendered himself to that one thing. At the time of his writing the two pieces just noticed, Byron and Moore were coming into fame. He read their works, and felt that he possessed a kindred power. "I could write, too," he said to himself. He was full of musical numbers and threw off verse with much facility; but his sacred office was too dear and absorbing, and the works to which his consecrated genius prompted him too laborious, to admit of any close application to merely literary pursuits. Hence, while of a highly poetic nature and of exquisite taste, he has not left us any productions of the first order as to the Poetry of Letters. Yet he was a heaven-born poet withal, in the essential meaning of the word, for "God's own prophets are his poets, under-makers," and he had "the vision and the faculty divine," inspiring him to create beautiful and enduring forms, in beneficent works and in habitual loveliness of gracious deeds, "more strong than all poetic thought."

One very rare gift he pre-eminently possessed: that of making, not only songs and hymns, but the appropriate melodies for singing them, of which instances will appear further on. It was with his musical as

with his poetical endowments, he had both taste and talent, and produced, with much ease, numerous chants and airs, as he wanted them; but the exercise of this gift was simply an accident in his occupied life, or a chance refreshment by the way.

He had been now five years and a half in Lancaster,—years admirably filled with useful and durable labors. Every year had strengthened his impression that Christian education was to be his principal work, and impelled by this idea, as well as by other considerations, unnecessary to relate, in the summer of 1826, he tendered a resignation of his charge. It was not, at first, accepted, the vestry requesting him to reconsider it. This he declined, and took leave of them about the middle of July, overwhelmed with the regrets of the people. The following is a passage from his farewell sermon: “Let the harmony continue which has existed between yourselves and your brethren of other denominations. Hitherto it has gone on delightfully. May it not be interrupted. Why should Christians quarrel about the little points in which they differ, instead of loving each other for the great ones wherein they agree? They all profess to be on the road to heaven, strange that they should go fighting along the way. If we are children of the same Father, travelling toward the same home, and hoping to sit down, at last, to the same banquet, let us ‘love as brethren.’”

CHAPTER VII.

1826-1828.

Christian Schools Essential to the Commonwealth.—Originator of their Type.—Eventful Sunday at Flushing.—His Hymns of this Date.—The Hymn Committee.—Association with Dr. H. U. Onderdonk.—Convention of 1826.—The Hymns Passed.—Absence of Party Feeling.—A Dinner-Table Talk.—Taken at his Word.—The Flushing Institute.—Exhilarating Effect of a New Project.—Life-Long Fertility in Plans of Beneficence.—Searching the Ground of his Undertaking.—Opposition of Family.—His Mother's Fears.—A Portraiture.—The Reward he sought.—Visits Lancaster.—Dr. H. U. Onderdonk chosen for Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania.—Carries the Tidings to the Bishop Elect.

It was not simply literary taste and a benevolent affection for youth that prompted Mr. Muhlenberg to give up so large a part of his life to education. He was a Christian philanthropist and patriot, as well as a fervent minister of the Gospel, and all through his labors in Lancaster the conviction had grown upon him, that not only the hope of the Church, but the salvation of the commonwealth, centred in the *Christianizing of education*. He saw in this the only safeguard of the State; the only security that the liberty of our free institutions would not become licentiousness. And so he conceived of Christian schools throughout the land which should substitute as nearly as possible Christian homes, for the proper training of the young.

This conception for his own part, was beautified with all the many-hued colorings of his peculiar gifts and graces, and it became his heart's desire to give it substantial form. He would surrender himself person and fortune to its realization. He would have for his assistance in the work, men like-minded with himself, whose views of education had "not been formed in the shops where it is vended as an article of trade," but, looking upon it as a sacred calling, would consecrate themselves to it on the highest and holiest principles. It was for him to train such, as he did most effectually. And he saw in his own church peculiar capabilities for the work. He felt that "in her catholic faith, in her venerable rites and chastened forms, in her enlightened reverence for antiquity, in her habits of subordination, and in her love of genuine Protestant liberty, she presented the form of Christianity which eminently qualified her for moulding the character of the young, and in these days of reckless innovations, for training the Christian citizen."

Entranced with the picture in his mind, as he always was while revolving and shaping a new idea, he yet stood, as was also his wont, waiting God's will for an opening with the simplicity of a little child, ready to go where it was sent and do what it was bidden. He was always a watchful observer of the indications of Providence, and perhaps his hallowed genius, in these cases, showed itself almost as much in his quick perception and use of opportunities with regard to time, place, and people, as in the original thought of the work. So

where, or when, he should begin the projected school was undetermined; but solid learning as well as solid Christian morals was to distinguish it, and that he might be the better qualified in all respects for its inauguration, he determined, now that he was free from any pastoral charge, to make the long-promised visit to Europe for the observation of the institutions of the old world.

There was no seminary in the United States, at that time, which combined thorough scholastic training with a high order of Christian nurture; no Harrow or Marlborough or Rugby. And if there had been any thing analogous to those great public schools of England,—even a Rugby with its Arnold,—it would not have embodied his ideal. It was for him to originate the type, which in the course of the last fifty years has been reproduced, with more or less of variation, in the many church schools for the education of both sexes which have grown up over the land.

He decided upon the voyage, and leaving Lancaster, went to New York to spend a few days with his mother and sister previous to embarking. Tidings reached him there that his brother, who had been abroad for two years, was on the point of returning, and wishing to see him before he sailed, he postponed his departure for three or four weeks. While waiting for his brother's arrival, he happened one Saturday to be in the study of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, when a gentleman from Flushing entered and asked the doctor if he could not recommend him a supply for their vacant pulpit on

the morrow. The doctor knew of no one, but, turning to Mr. Muhlenberg, said, "Could not you go?" He consented, and thus unwittingly took the first step towards a more speedy realization of his educational plan than he had contemplated, and towards eighteen years of pre-eminent devotion to it, in that locality. He preached (extemporaneously) at St. George's, Flushing, on the Sunday; and the next day, was invited to the rectorship. At this, he hesitated, but at length said he would take charge of the parish for six months, if the vestry chose, and not being able to do any better, they agreed to this. He still entertained the idea of going to Europe, but several considerations combined to make so much of delay acceptable to him, particularly the opportunity thus afforded of more frequent intercourse with his family, from whom during the last six years he had been much separated.

He went to Flushing towards the end of August or beginning of September (1826), being then just thirty years of age. The two youths of the monitorial class at Lancaster, already mentioned, accompanied him and lived with him as his sons. Amid the abundance of work which here, as elsewhere, opened up under the impulses of his zeal, we find him giving patient lessons to these lads in Greek, Latin, algebra, rhetoric, etc., besides the never-forgotten instruction in the Christian life and doctrine, and together with this an attention to their pleasure, health, and comfort, altogether paternal; for instance, one of them having made himself sick by too close an application to study, he sat up the

greater part of the night, waiting upon the boy, and watching him with all a parent's solicitude.

Some of the hymns of Mr. Muhlenberg with which we have become familiar in the Prayer Book were written in the first months of his residence in Flushing: "Like Noah's weary dove," "Saviour, who thy flock art feeding," and perhaps "Shout the glad tidings." He was much occupied, at the time, in selecting and arranging material for the "Committee on Psalms and Hymns," of which he was a member,* and, it may be added, the chief worker, and these original compositions were inserted in the report. "Shout the glad tidings" was written at the especial request of Bishop Hobart, who wanted a Christian hymn to the tune of "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea." Mr. Muhlenberg's "Plea for Christian Hymns," in 1821, and "Church Poetry," in 1823, it has been already shown were initiative of the whole matter.

A single meeting of the committee was held in Philadelphia in the fall of 1823, and after that, though several attempts were made to have a session, nothing

* "The next General Convention was held in Philadelphia from the 23d to the 26th day of May, 1823. . . . On the subject of the Psalms and Hymns, a joint committee was appointed, consisting of the presiding Bishop (White), Bishop Hobart, Bishop Croes, the Rev. William Meade, the Rev. Samuel F. Jarvis, D.D., the Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, the Rev. Jackson Kemper, the Rev. Samuel Turner, D.D., the Rev. Richard L. Mason, the Hon. Kensey Johns the Hon. Robert Goldsborough, John Read, Esq., Edward J. Styles, Esq., Tench Tilghman, Esq., Francis S. Key, Esq., and Peter Kean, Esq."—*Bishop White's Memoirs of Prot. Epis. Church.*

was done until May, 1826, when the committee met in New York and referred the business to a sub-committee, consisting of Bishop Hobart, Dr. Turner, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Muhlenberg, with the understanding that Dr. H. U. Onderdonk, then of Brooklyn, should sit with them. This committee again did nothing; they did not even meet, and the subject would probably have been postponed until another Convention, had not Mr. Muhlenberg and Dr. Onderdonk undertaken to prepare something which the committee might act upon immediately before the meeting of the Convention.

Mr. Muhlenberg had felt some reluctance in uniting with Dr. O—— in this, knowing how widely they differed in taste, sentiment, and opinion; but when they got fairly to work, all went vastly better than he had anticipated. There were concessions and conciliations on both sides, and a very kind hospitality on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Onderdonk, so that the visits to their house, where the meetings were always held, were pleasant ones. Topics, other than the Psalms and Hymns, often came up, and a frank, good-natured tilt on church points sometimes took place, neither combatant feeling the worse for it. If Mr. Muhlenberg did the larger part of the selecting and arranging, Dr. Onderdonk undertook all the labor of transcribing and preparing the copy for the press, and the work of these two was made the foundation of what was done later in Philadelphia, where it came before the whole committee as the report of the sub-committee.

The committee held several sittings with a remarkable concord of action. Mr. Muhlenberg makes grateful note of this and of some other interesting particulars, connected with the conclusion of the hymn business:

"Brother Meade," he wrote in his journal of this date, "was not more ready than was Bishop Hobart to have a respectable body of hymns, and I was surprised to see how cheerfully the latter admitted what the other would repeat, in several instances from memory. 'Twas thus we received 'My Saviour hanging on the tree,' and 'I love thy kingdom, Lord,' from the mouth of Brother Meade; and 'How firm a foundation' and 'Since I've known a Saviour's name' from Mr. Key. . . . On the score of my own compositions, amendments, etc., I have every reason to be satisfied—'Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,' 'How short the race our friend has run,' 'Shout the glad tidings,' 'I would not live away,' and 'Like Noah's weary dove,' are those of mine which are wholly original. I am aware that they are wanting in the chief excellence of a hymn,—devotional spirit. 'I would not live away' was at first rejected by the committee, in which I, not suspected of being the author, agreed—knowing it was rather poetry than an earnest song of redemption. It was restored at the urgent request of Dr. Onderdonk.

"The committee reported by referring, in a pamphlet (the preparing and printing of which fell to my lot), to their first publication based upon 'Church Poet-

ry,' and to this of Dr. Onderdonk and myself. The Hymns passed the House of Bishops first—then the other House with considerable unanimity.

“I thanked God when the question was decided, sincerely believing it is for the good of his church. Although the collection is not altogether such a one as I could wish, it is, yet, a great acquisition to our worship, and will, no doubt, further the interests of piety. I shall never repent the agency I have had in the matter. There is a peculiar satisfaction to me, in the circumstance that it has been a measure of no party. Men of both sides were on the committee,—bishops, clergy, and laity. Dr. Onderdonk and myself are at the very antipodes of the ecclesiastical globe. It has been indeed a favorite object with the evangelical party, but it has had the support of the highest churchmen. Thus, in the only church affair, of general interest, in which I have had any influence, there has been no party feeling or manoeuvre. May such be the case in all that I undertake for the church!”

The Hymns passed November 14th, 1826. They were thus secured to the church, but considerable after labor came upon him in attending to the proofs and other particulars of their publication.

In taking up his abode in Flushing, Mr. Muhlenberg with his two boys had to board for some time at the one hotel of the place, there being no more suitable accommodation in the village, and it happened at dinner one day, in the general dining-room, he was attracted by the conversation of some gentlemen, con-

cerning building an academy at Flushing, with provision for a family and boarding pupils. He joined them, and, quite unpremeditatedly, said if they would erect such a building as he desired, he would occupy it and begin the Institution himself. He did not think much of what had passed, expected indeed to hear no more of it, when in the evening the gentlemen came to his room, and he found he had been taken at his word. He could not well draw back, yet was not quite ready to commit himself so hastily. The interview ended, however, in his agreeing to have a plan drawn for the projected academy, which was to be erected and owned by an Incorporated Company, to whom he was to pay an annual percentage of a certain amount on the cost. And so the "Flushing Institute," merged later in St. Paul's College, began. He had prospectively designated his contemplated school "*The Christian Institute*," and the stockholders learning this, in drafting their bill for the legislature, called their organization "The Christian Institute of Flushing." But the gentlemen who brought the bill forward thought the word "Christian" would prejudice the members against it, as they were opposed to the incorporation of religious societies, and asked the consent of the rest to change the name to "Flushing Institute." In this Mr. Muhlenberg heartily concurred—"In truth," he said, "I never wished the stockholders to call themselves 'The Christian Institute.'"

The building, a commodious and sufficiently imposing structure, did not come about without some of the

friction incident to mortal affairs; disagreements among the Trustees as to locality and other details. Mr. Muhlenberg stood quietly aside watching the progress of things until, at one moment, a shipwreck of the whole scheme seeming imminent, he stepped forward, and in a way of his own, carried it over the breakers. The corner-stone was at length laid, with the usual ceremonies, August 11, 1827. Inside the box, with other documents, was a Greek New Testament, deposited with these words, "Believing that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the best knowledge, the true wisdom, and the only foundation of moral virtue, we deposit this New Testament in the original language, praying that its faith may ever be the corner-stone of Education in this Institute."

The Christianizing of education was now, more than ever, the predominant theme of his reveries, and he took a pure delight in every step towards the fruition of his plans. His lively affection for the young, the talent he felt he possessed for interesting them, and, above all, his appreciation of the influence of their training upon coming generations combined, with the poetic sentiment that was so strong in him, to shed a lustre on those days of anticipation which brightened his horizon far and near.

A new project, indeed, whatever the vision in his mind, was always a fountain of exhilaration to him, giving elasticity to his tread, a ringing joyousness to his voice, and a sort of radiancy to his whole being. Those who were nearest to him could discern such an

inspiration before he uttered a word on the subject. The flow of spirits it engendered glorified the daily drudgery with which, in his unselfishness, he was apt to load himself, and his routine duties were never more thoroughly discharged than under such an influence, when his eyes saw every thing in roseate tints, "hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

Where he was sufficiently familiar, the new-born idea would be the absorbing topic of conversation. He was, as he used to say, "full of it," and persons and things, great and small, as they came before him, were pressed either immediately or prospectively into its development. On the other hand, with all his wonderful perseverance in following up such an idea,—laying it down in the face of an obtruding obstacle, and taking it up again, sometimes months, nay, years afterward,—when he plainly saw that the thing "could not be," there was no gloomy reaction; both his faith and the buoyancy of his spirit yielded a cheerful acquiescence.

This peculiarity of his temperament was signal, and had much to do with the amount of work he achieved. His fertility of mind in plans and projects seemed inexhaustible. Not a hundredth part of his conceptions came to shape, yet rarely any were wholly unfeasible or without some high and holy end; but they were impracticable in the nature of human things to a single life with the ordinary allotment of auxiliary agencies. Far into old age these creations were produced no less frequently than in earlier days: "Let me tell you,"—he would say to the friend who for the last

twenty or thirty years of his pilgrimage was never very far from him,—“let me tell you what I have been pleasing myself with,” and then, with his countenance all aglow with the light which was quenched only with his life, he would set forth some noble or ingenious scheme, always for the good of his fellows or the advancement of the church—always to do good. Too often the reply, in such cases would be, “A beautiful plan, but you can not undertake it. It is useless to think of it, because—thus—and so.” And with what sweetness and humility would he take the rebuff, sometimes using a little pleasantry, to reassure his colloquist; as thus: “I see, I see! You are right; we can’t do unlimited good with limited means. My little bird hops upon a bough and trills away his ‘*tu-tweet, tu-tweet!*’ you shake your head at him, and down he drops—dead! Thank you. Always keep me straight.”

It would be hard to find in the annals of Christendom, a saint more single in heart and aim and more simply submissive to God’s will than was this great soul; and so, when he found himself being “carried away” by some new work, he would strenuously fold the wings of his enthusiasm, and entering into his closet, searchingly try himself, whether the thing were of God, or of his own will and fancy only. The opposition of his relatives,—“as loving a mother, sister, and brother, as ever lived” (so he wrote),—to his Flushing plans intensified his self-searching as to that particular work; and in the period between his first thought of the Institute and the actual “breaking ground” for the building,

he gave much time to the satisfying of his conscience, and also to endeavors to reconcile his family. This last without success. They esteemed what he wanted to do as not sufficiently respectable—as in fact an abandonment of the ministry.

His mother naturally dreaded the burden he was about to assume, apprehending the trouble and responsibility he must incur in such an undertaking. Further, she thought him qualified to distinguish himself in the pulpit, and not unreasonably feared that “in keeping school,” as she phrased it, he would give up preaching. In vain he tried to show her that he was “about to make an important experiment in education, which, if it succeeded, would be unbounded in its blessed influences.” She could not be persuaded. Nor is this surprising, taking into account the estimation in which the calling was then held, and that she had not the prophetic intuition to discern that it was he who was to make the school-master’s office honorable in his own person, to arouse the church to the dignity and importance of the work of education, and in the methods he should originate to establish new and Christian relations between the teacher and the scholar, thus far too often mutually regarded as natural enemies.

We have data for picturing him as he then stood before his mother in the prime of young manhood: goodly in form and presence, with a countenance of mingled sweetness and nobleness, rich waves of dark hair shading the well-set head and broad brow, deep-

set penetrating eyes, large mouth and chin completing well the face as indicating the strength there was in his character, and a voice of rare power and flexibility. This of the outer man—as to intellectual and spiritual gifts, she knew him to possess a cultivated mind, quick intuitions, a poetic imagination, keen but chastened wit, and a tender, sympathetic nature; all sanctified from his boyhood up by the evident grace of God in heart and life. Was it surprising she should exclaim, “William, *you* a school-master!”

The surrender of himself to Christian education was an era in his life; he recognized it, and his affectionate heart longed for the sympathy both of his natural kindred and of his brethren in the household of faith. But in the beginning, in neither particular was his wish granted.

We have seen how little encouragement his relatives gave him; referring to his fellow-clergymen, he wrote:

“Brother O—— only laughs at my scheme; Brother W—— cares nothing about it; Brother M—— seems pleased with the thing, and has little doubt of its success. But there is not much use in going about asking the opinions of different persons, for every body is so much interested in his own concerns, he has little time or inclination to consider any thing else with more than momentary attention. I trust I embark in the attempt with an eye to the glory of God, and the best interest of my fellow creatures; I may therefore humbly hope for success.

“‘But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou, must breathe th’ auspicious gale.’”

When the building was near completion, we find the following:

“O Lord, do thou look down in favor upon this devotion of myself to thy service, as I humbly hope it is! Let zeal for thine honor consume every impure motive with which I may be actuated. Let my eye be single, and since I believe I can best serve thee in the way before me, let me be decided and persevering. Endow me with the qualities proper for my office. Make me firm in the exercise of discipline, yet always tender and compassionate. I would obey the precept of my Redeemer, to ‘feed his lambs.’ Like him, may I gather ‘them in my arms and carry them in my bosom.’ Make me industrious, uniform in my temper, and continually mindful of the end of the work I have taken in hand. Let me continually be looking to thee for direction and strength. And, O my gracious Lord, wilt thou deign to accept my services. Wilt thou take me as an instrument of thy glory. I am unworthy, utterly unworthy, of the honor, yet, as thou dost accomplish thy purposes through the lowest of thy creatures, thou mayest accept of me; thou may’st employ me to turn many to righteousness—even to raise up ministers of thy word. Lord, if I know myself, I ask no higher portion, and shouldest thou see fit to confer it upon thy servant, to thy name,—O yes, to thy name, not to a poor creature enlightened, directed, strengthened only by thy Spirit,—to thy name be the

glory through Jesus Christ. For his sake have mercy upon me. For his sake smile upon my labors. For his sake employ me in thy service. For his sake sanctify me and fit me for everlasting happiness.—Amen and amen!”

“*Mem.*—In order to free myself as much as possible from the influence of improper motive, I resolve to devote the profits of the Institute to the cause of Christian Education and the support of Christian missions.—W. A. M.”

In the spring of 1827, he greatly enjoyed a fortnight's sojourn among his former charge at Lancaster, where Mr. Ives was then rector. Young and old greeted him most affectionately, overloading him with their hospitalities. He preached and lectured amongst them once more with an emotion inseparable from the associations of the place, visited his “dear Sunday school,” and his old favorite establishment, the public school, where he had the satisfaction to find his modified monitorial system answering even as well as he had anticipated. He observed his farewell address to the children on the text, “Thou God seest me,” framed and hung up in very many of the houses. The demonstrations of unfeigned attachment which he received, especially from the young, filled his mind delightfully with the conviction that he had done some lasting good in Lancaster. “If the prayers of babes and sucklings are heard,” he writes, “I may hope for a blessing.”

During his stay here, he met an unusual number of

the clergy, as they passed through the town on their way to Harrisburg, for the election of an Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania. Church parties there were at a white heat on the subject. There was great excitement and an extraordinary conflicting of choices and expectations. The result was as usual in such a posture of affairs, whether political or ecclesiastical, an intense surprise, even to the bishop elect himself, Dr. Henry U. Onderdonk. Mr. Muhlenberg's own preference had been strong for Dr. Meade, as the assistant of his beloved Bishop White, now nearing his eightieth year, but a kindly intimacy had grown up between himself and his "hymn-colleague," and seeing the thing was done, it was not in him to avoid sympathizing in the emotions which the unexpected advancement would create. He hastened to convey the tidings to Dr. O. himself, and thus notes the interview:

"*May 12, 1827.* Arrived in New York, and went directly over to Brooklyn, to enjoy the treat of making Brother Henry's heart right glad. Found him at home, and made him sit down patiently to hear the news from Harrisburg. To his guessing who the elected bishop was, I continually replied it was some one he liked still better—'A man,' I told him, 'after his own heart.' After keeping him in suspense for a while, telling him what I thought of the individual, that he was 'too high a churchman,' an 'opponent of Bible Societies,' etc.,—thus taking the opportunity of saying to himself what I had said of him to others,—I said, 'Let me now take leave of you as a fellow presbyter

and fellow hymn-monger, and salute you as Henry, Bishop of Pennsylvania.'

"‘No?—’ But it would be wrong to record the expressions of such a moment. He seemed considerably affected, and received the intelligence, I thought, like a Christian man."

CHAPTER VIII.

1828-1835.

Flushing Institute in Operation.—Intensity of Religious Conviction.—An Apostle to Youth.—Characteristic Incident.—Theory of the School.—Its Government.—Secretary Forsyth and the Fourth of July.—Not Emulation but Christian Endeavor.—System of Marks.—An Evening in the Institute.—The Church Year.—His Assistants.—Private Interviews with Boys.—Unceasing Efforts for their Salvation.—Little Prayers for Little Things.—“*Tabella Sacra*.”—The Rector’s Rules for Himself.—The Little Charity Box.—Cold Water Treatment of a Trick.

THE Institute was ready for occupation in the spring of 1828, and its doors were at once opened for the admission of pupils. Mr. Muhlenberg had retained the pastoral charge of St. George’s, Flushing, beyond his first engagement, but now relinquished it in order to be wholly free for his chosen work. Nevertheless he did not cease from an active Christian interest in his former flock and in the spiritual welfare of the neighborhood generally.

But education he felt was his calling. He became a master in the art, and was untiring in the illustration of his subject. Throughout this part of his life, and as far back as his origination of the public school in Lancaster, his pen was continually throwing off essays, letters, suggestions, etc., which, judged by the fragments that remain of these productions, were as clear

in Christian argument, as they were fresh and original, and full of a common-sense adaptation of their principles to the details of instruction.

A singular intensity of religious conviction pervades all that he says and does as an educator. His Christianity seemed to be the entire man, rather than one of the elements of his character. It imbued all that he touched. It modelled the mechanism as well as inspired the life of his school; shaped its government; ruled in his resistless will, which was never self-will, and controlled alike the boyish games of the Grammar School, and the higher recreations of the College. Yet, in its manifestations there was never one least suspicion of stereotyped piety or perfunctoriness, all was so natural, so grandly simple and true.

He was endowed with many distinguishing gifts, any one of which would have given him influence among men; but possibly neither his genius nor wit, his poetic fancy nor the strong common sense and originality of his words and ways had nearly as much to do with his remarkable power over boys, and later over men of all sorts and conditions, as this unfeigned reality, combined with his wonderful, overflowing love. A youth coming for the first time within his influence would feel himself inspired by a strange new joy; an awakening to the earnestness of life, and with that, to a sweet sense of holy sympathy, which lifted him up to possibilities of goodness and usefulness, such as he had never before dreamed could be his. This is the testimony of many of his pupils.

His forte was not so much with younger boys, as with those from fifteen to twenty years of age, or through "the rapids," as he sometimes called this period in the stream of their earthly existence. A tender, untiring concern for such, with regard to their moral and religious culture, formed an integral part of his ministry, not alone while giving himself pre-eminently to the work of education, but always, and to youths of every degree. To a multitude of these he has been not only a "father-confessor," but their earthly saviour. And such youths would come to him with a freedom and confidence, as though his fatherly heart were theirs by right; while many of maturer years, even in the course of a long acquaintance, have found themselves unable ever quite to shake off a certain reverent restraint, inspired perhaps by the spiritual atmosphere of his presence.

A strong religious influence over the young of his own sex, was a predominant feature of his life. We trace the beginning of it in the story of his boyhood, and it formed one of the most striking characteristics of succeeding years. His love for boys never waned. Whoever or whatever might occupy his attention, he was never indifferent to a demand of one of them upon his sympathy. He was truly an apostle to them. What other could speak to them with the godly wisdom and directness, the holy plainness and frankness, and the measureless love that he did? And what he accomplished by this means, how many young souls he thus won to Christ, who are now themselves sources

and centres of Christian influence, who may tell? It is hard to find any who came near him in their youth, that in speaking of him now is not forward to say, "No one ever helped me so much; no one ever did me so much good."

A boy was rarely any length of time in his presence without being drawn almost magnetically to his side, and then one kind arm would go up and around the youth's neck, and the other hand, perhaps, be laid upon his head, in that benediction which he had a way of his own of thus expressing; or else, according to another habit peculiar to him, be passed through and through the boy's hair, as though seeing what he was made of.

At one time, accidentally coming upon him, while thus drawing a boy to his heart, these words were heard, "Say, Down, devil! down, devil!" The youth with kindled eye and glowing cheek was looking up into the master's face, always at such times fullest of that heavenly light which the painter Huntingdon has called his "evangelic look," and it was plain the younger was receiving gratefully from the elder the counsel he needed for the conquest of some dominant bad habit.

The theory of the school was that of a Christian or church family, of which the rector was the father, his school-sons living under the same roof and eating at the same table with him. They slept in large dormitories, divided into curtained alcoves for the older boys, thus securing them some privacy. A tutor or prefect always slept in each dormitory.

The pupils were divided into classes as to their studies, into sections for discipline and domestic order. Each section consisted of twelve boys under a prefect. This was to prevent the promiscuous herding together of large numbers. These prefects were commonly candidates for the ministry. They were young enough to be able to sympathize with the boys and take part in their amusements, yet of sufficient intelligence and firmness of principle to qualify them to do good to their charge, both by precept and example. They were not employed in teaching, having their own studies to pursue during school hours. Their duties lay mainly in friendly intercourse with the boys in the intervals of classes, and in headship each over his own section, in the refectory and in the dormitory. They were the elder brothers of the family.

The boys prepared their lessons in a large study, which was their common room, making their recitations in separate class-rooms. For the first ten years,—that is until the development of the Institute into a regular college,—the course of study was that of ordinary high-schools as preparatory to college; later St. Paul's College was established with a complete faculty of professors and instructors for the several departments of collegiate education.

The government was paternal, most loving and considerate, yet not without strictness. Said one who was for years under its rule, "Though at times it seemed hard, men, who as boys were under his care, are all ready to say, 'It was good for us in youth to bear the

yoke that this wise master imposed.' Corporal punishment was rarely resorted to, never on the part of the principal, except at the request of the offender. "I never whipped a boy," he said, "unless he asked me." It was perfectly understood, on receiving a boy from his parents, that the rector claimed the right to return such scholar if for any reason he judged it best not to retain him, though not as necessarily dismissing him in disgrace; and boys whose conduct had made them liable to this exercise of the rector's discretion, not unfrequently asked to be flogged rather than sent away. Bad fellows would, unavoidably, now and then get in, and it was with some trouble and heart-ache they were gotten out again; but Mr. Muhlenberg's independence of extraneous control, the absence of all lucrative motive in what he was doing, and his wise precaution in laying down the conditions of admission and continuance, saved him from a multitude of vexations and annoyances, arising in other institutions from the presence of undesirable scholars.

He distinctly claimed pre-eminence of authority over the boys while they were in session, which was for ten consecutive months, requiring that, during that period, parental control should be delegated to him and only under extraordinary circumstances did he allow a visit home, except at the regular vacations; but this restriction was generously set off by a very liberal hospitality in welcoming the relatives and friends of the boys as guests at the School. A thorough and guarded education was his aim, and it could only be attained by

strenuously resisting any interruption of study or discipline during the school term.

It is told that, on one Fourth of July the then Secretary of State, Mr. Forsyth, arrived in a chartered steamboat at the private dock of the place, expecting to take his son, at that time a pupil in the College, and perhaps some of his fellow-students, for an excursion. The school-father had his own plans for the enjoyment of the nation's holiday by his adopted family, and could not consistently comply with the request. The manner and ground of the refusal must have commended themselves to the honorable secretary, for he amiably accepted the invitation to spend the day with his son, and, dismissing the steamboat, threw himself cordially into the boys' festivities. Having parted with his conveyance, he was set on his way home in the afternoon of the day by means of the large six-oared barge of the College, whose boy-crew, with their tutor captain, rowed him as far as Harlem. Before leaving, he asked kindly if there were not something he could do for them in Washington, and learning they had no post-office of their own, engaged to procure one for them, and did so. This occurrence was after the removal of the establishment to College Point and of later date than the period of which this chapter mainly treats.

The session of ten months included all the great festivals of the Church Year, but no exception was made as to leave of absence for their celebration. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide alike found the students keeping the feast in their school-home. And

these days were rendered so enjoyable there, the religious services were made to illustrate so interestingly and impressively the great verities of the Gospel which they commemorate, and the household arrangements were ordered so kindly and generously, and with so open-handed an hospitality, that parents and guardians learned to feel, with their youthful charge, that nowhere else could they find the festival as profitable and delightful. This, especially as to Christmas, which was invested with every thing that could give it a sweet, home aspect. Among those who would resort thither on these occasions were persons of very different shades of Christian opinion; but whether Evangelical or Anglican, Presbyterian or Methodist there was but one sentiment as to the beauty and benefit of the church seasons thus observed.

Emulation was not allowed to be a Christian motive for exertion in any of Dr. Muhlenberg's schools. He considered it a malevolent principle, the ignoble counterfeit of aspiration of which nothing abidingly good can come. Hence, in place of the ordinary methods of prizes, exciting competition where one alone could be the victor, he instituted a system of marks wherein the highest reward was obtainable by all. Once a month, through the *Journal of the Institute*, there appeared in print, and was sent to the respective parents and guardians, a record of the rank in the separate studies, and in assiduity of each pupil; but this was so ingeniously arranged that the signature and indication of standing affixed,—the former by letters, the latter by numbers,

—was unintelligible, save to the individual boy, his tutors, and friends at home.

An abounding consideration for his boys, in little things as well as great, was a striking feature of Mr. Muhlenberg's government. Nothing that affected their interest was too insignificant for his attention, even to the sort of boots he wore, which were always rather heavy and creaking, that he might not seem to steal upon them unawares. And in their griefs, who so tender and sympathizing as he? One of the younger boys, son of Francis S. Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was under Mr. Muhlenberg's care when his father died. Tidings of the event came late in the day, with a request for the boy to be sent home the next morning. "Never, if you can help it, tell bad news at night," was a life-long maxim with Mr. Muhlenberg, and the little fellow was allowed to retire undisturbed with the rest, while the devoted school-father attended himself to the arrangements necessary for an early morning start, and when all this was done, he went into the dormitory, and bowed himself in prayer and blessing over the newly-made orphan, lying peacefully in the sweet sleep of childhood.

The Monthly Journal of the Institute, mentioned above, was a pamphlet of some twenty pages, comprising a mixture of information for parents and guardians, illustrations of the principles of the Institution for the boys themselves, interesting items of public news, specimens of literary and mathematical achievement on the part of the students, and informing or

amusing articles, longer or shorter, from the several instructors. Among some old surviving numbers of this domestic periodical may be found, now and again, contributions from the rector himself, one of which as showing something of his close acquaintance with his boys, and how in every-day matters he moved amongst them, is of interest here. It is an actual record of one of his evenings in the Institute, and dated January 21st, 1834.

“Here we are in the large study—*bona fide*—for fact, not fancy, shall guide our pen—we are going to write down things and thoughts just as they are. It is a little after seven, and the bustle of returning from tea has subsided. The boys (for so we call the long coat of eighteen as well as the roundabout of twelve) are at their desks; except the junior class, who have rooms of their own, and the junior section, who have a study of their own. The instructors are at a meeting of the *Eumathean Society*, and it has fallen to our turn this evening to ‘keep the study.’ Seated at one of the ordinary desks, for there is no pedagogic throne in the room, with pen, ink, and paper, we shall be the faithful chronicler of the important events of the evening. All is as quiet as the restlessness of sixty young mercurials will allow. The business of the day is over, and the evening they are left to employ as they please, provided that during the first hour they are silent, and that no one disturbs his neighbor. And how are they all employed? Students, aspirants after literary fame, they are communing with the

master minds of antiquity. Not satisfied with the acquisitions of the day, they are digging still deeper in the mines of classical lore. Their grammars, their lexicons, and their text-books, are their delight.—Your smile of incredulity, gentle reader, rebukes me, and ends me back to the unvarnished truth. There is one who has already fallen to sleep: tired with skating in the afternoon, he has taken his dictionary for a pillow, and in his dreams is repeating his pleasure on the pond. There is a fidget—a perpetual motion—now he stands up—now he sits down, moving about as much as possible within the precincts of his liberty; presently he will be nodding, too, for the quicksilver of his nature is rather in his body than in his mind, and when one is obliged to be still the other soon sinks to rest; a book, at this hour, except it be a fairy tale, operates upon him like an opium pill. There is another devouring the *Arabian Nights*, whose taste will be considerably elevated when he thinks the *Iliad* superior to *Sinbad the Sailor*, or the *Forty Thieves*. I pity that poor fellow across the room, who sees the long hour before him and can not contrive what he shall do with it. Inclined neither for books nor for sleep, he is making dumb signs to another at an opposite desk, who is whittling a stick for the want of some better entertainment, to know whether he will play at draughts with him the next hour. The whittler does not understand him, so he has gone to scribbling his question on a scrap of paper. After watching for an opportunity, he has thrown it over to his friend, who in deciphering it

has now some amusement beside his stick and his pen-knife. 'Mr. ——,' I say to one leaning on his elbow, 'Would it not be well for you to devote a part of your evenings to your lessons, that you may stand a little higher in the ranks? Your friends are mortified in seeing your signature so low down.' I give the advice, as physicians do medicine to an incurable patient, more for conscience' than for hope's sake. Nature seems not to have designed the young gentleman for a scholar, and yet it will offend his parents to tell them that any thing more than a plain English education will be wasted on him. Besides, what shall they do with him for a few years to come. Turning over the leaves of Latin and Greek books is at least an innocent employment, and, after all, his instructors may be mistaken; good minds are sometimes very slow in unfolding: the acorn gives no promise of the oak. Now yonder little volatile is a boy of talent, and would make a fine fellow, if his mind would only hold still long enough to receive an impression. M—— is preparing a hoop for the 'graces'; C—— is adjusting one of the buckles of his skates; B—— is entertained with his picture in a looking-glass, etc., etc. But we must not do injustice to our adopted family. These are the minority, and if they are not turning their time to the best account, it must be remembered in their behalf, that business hours are over. Their recitations during the day make no part of the present scene. The majority are so quiet that they do not attract our attention, and hence we have little to say concerning them. But we have our

eyes on students in earnest. Some with works of useful information or entertaining knowledge, others with their classics or mathematics, and some with still better books are making a profitable use of their time.

“The bell-ringer leaves his seat—a general movement of impatience. Three tolls of the bell say that the hour is gone. Not much mourning at its decease. Every one shoots from his place. The sleepers awake. The ‘graces,’ battledoor, etc., are all in motion. The five minutes of liberty, bustle, and noise, soon fly past, and the ringing of the ‘big bell,’ echoed by the jingling of the ‘little bell’ restores the study to order. ‘The letters! the letters!’ How many bright eyes of expectation, and eager voices in every quarter ‘any thing for me?’ as the sprightly post boy distributes his packet. ‘It’s too bad,’ says one, ‘I haven’t heard from home these three weeks; I’ll not write again until I *do* hear.’ While some glad hearts are as enraptured with a letter from home, as if they had received a valuable present. Now and then we observe one who will lay aside a letter even from ‘home, sweet home,’ and not read it until he has finished his play—a worse sign, by far, than an ill recitation. The mail has brought a favor for ourselves. After a few lines of introduction we read, ‘How is ——— coming on? We should be glad to hear from you about him, as often as it suits your convenience to write. Your silence has left us in suspense.’ Would that we had the faculty of Dr. Dwight for dictating to three amanuenses at once; for then we might communicate with parents about

their sons to the extent of their wishes. Our numerous engagements allow us to do but little in this way. We make it a rule, however, alway to answer letters of inquiry; and we are glad also to receive such letters, as they serve to direct our attention more particularly to individual boys. We hope our friends will understand this; and there is another thing, on this subject, that we would request of them, which is, that they will not measure our attention to their children by our attention to *them*. We are alive to the responsibilities we have assumed. Our pupils are our family. Between them and us there are no intervening objects either of interest or affection. That we are not forgetful of his boy, every parent or guardian should feel assured, although he may not receive a line of intelligence from us during the session. To take care of our pupils is our duty; to write frequent letters about them may or may not be our duty. We repeat again, that we are happy in receiving communications from parents, inasmuch as they serve to bring particular boys to our mind, and we invariably sooner or later reply to their inquiries. It is a deficiency in making voluntary reports, that we would explain.*

“But we have wandered from the study. What are the boys about? ‘The last hour’ they spend *ad libitum* with an extension of the liberty of the first hour, but not to their leaving the room. A couple here are playing at checkers, and there at chess; a few keep to their

* The monthly reports of the Journal should not be forgotten.

books if the rattling tongues and restless motion of their companions will permit them; for the majority prefer talking and moving about. And of what are they talking? What are the themes of such incessant discourse? What the unfailing excitement of such constant clatter? One would suppose, that secluded from the world, and forming a community so entirely among themselves, they would find conversation (to use one of their own favorite words) rather 'stale.' But no, it is as fresh and as brilliant at mid-session, as when they have just returned from the novelties of the vacation. Beside the music of tongues we have the piping of rare musicians; a dozen flutes are going in all the varieties of melody, from the gamut to the sonata. In one corner two are playing *duos*, entertained with their own harmony, regardless of the Babel of tongues and the chaos of notes around; a happiness we cordially wish every family that our journal visits.—The bell rings out another hour; the little bell calls to order, and all is perfectly still for fifteen minutes before repairing to the chapel—an interval of quiet appropriated to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. Thoughts here possess the mind too deep, and in this medley, too solemn for utterance. The service in the chapel is short. The boys hasten back to the studies and prepare to retire. They linger round the stoves, talking about its 'freezing hard to-night,' and wondering if 'the bay will be frozen over this winter.' With 'good-night, good-night,' we give them hints to be gone. Some three or four light the lamps at the desks, and by permission go to reading or

studying again until the bell rings ten. The rest are away to the dormitories—a little racket on the stairs—here and there a straggler—and the house is still. The solitary lamp diffuses its dim light through the dormitories—the instructor on duty paces the floor. Some of the alcoves we trust are closets of prayer, since there are bended knees beside the beds without. They slumber quietly; not one on the bed of sickness—*Gratias, Domine*.—The watchman strikes ten—the curfew of our little world.”

The Chapel, with an organ, was within the building, and was used exclusively for divine worship morning and evening daily, as well as on Sundays and other church days. Great attention was given towards making the services and instruction interesting to the youthful congregation; and the different seasons of the Church Year were marked by appropriate teaching and observances which helped the design of their appointment. In the chapel of St. Paul's College yet more regard was paid to this particular, Dr. Muhlenberg using the liberty which he always contended for as necessary to do justice to the Liturgic worship of the church. Of these pastoral ministrations, survivors from among those young disciples have spoken with grateful and eloquent remembrance; telling of “his unequalled reading of the Scriptures, and of the impression made upon their minds by his sermons, in their clear simplicity, their poetic fervor, and above all, in ‘the strong faith in Christ which made real to him and helped him to make real to others the narra-

tives and teachings of the Bible and especially of the Holy Gospels.’”

He was assisted in the different branches of education by able professors and instructors, Christian gentlemen, who set a good example to the scholars, and some of whom were clergymen subsequently well-known in the church.*

The faculty of the College eventually consisted almost wholly of men trained by himself, school-sons and pupils, grown to be church brothers and instructors.† In the distribution of work, the rector took for his own department of tuition, the Evidences and Ethics of Christianity, Logic, and Rhetoric. But however effective Mr. Muhlenberg's official teachings, whether in pulpit or class-room, they were far exceeded in value by his private and individual instructions. Undertaking the work as he did, solely for the purpose of gathering around him and bringing up in true Christian nurture a family of adopted sons, his personal influence would necessarily be a most important means towards the end proposed, and he relied much upon it, differing widely, in this particular, from his English contemporary, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, with whom he is often compared. The two great educators had many

* Among these may be named the Rev. Drs. Samuel Seabury, Christian F. Crusé, Samuel Roosevelt Johnson, and Francis L. Hawks.

† The most prominent of these were the Rev. James B. Kerfoot, afterwards Bishop of Pittsburg; Rev. Libertus Van Bokkelen; Rev. J. G. Barton; Rev. Milo Mahan and Rev. Joseph C. Passmore.

points of resemblance between them, but Dr. Arnold knew almost nothing individually of his charge, those of the Sixth Form excepted, and not unfrequently "a boy would leave Rugby without any personal communication with him at all."* Mr. Muhlenberg, on the contrary, took the greatest pleasure in private interviews with his pupils. It may be said, indeed, that such were among his chief delights.

The natural affection so strong within him and held back, through his supreme self-consecration, from expending itself in the ordinary channels of human love, was poured out upon these boys with well-nigh parental fondness. So endearing were his ways to them, one by one, that each was apt to think himself an especially beloved and favorite pupil. But it was always with their salvation prominent as the great end of his interest in them. Evidences of this remain in a multitude of ways; most fully, perhaps, in his own journals, which were more extensively and regularly kept throughout this period than in the other parts of his life. Their pages month after month and year after year record hopes and fears, progress or the contrary, now of this lad, now of that, following them often in their career after they ceased to be members of his household, and breaking out continually in importunate prayers for them as they pass in turn mentally before him. Such records are sacred.

The following memoranda of encouragement and the

* Dr. Arnold's Life and Correspondence.

contrary, are but meagrely illustrative of what is referred to.

“ . . . I desire to thank God for ——. After all, the seed sown was not in vain. He seemed to be proof against all religious appeals as much as any boy I have ever had. . . . His correspondence with me is a good sign.”

“ ——— and ——— came for the first time to Holy Communion to-day—Oh! these children whom thou hast given me—what rapture to my soul to see them gather before thy altar.”

“ . . . I keep my appointment with my former pupil—to meet him at this hour in prayer. O Lord Jesus Christ, bless him and make him a trophy of redeeming love. Holy Spirit, overcome his pride, his stubborn self-will. O shine into the darkness of his heart. . . . Spent an hour in conversation and prayer with ———. He wishes to consecrate his life as a missionary. O God, I thank thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee that in thy Sovereign grace thou dost dispose one of my spiritual children towards this highest exercise of the Christian ministry. Oh bless him and consecrate him with the unction of thy Spirit.” “ ——— ” (a dismissed pupil) “left this morning; he would show more generous feeling but that his conscience is burdened with a lie.”

“Returned from ———. Alas, I fear that after all ——— will not do well. Oh, he has been the child of many, many prayers. I am cut to the heart when I see him less and less thoughtful, and more and more inclined

to the indulgences of the world. *Mem.*—pray daily for him. . . .”

There seems to have been no limit to the pains he bestowed upon this part of his ministry. In season and out of season, he wrought for the spiritual good of his boys, and his iterated and earnest prayers, for and with them, were accompanied by a multitude of ingenious methods and contrivances for the enforcement of his holy lessons. The filial piety of one who became an endeared assistant has preserved an example of one such device. It consists of a number of tiny sheets or leaflets, beautifully written by his own hand, and entitled “Little prayers for little things.” They are brief reflections and ejaculations, evidently penned, from time to time, for every-day use, as needed. In a short preface the master says to his disciple,

“They are not *prescribed* for the occasions mentioned, but are given as a specimen of the manner in which a spiritual mind will delight to be ascending continually to God in every occupation and seeking grace in the smallest matters. . . . Into the bosom of his spiritual child his father would breathe his own daily aspirations to the throne of grace. May the same blessed Spirit breathe into the hearts of both. ‘Soli Deo Gloria!’” There are over forty of these little prayers, from which the subjoined are selected.

“*On waking up in the morning.* My gracious Benefactor, I consecrate my recruited energies to thee. I wake to duty. In thy service only let all the strength

thou hast given me be employed. Thou hast made me thy creature, O make me thy willing servant."

"While dressing. While I am careful to appear decently clad before my fellow worms, shall my soul be left naked, or in the rags of sin before the King of kings? I am soon to go into his presence-chamber. O then, may I be dressed in the golden robes of the righteousness of Christ."

"When plagued by bad thoughts. Get thee hence, Satan—I ask none of thy entertainment—I know thy arts. I know thy methods of approach. In the name of my Saviour I bid thee begone. Tempter, away! And now, O Lord, for the fulfilment of thy promise, 'Resist the devil and he will flee from thee!'"

"At meals. May I never be choice or dainty in my food, remembering that thy dearest saints have lived on the coarsest fare. If I never have luxuries, make me contented without them, and if thou dost set them before me, I will partake of them with moderation and gratitude."

"On receiving praise. Let me not be flattered by the praise of men. They can see only my outside virtue and not my inside sin. I thank them for their good opinion. Lord, help me to deserve it better, but never let it for an instant keep me from seeing my sinfulness in thy sight."

"At noon. How is the day going? Have I once thought of God since I was on my knees this morning? If I never lift up my heart at mid-day, I may fear that my morning and evening prayers are mere

matters of course. My soul, canst thou not find a moment for thy Saviour at noon?"

Another packet of little sheets is called—"Helps to to pray without ceasing," and consists of a series of reflections on different passages of Scripture, of which the following is an example:

"*'He that loveth is born of God.'* O then, do I love? It is the very sign of my regeneration. I think I can say, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee—' but how feeble the glow! It has been kindled I trust from above, but how dim the light! how cold the fire! how flickering the flame! Holy Spirit, from thee the spark first came—O breathe upon it—blow upon it—or amid folly and impurity I fear it will expire. Let me seek the truth on which it feeds. Let my highest care and chief anxiety be that love may burn in my soul warmer and brighter, and shine more and more unto the perfect day. Let me know that I love, that I may know I am born of God."

The foregoing exemplifies but one of his methods, and that for a more advanced learner. His expedients varied with the varying temperaments and needs of his charge. Sincerely fighting "the good fight" himself, he was well-skilled in equipping these young recruits with the weapons best suited to them.

Further, for all who were disposed to avail themselves of it, there was, every Thursday evening, a voluntary religious meeting in the chapel; and before each vacation a "Tabella Sacra, or Table of Daily

Scripture Reading," was issued, as an incentive both to keep up the sacred duty during the holidays, and also to promote a feeling of unity among the scholars during their separation. The voluntary meetings were ordinarily well attended, and a spirit of piety at times prevailed, not common to schools.

The last day of the year was spent by the boys in putting their desks in order and getting all things ready for a good beginning of the New Year. In the evening there was a penitential religious service. The names of all those who had ever been at the school were called, those present who could give any account of old scholars were encouraged to do so, and in conclusion all present, together with all who, in any way, or at any time, had made part of the Institute household, were earnestly remembered in prayer. Later, a midnight watch was held by the adults of the school family, in which they "saw the old year out," in prolonged confession of sin, followed by silent prayer, until the bell rang twelve, when a full joyous "Gloria in Excelsis" ushered in the New Year.

A solemn observance of the last night of the year was a practice of Mr. Muhlenberg's life, from youth to extremest old age, and frequently the sons and pupils of earlier days, who could not be with him in body, would unite spiritually in the accustomed devotions. Some of these will remember, too, how on New Year's Day, he would, again and again, ring out Charles Wesley's lines—

“Come, let us anew, our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear
His adorable will, let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labors of love.”

A constant upward endeavor was the keynote of his long service.

This faithful master laid down rules for himself as well as for his pupils. In his private diary of this date, after certain retrospective meditations, we find, among other self-admonishings, the following:

“Never be in bed after five o’clock. It is of the utmost importance that all the duties of the morning relating to the body or the soul be performed early. Lift up your voice in a song of gratitude to God and rejoice like the sun to run the course of another day. Let not your morning prayers be hurried, the day will depend on them. . . . Bear with the thoughtlessness and frowardness of your adopted children; remember that they are but children, even the oldest of them, that therefore they need all the forbearance and condescension you can exercise. Remember that their tastes and yours are different. Remember that you have meat to eat which they know not of. Have patience to give line upon line and precept upon precept—remember how slow you have been to learn of God, and therefore wonder not that they are slow to learn of you. Be impartial. Have no favorites. Guard against overlooking retired boys,—and against neglecting those

who are unpleasant in their intercourse with you. Your affection for them should be enlightened Christian charity, not attachment founded on personal attractions or any earthly consideration. Let your love for them show itself not by playing or fondling with them, but by uniform kindness of manner and steady endeavors to do them good. Recollect that some of the dull or unpleasant boys, to whom you say comparatively little, may after all be those who will have derived most benefit from the School; take care then not to overlook them. . . Have no idols. . . O my blessed Saviour, may I be in thy company all the day long. May I walk close behind thee, holding the skirt of thy garment, treading in every track of thy footsteps. O, never desert me. Leave me not a moment alone. Without thee I stumble and fall."

He was most unsparing of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstance. One of them, a young man very dear to him, tells that after receiving on a certain day a severe rebuke, Mr. Muhlenberg at night put into his hand a little box containing money and a brief note in which he deplored that he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks." The note went on to say, "These accounts are not to be settled between ourselves, but, as a peace-offering, let me give you this *Charity Box*, to which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way and about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my infirmities may at least be

the occasion of your benevolence. . . .” This little box and note have been preserved. The arrangement was undoubtedly a genuine expression of his grief and humility, but it may have been, along with this, one of his loving and ingenious ways for impressing upon the mind of his dear scholar the ground of said reproof, viz., the fault he desired him to watch against and correct. It would be like him that it should be so. Nor would he have minded sacrificing what some would call their dignity to such an end.

He could exercise a little muscular Christianity at need. One of the students attempted a practical joke upon him by walking into his chamber at midnight, in the regulation, long, white bedgown, as a somnambulist. Mr. Muhlenberg instantly penetrated the disguise, and springing out of bed grappled the youth tightly and drew him to the wash-stand, where stood a large ewer full of water, the whole contents of which he discharged upon his head. The discomfited lad slunk away as fast as he could. He had anticipated great fun in telling his comrades the next morning how finely he had scared the rector, but this complete turning of the tables made him thankful for the forbearance which withheld all comment regarding the night's exploit.

CHAPTER IX.

1835-1839.

Preparations for St. Paul's College.—Repute as an Educator.—Reply to Bishop Doane's Proposal.—Purchase of a Farm near Flushing.—Success of the Institute.—Ten Thousand Dollars of Debt.—His Mother's Aid.—No Thought of Surrender.—Ultimately met his Expenses.—Scenery of College Point.—Laying a Corner-stone that Received no Super-structure.—Enduring Work of St. Paul's College.—Why the Permanent College Edifice was not Built.—A Noble Principle of Action.—Plans for a Sojourn in Europe.—His Brother's Unexpected Death.—Characteristics of Dr. Frederick A. Muhlenberg.—Grief and Tenderness of Survivor.—Turns to Work Again.—Temporary Buildings Erected.—St. Paul's College Begun.—Principles and Discipline of the Same.—The Rector's Increase of Care.—Divine Support.—Tenor of Daily Inter-course with Students.—Tact in Dealing with Them.—Skilful Moral Probing.

THE development of his work into a thoroughly-appointed college with buildings and grounds of its own, had always been an essential part of Dr.* Muhlenberg's plan, and for a year or more previous to the date of this chapter he had been looking in different localities for a suitable site. When it transpired that he purposed a change, the impression he had, even thus early, made as an educator, became strikingly apparent. He was solicited in various directions to ac-

* About this time (1836) he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Columbia College, N. Y.

cept the control of one and another important institution of learning, or, again, to establish himself in this or that diocese for the founding of his own college. Among the latter proposals was one from Bishop Doane of New Jersey, his reply to whom is very characteristic. After a courteous acknowledgment of the bishop's kind letter, and a wish that his school really deserved the esteem expressed for it, he goes on to say: ". . . . Whenever I have contemplated a removal, it has always been to the northward. Political considerations induce me to prefer New England, and somewhere on the Sound, in Connecticut, has been long, in my imagination, the ultimate location of my college. Candor, however, dictates another answer. The seminary proposed for your diocese, doubtless is designed to be subject to specific ecclesiastical control. I am never restless under government, but such arrangement might interfere materially with the prosecution of my plans, and would impair too much my freedom of action in the enterprise. Attachment to the Episcopal Church and submission to her proper authority will, I hope, always characterize any institution of which I may have the charge, but the security for these must be found only in the consistency of my character as an Episcopalian—whatever it may be—and in my duty as a Presbyterian of the church. In a word, I prefer the independence of a *private* Institution. . . ."

This letter is dated Oct. 4, 1834.

At length, what he sought was found close at hand, in a farm of a hundred and seventy-five acres, lying

along the East River, north of Flushing, on part of which now stands the village known as "College Point," the name he then gave to his purchase. He afterwards disposed of a portion of the land, leaving about one hundred acres for the college territory.

The Flushing Institute had been an entire success. In its last year, the applications for admission doubled that of any preceding one, and from the extent, unsolicited, of this confidence in his methods, he assured himself that the funds requisite for constructing a substantial permanent edifice would be easily obtained.

He had hired the Institute building, in the first instance, for three years only, and contemplated eighty boys as the extent of his school family. In the third year he found himself with a hundred pupils, but also, the initiation of the work costing more than he anticipated, with ten thousand dollars of debt, and this in addition to the absorption of all his private means. Mrs. Muhlenberg, his mother, stood ready to assume his responsibilities in this amount, and hoped he would now relinquish the undertaking to which she had never become reconciled. He could honorably have done so, having fulfilled all that he had pledged himself to, but nothing was further from his mind than such a surrender. He kept bravely on, and in the end the School paid its expenses.

College Point was purchased in the summer of 1835. It was a very beautiful domain and admirably adapted to its purpose. There was a water front of more than a mile, and the Point, stretching far into the river,

formed in one direction a sheltered cove, or bay, for safe boating and other water sports, and rose landward into a broad, high knoll which commanded a fine extended view of the Sound with its ever-shifting panorama of vessels, from the snowy-winged pleasure yacht to the Atlantic steamer. A more magnificent "campus" could not be imagined.

The college edifice was designed to stand on the summit of the knoll. It was to have been an extensive and substantial structure, costing about fifty thousand dollars. We say *was to have been*, for it never came to pass, notwithstanding that the corner-stone was laid in the presence of the bishop of the diocese, Oct 15, 1836, with enthusiastic anticipations. The day of this ceremony was one of great interest and enjoyment to the concourse of friends who participated in its exercises. The rector wrote both an address and an ode for the purpose,* and associates and pupils drew propitious omens from air, earth, and sea which seem to have been at their loveliest for the occasion.

"The liquid azure," wrote one who was present, "the ethereal atmosphere, the balmy breeze, only strong enough to float the banners and spread the white canvas of a hundred vessels, withal the golden verdure lighted by a mellow autumnal sun, enraptured every one with the scenery." Nor was the futility of that glad "foundation-day" failure. True, the walls over the corner-stone then laid never rose above the base-

* See *Evan. Cath. Papers, Second Series*, pp. 63 et. seq.

ment story, and St. Paul's College was, to the end, housed in wooden buildings aside those of the Grammar School at the foot of the knoll; but the true living work of the Christian college went on, none the less. It was as faithfully and earnestly impelled as though honored with a habitation of porphyry and marble, and if not made locally permanent by means of solid masonry, has been essentially perpetuated in its offsets and in the multitude of kindred institutions, existing at this day in our church, of which St. Paul's College was the exemplar.

But how came the solid structure begun upon the knoll to be stopped? Owing to no individual or private failure, but from a great public monetary disturbance. When Dr. Muhlenberg made his preparations for building, subscriptions were coming in, which, with other prospective contributions and general promises of support, justified the step; but shortly came the great financial crisis of 1837, when banks collapsed, the strongest institutions staggered, and men of supposed solid wealth were reduced to poverty, as in a day. Among these last were some of Dr. Muhlenberg's chief friends and helpers, and his resources were, of course, almost summarily cut off. He kept on with the basement story until the funds he had in hand were exhausted, and then suspended operations. He did not regard the cessation as other than temporary; expecting to resume building with the revival of business; but, however this might be, he would not entangle his sacred undertaking with debt. The work, as already intimated, was

never resumed. There were lookers-on who appreciated Dr. Muhlenberg's high principle in this matter, and who in due time pointed it out to the church.

The editor of the *Journal of Christian Education* in March, 1841, may be quoted as illustrative: "On passing up the Sound," he writes, "one of the principal objects that strikes the eye of the observer as he approaches College Point is the foundation of a large stone building raised some eight or ten feet above the ground and there abandoned. On asking why it is left in this unfinished state, the answer is that its proprietor had not the means at the time to carry it further, and would not get into debt. But was not Dr. Muhlenberg working for the church, and might he not have gone on to build assured that in an emergency the church, aroused by the exciting appeals that could readily be framed, would step in to save his college from the bailiff? Unquestionably. The general sentiment and practice invited him to pursue this course. But he chose not to adopt it. We admire his self-denial and thank him for his good example. . . .

"Those unfinished walls indicate the sober, patient, and confiding wisdom which looks far into futurity, disregarding present consequences. No churchman on beholding them can employ the reproach, 'This man *began* to build,' for he would be obliged to add, 'But we (the church) for whom he was building, would not permit him to finish.'"

A structure of wood had been erected at the Point for the Grammar School, which was opened in 1837;

while a number of the younger boys composed a distinct establishment in the Institute building, conducted by two of the Instructors* on their own responsibility, but upon Dr. Muhlenberg's plan. At this juncture, and pending the reaction of the business world, which he hoped would give a new impetus to the college building, Dr. Muhlenberg thought he saw the opportunity so far back desired for a sojourn of some length in Europe. He proposed to himself an absence of two years, and planned to give the Grammar School for that period to the care of two of his most competent associates, who, while maintaining the principles and order of the School as he had established them, were to have for themselves whatever profit might accrue. His brother, Dr. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, for some years past associated with him as physician of the Institute, and professor of physiology, hygiene, and the natural sciences, was to be his representative during his absence in all that concerned the college enterprise. This plan was frustrated by the unexpected illness and death of this only and beloved brother. He was seized with rapid consumption, and expired June 11th, 1837.

Dr. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg was a highly cultivated and accomplished man, and full of musical talent. Further he was his brother's spiritual child as well as his dear companion—"Frater et Filius Christi"—and the survivor used to speak of this loss as the

* Rev. Dr. C. F. Crusé and J. B. Kerfoot.

chief sorrow of his life. A number of musical compositions, secular as well as sacred, were left by him. A tune afterwards named "Frederick" in the Tune Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is one of these, and was written for his favorite hymn, "Saviour, source of every blessing." On his death-bed, which was wonderful in its fulness of Christian peace, Frederick asked his brother to sing this hymn. Complying, the latter said, "Henceforth we shall always sing that hymn to your own sweet tune"; a promise which has been observed in all Dr. Muhlenberg's institutions. Another little incident further illustrates the tenderness of Dr. Muhlenberg's affection, though it occurred full three years after his brother's decease. A new organ was in contemplation for the College chapel. In a musical point of view, this was very desirable, but the associations of the old one, its early use in the Institute, and especially by his brother Frederick made him very unwilling to part with it. "If," he writes, "I were to give it to Erben (the organ builder), I should bargain to have several of the stops put into the new organ, particularly the *Dulciana*, on which my brother, now in Paradise, used to make such heavenly music."

Once more he relinquished the thought of going to Europe, and, a combination of favorable circumstances encouraging him, resolved without further delay to proceed with the establishment of his college in such buildings as he could then command. Accordingly, without abandoning all effort to continue the work

upon the knoll, he erected commodious and sightly edifices of wood, adjoining those of the Grammar School, along the shore, and here St. Paul's College was begun in the year 1838, with a full corps of professors and instructors, and all the usual appliances of a collegiate institution. The leaden box which had been laid within the corner-stone of the Flushing Institute was dug out, and placed under the new building at the Point. "It was deposited unopened," wrote Dr. Muhlenberg on the occasion, "to show the identity of the Institution."

In entering upon St. Paul's College, he had proposed to relieve himself of the care of the younger boys, by transferring the Flushing Institute to the independent charge of the two gentlemen already mentioned; but the lamentation at his withdrawal on the part of parents and guardians was so great, "so loud a wail went up," as one said, that he could not resist the appeal, and within a short time resumed his former relations. The boys and the two instructors removed to the Point, and all united again under Dr. Muhlenberg.

The fundamental principles of the College were the same as those of the Institute, viz., that the study of the ancient languages and of the exact sciences forms the true groundwork of a liberal education; that in the discipline of the intellect there can be no substitute for the old process of patient application; that moral and religious training must go hand in hand with the cultivation of the intellect; that the religious instruction must be in accordance with the creed of some par-

ticular church, hence here of the Protestant Episcopal; and that pure and enduring motives are to be urged in the culture of the mind as well as of the heart.

Some paragraphs from a paper of Dr. Muhlenberg's of this date will illustrate more specifically the genius and sentiment of the Institution. First, as to its name after St. Paul: "As St. Paul, the most educated of the apostles, glorified his Divine Master with his learning and eloquence, so in the College, human wisdom must be consecrated with the spirit and made subservient to the interests of the Gospel. . . ."

Again: "The doctrines of original sin, of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, of justification by faith, and what are usually termed 'the doctrines of grace' as taught by St. Paul, must be the theology of the College. . . ."

Secondly as to Discipline: "The guardians of youth, in ordinary colleges, are expected to exercise parental authority, not at discretion, but in the execution of laws and statutes already enacted by higher powers. Hence, the pupil is the citizen of a commonwealth, obeying its laws, but standing on his rights and warning his governors not to exceed theirs; instead of being the member of a family, to the head of which he is to render unqualified obedience, and whose will is to be his law. In this state of things parental authority is removed to a distance, and the first lesson which the boy learns is his own independence. And this, it will be maintained by some, is precisely the kind of training proper for American youth, whose free-born spirit should brook no other. But surely the feeling of independence is

not of so slow a growth in our country that it must needs be fostered at school. The spirit abroad in the land should lead us to think rather of checks than of incentives, and to require subordination in the boy as some preparation for the sovereignty of the man.

“But collegians, it may be said, are not boys—their age requires that they be governed like men, not by the will of their superiors, but by a code of laws, to which their guardians are amenable as well as themselves. This is an error. The age of collegians is the very period of life when they most need the discretionary guidance of parents and governors, and when no written laws are sufficient to regulate their conduct. From fourteen to eighteen is the most critical period of human life. It is the age of feeling and passion, and consequently the age of danger, and then shall the youth be allowed all at once to judge for himself? Then may there be a sudden relinquishment of paternal control? No; then, more than ever, he needs the care and counsel of his guardians, and therefore then, more especially, should he be taught the duty of a ready acquiescence in their will. Surely the rapids in the stream of life are not the place for dispensing with the pilot.

“It may be objected that such government leaves too much room for caprice and even tyranny in the preceptor. But the preceptor is answerable to public opinion. If he play the petty despot he will soon lose his subjects, for the parent has the right of removing his child, and the child has the privilege of pri-

vate communication with the parent. This is a sufficient check on the abuse of power, and it should always be secured.

“The discipline contended for is not easy in practice, since it supposes a provision for parental *interest and affection*, as well as for parental power, and without a good degree of the former, the latter will be unavailing. But the former can hardly be expected where the business of education is adopted merely as a means of livelihood and abandoned as soon as possible for a more agreeable or more lucrative employment.

“There may, in such cases, be able, conscientious, and effective instruction; but the influence and control over the pupil, here supposed necessary, can only be where education is undertaken from views of duty and with the same benevolence of motives that leads to the sacred ministry. Then there will be a hold on the respect and affection of the pupil which will make parental discipline a reality. And thus it should be—Education should be not only a learned but a sacred profession. Men devoted to it should be a recognized order in the church, and be expected to give themselves to its duties with the philanthropic and self-denying spirit of the Christian missionary.”

Dr. Muhlenberg had now a more complete work and a larger field for his peculiar talent and experience, but with these came a corresponding increase of care and a demand upon him for attention to details which only the sacredness of the cause could make acceptable.

A glimpse of this is found in a page of his journal of these days. It is part of one of those codes of rules, or promises, with which, his life through, he was in the habit of disciplining himself.

“ . . . I will endeavor continually to remember that I am working in the service of Jesus Christ and must therefore do patiently what he sets me at, whether it seem great or small in my eyes.”

“I will avoid unprofitable talk about plans for the future, and go steadily on with the work of the hour.”

“I will pursue more methodically my endeavors for the religious welfare of the boys. . . . The cares of the College and School are the cross which I must bear for Jesus Christ’s sake. When I think of this, I go cheerfully to work and can make the most trifling duty a religious act. Lord, grant me the spirit of contentment, and grace to abide patiently in my lot. O help me, blessed Saviour—strength, strength, strength, that is what I want! O deny it not to me, thy poor but loving disciple!”

The Institute and the College were one and the same thing. The wholesome strictness and tender sympathy which had not failed to yield good fruit in the former, were brought to bear with equal zeal upon the latter. By degrees, it may be that the exterior machinery of the College became more prominent; showing more of the formalities, as well as the love and spirit of order; but there was never any substitute of the artificial and the showy, for the sincere and the substantial. Alike in the School and in the College,

from beginning to end, the professors and instructors, as well as the rector, when released from the restraint of the class-room and chair of office, went among the students with the utmost freedom and familiarity; both parties standing on that ground of unaffected sincerity and mutual kind feeling which was always the sure basis of the discipline of Dr. Muhlenberg's Institutions.

A record of his individual dealings with his boys, in matters great as well as small, were the data for such obtainable, would form a very interesting and instructive volume. Few preceptors have known their pupils as he knew his; and fewer yet, perhaps, have been as naturally qualified for understanding them. He used to say that for true teaching, as well as for the ministry, a threefold call was necessary, namely, that of "Nature, Grace, and Education." Eminently was he, thus, thrice endowed. He possessed, especially, a rare skill for leading his charge to unfold any wrongdoing of which they were guilty. Like St. Paul, being crafty he caught them "with guile." He knew how to throw himself into their particular weaknesses and temptations. "And he made you feel so comfortable," said one of his latest sons, "even when probing you to the quick, leading you on, sympathizing with and helping you, where another would have given you a flogging."

Sometimes an improvised rhyme, or a witty word, would substitute a graver rebuke. Thus, to one who was talking grandiloquently of "our glorious Union

and its star-spangled banner," Dr. Muhlenberg (never forgetful of the blot, now happily effaced, with which that glory was then tarnished) instantly replied: "Oh yes;

"The stars are the scars,
And the stripes are the wipes,
Of the lash on the negro's back."

With gentle irony, a delicate weapon which he knew well how to wield, he sent to a rather self-righteous young disciple a slip of paper bearing within, simply this—no other word—

"18th hymn corrected—3rd verse—

"I did seek thee when a stranger
Looking for the fold of God;
I, to save my soul from danger,
Earned redemption in thy blood."

To another, denouncing too vehemently, the wrongdoing of a companion, he said "Ah! my dear ——, the Lord has a good many *different sorts* of sinners"; thus, irresistibly compelling the accuser to look within.

This is how he dealt with a youth in whom he discerned some vain-gloriousness as to his performances in the chapel choir. It was the young man's duty to get the number of the psalm and hymn for the service, and going one Sunday morning to Dr. Muhlenberg for the purpose, while the latter was turning over the leaves of the Prayer Book, apparently making a selection, the youth began to speak of the music of the preceding Sunday, somewhat in this wise: "We did

pretty well in the choir last Sunday?" "Yes," without lifting his head. "That anthem went finely, I think"—fishing for the praise which he had looked for after singing it, but did not receive. "Yes," still turning over the leaves. Presently, thinking the Doctor rather long, he said, "What shall we sing to-day, sir?" The Doctor lifted his head, and said gravely, "Why, let us sing to the praise and glory of—'John Smith'—(borrowing a name) such and such a psalm and hymn."

The individual, now a clergyman of the church, frankly told this story against himself, adding that from that time forth, at any rising of the old self-complacency these words of the beloved pastor and teacher would come back forcibly to him.

CHAPTER X.

1839-1843.

Exclusion of Emulation as an Incentive.—How it Worked.—No Tolerance of Inferior Scholarship.—Examination of 1839.—Instructors Educated in Institution.—The Faculty.—Dimensions of Buildings.—Other Statistics.—Dr. Muhlenberg's Proprietorship.—Physical Culture of Students.—Boating.—A Summer Evening Scene.—Impressiveness of the Place.—Noon-tide Chapel Service.—Religious Efforts Beyond the College.—Chapel Services on the Great Festivals.—Æsthetic not Ritualistic.—Music and Song.—The Wreath-makers' Ballad.—Ode for the Ashburton Dinner.—Unresting Originating Power.—Numerous Educational Plans.—An Order of Christian Teachers for the Church.—Cadets' Hall.—Prose Compositions.—A Birthday in Retirement.—Spiritual Exercises.—His Christian Watchfulness.

An important and distinguishing feature of Dr. Muhlenberg's plan of education, it has been seen, was the substitution of Christian endeavor for emulation, as an incentive to study. No other stimulants for learning were sought than those furnished by motives of duty, with such rewards and punishments as seemed, naturally and equitably, consequent on the performance or neglect of duty, and thus every task that was mastered strengthened the moral principle. This was distinct from the religious character of the Institution, which might have been sustained in connection with a mode of discipline, based on the usual system of rewards and punishments. It would be interesting to compare the results of this method, as to scholarship, with those of

contemporary seminaries of learning, where the ordinary prize system was employed. At this distance of time, any such comparison is of course impossible, but at the outset Dr. Muhlenberg had said: "Religion is the basis of the School, but Religion shall not be taken into account for inferior scholarship," and he eminently carried out his resolution.

For the sake of the great principle involved in the incentives employed, a passage from a letter relating to the examination of 1839, is of interest. It is from one of the visitors of the occasion, who, speaking of the exercises of the classical department says:

"The examination was far beyond any thing of the kind to which we have been accustomed. . . . Passages taken at random from the *Medea* of Euripides, Homer, Demosthenes, Horace, etc., were translated accurately, neatly, and often beautifully; then analyzed and parsed. Portions were also recited memoriter in the original. Suddenly the professor would call for the remainder of the passage in English, then go back to the original, and the students would, without hesitation, fulfil the required task. Nothing but the most thorough training and very great diligence could have effected such results. . . ." The professor referred to, the Rev. J. G. Barton, was educated in the Institute, and at that time, with the exception of three of the older professors, all the instructors in the academical department were men educated by Dr. Muhlenberg.*

* The Faculty of St. Paul's College in the Session of 1840-41 was composed as follows: Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., Rec-

The range of buildings constituting St. Paul's College and Grammar School, as completed in 1840, measured two hundred and thirty-two feet in front, with a depth in the wings of one hundred and twenty-five feet. In a letter addressed to the Regents of the University of New York, for the purpose of obtaining the right to confer degrees, dated St. Paul's College, January 13th, 1840, and signed by the chief of the faculty of the Institution, the following statistics are given: "Number of students, 105; Volumes in Libraries, 7,000; value of property, \$70,000; annual cost of salaries of Professors and Instructors, \$9,000." All this was the result of Dr. Muhlenberg's individual effort, and he remained the proprietor to the end; though not without repeated and earnest endeavors to transfer the whole to

tor, Senior of the Collegiate Family and Professor of Evidences and Ethics of Christianity; Rev. Christian F. Crusé, D.D., Professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Languages; Charles Gill, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rev. J. G. Barton, Professor of Greek and Latin Languages; Newton May, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, and Resident Physician of the Collegiate Family; Rev. L. Van Bokkelen, Secretary and Assisting Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rev. John B. Kerfoot, Chaplain and Assisting Professor of Greek and Latin Languages; J. Huntingdon, M.D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and Intellectual Philosophy, and Joseph Lipinski, Professor of the French and German Languages. The Instructors in the several departments under the professors, were, James S. Bowdler, Reuben Riley, Robert S. Howland, Charles Bancroft, and Henry M. Sheafe.

All but the last named of these gentlemen became clergymen of the church. There were also a Professor and an Instructor in Music, and an Instructor of Drawing.

some competent body, such as might insure its permanence as a church college and literary institution.

Amid such abundant care for the moral and intellectual training of the students, it may be assumed that physical culture was not overlooked. Very large provision was made for it. In their gardens;—each boy who fancied horticulture having one of his own;—their gymnasium; their healthful, manly, out-door sports of all kinds; in the wide rural range, beautiful and secluded, for pedestrian feats, and the ample stretch of shore for swimming and boating, better facilities for the acquisition of physical vigor could not exist. Sail-boats were peremptorily excluded, but rowing within bounds, each boat with its own captain and crew, was a never-failing enjoyment. The bay allotted to such exercise, presented an animated and pleasing scene on a summer evening. The water all astir with boys and boats, colors streaming, oars flashing, young voices and young hearts all in merriest accord, illustrating the school-father's own words in the Rosy June song that he wrote for them—

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“The blue waves are breaking
With mirth on the strand
Wild music is waking
O'er river and land.

.
Jocund breezes are blowing,
Joy flushes the scene,
In the tide health is flowing,
Life bounds in the green.”

The associations of these college haunts do not linger alone with those who grew up amongst them. Some visiting the Institution, as relatives of the boys, or friends of the Principal, can never forget how they felt the inspiration, the unworldliness of the place, as something unlike any other. The sweet simple chapel, looking out upon "the green pastures and still waters" where it was so refreshing to repair, not only morning and evening daily, but every day at noon-tide too, for a brief hallowed interval; to hear the rector read, with a force and reality all his own, a few verses from the Book of Life, followed by the chanting of a portion of the 19th Psalm, "The law of the Lord is an undefiled law," which never, thenceforth, to their ears could be separated from the music there wedded to it; and all closing with a moment of silent prayer, a few collects, and the benediction;—not more than ten minutes occupied by the whole.

There was nothing obligatory in the call to this noon service for any one. Only those boys came who were inclined to do so, but there were always a number to whom the noon-bell for this purpose, came with welcome summons; always a number, larger or smaller, of devout boys in the ranks. And how courteous and gentlemanly, with the manner of sons at home, were those young College Pointers.

Some of the more distinctive characteristics of Dr. Muhlenberg's educational work have been felicitously touched by the pen of one familiar, through an alumnus of the College, both with its methods and their results.

The following is an extract: "Without the objectionable features of the great English schools, it yet most happily reproduced their leading excellencies. The whole system of teaching was brought into healthful subordination to sound principles of Christian nurture. The College chapel, that bugbear of most youths in our ordinary American institutions, was made at once the centre of the whole school life, and a place of genuine attractiveness. The Church Year, which has so much in its beautiful order to appeal to the young mind, was made practically, the school year; and to-day, among hundreds of men, in all ranks of life, some of them wearing the bishop's lawn, and others the judge's ermine, who have gone forth from College Point, there is scarce one who does not date his first appreciation of the church's feasts and fasts from the solemn and glowing services in its chapel. Wisely coupled with this Christian nurture, was a healthful and manly physical culture. The legends of the boyish sports at College Point, as narrated by those who shared them, reads like a chapter out of Tom Brown at Rugby, and there is little doubt that they have given an impulse to reforms in similar institutions, in the remotest corners of the land. But the secret of this success was not any system, however excellent, nor any skill, however thorough. It was in the rare and happy qualities of the presiding mind. That mind possessed the magnetism of Arnold without his impatience; the religious earnestness of Arnold, without his tendency to speculation. And the boys caught and re-

flected the master's spirit. They are scattered to-day, from one end of the continent to the other; but they can no more forget, no matter what distances of time or space separates them from their boyhood scenes, that they were once the Doctor's boys, than they could forget their own existence. Such memories are verily a part of their existence, even as the influences in which they have their roots are a part of their characters. The principles of College Point have taken shape in many other schools since then, and its pupils have, in more than one instance, risen to be among the most successful educators of our day; but there is not one of them that would not gladly and gratefully own his indebtedness to the venerable friend and father whose loving wisdom and patient labors inaugurated a new era in the Christian nurture of our youth, and lifted the church, in that matter to a higher level, both of effort and of aspiration." *

It would be for some of those who came personally under Dr. Muhlenberg's remarkable power as a Christian educator to do justice to this period of his life; one of these thus writes: "A thorough scholar himself, the standard of scholarship in his schools was always high. But education, with him, meant something more than Greek and Latin and mathematics. The boy's soul was of greater value than his mind, and we think we may say that, without exception, of the hundreds upon hundreds of boys who have been at various

* Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D.

times under Dr. Muhlenberg's charge, there was not one whom he did not strive to benefit spiritually. He thoroughly understood a boy's nature, and knew the way to his heart, and religion was ever presented as a thing to be loved, not to be dreaded and shunned. It was a real thing. There was nothing in the discipline or the whole system of the school that presented the appearance of being in conflict with the teachings of the chapel. Lent, without being made repulsive, was sombre; it made itself felt through all departments. Holy Week was quiet, and Good Friday like a day of mourning. Profane boys were not, knowingly, retained in the school. Irreligious boys, no matter what their other qualifications, could not be in the chapel choir; and wrong-doing, according to its degree, was followed by suspension from the choir. None but boys who gave some evidence of piety, were allowed to be about the chapel in decorating it. Many instances might be mentioned as going to show how, everywhere and in all departments, the influence of religion penetrated. It was the man acting out what he believed and felt, and this consistency and earnestness of his was the great secret of his influence in whatever he was engaged."*

Another says: "His was the first idea and achievement of the church's Christian school; with high genuine learning, with free thought and hearty faith, with gentle, refining culture, conjoined with honest, sturdy

* Rev. W. A. Matson, D.D.

scriptural morals and devotion, the love of the Saviour wedded to manly honor and truthfulness, all inspiring this pastor and preceptor's very self into the inner life of his young disciples."*

The benefits of the chapel were not confined to the collegiate family. Neighbors and visitors from outside loved to resort thither; and Dr. Muhlenberg's godly zeal and energy diffused a powerful religious influence far beyond the College precincts. The instructors who were candidates for the ministry were encouraged to serve as missionaries at appointed stations, others were sent as lay-readers to untaught places; and the rector himself, in the first years of the Institute, held Cottage-meetings from house to house. A wonderful worker he was, unremittingly impelled by his sense of Christian responsibility as to the use of time and opportunity; and with a wonderful, though almost unconscious, power for inspiring those around him with similar action.

All his pupils, whatever their maturer ecclesiastical opinions, agree as to the impressiveness of the religious services of the school—

"Its chapel, prayer, and praise,
With songs and rites that made them love
The church's festal days."

The word *ritualism* was not in vogue then, nor for long after, as applied to worship imitative of, or "advanced" towards, Romish ceremonial; and, however

* Bishop Kerfoot.

abounding in material expression the observance of fast and festival in St. Paul's College may have been, it would not, in the present technical sense of the word, be called "ritualistic." There was nothing in it of ecclesiology or mere prescription,—it was original with Dr. Muhlenberg. Said one who for fifteen years was under its influence, first as a pupil and later as teacher, "It was the poetry, of which evangelical truth was the concrete. The chapel was brilliant on the great festivals with candles and emblems. At the Christmas services a picture of the Virgin and Holy Child, was placed above the altar, wreathed with holly. On Good Friday, a picture of the crucifixion, with drapery of black. On Easter, oh how glorious the service which began with the rising sun! There were the bright lights and the fragrant flowers; among these always the Calla lily and the hyacinth. . . . In that chapel many young hearts made the resolve which led on to the holy ministry, of which, in its highest type, the loving teacher, and eloquent preacher, was so perfect an exponent."*

In some late words of Dr. Muhlenberg's regarding the peculiar services of the College chapel, he says: "If we practised more or less of ritualism, it was certainly not of the Romish type, but the product of imagination in accordance with the verities of our religion. As educational means, I believe these services had only a happy effect on the minds of the young, though some

* Rev. Dr. L. Van Bokkelen.

of my brethren in the ministry, formerly my pupils, say that they were the germs of their present taste for churchly ceremonial and *ornamented* (?) services."

He made carols, songs, and hymns, and the tunes for them. Among these double compositions at this time, were "Jesus' name shall ever be," "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," "The mellow eve is gliding," and the well-known Christmas piece, "Carol, brothers, carol."

In 1842 he wrote a pendant to this last, with the same tune and chorus, which he called the "Wreath-makers' Ballad." The production of this little piece was made the occasion of one of those sweet, home-like condescensions, common to St. Paul's College. Dr. Muhlenberg kept the composition a secret, except towards a few chosen singers and musicians, whose aid he needed, and when these were well practised for a performance, he led them—they and their instruments decked with evergreens—into the room where the wreath-makers were at work for the Christmas decorations of the chapel. Then came the full burst of harmony and song, to the surprised delight of the boys. The following is the first verse of the ballad,

"Go ye to the woodland,
Where the laurel grows,
Where the running vine is
Green beneath the snows,
Bring ye goodly branches,
Cedar, box, and pine,
To make the chapel beauteous,
Wreath on wreath we'll twine."

He often led the young choristers himself, both on the organ and in singing, having a surpassingly fine baritone voice, which—his scholars say—carried all before him.

The above-mentioned lyric was of course designed to be sung by those engaged in arraying the chapel for Christmas. It is an illustration of the graceful, hallowed sentiment with which, in the least particulars, he sought to invest any service of the sanctuary; and again, of his genuine delight in beautifying the house of the Lord, independently of any traditional or ecclesiastical prescription; reminding one here of St. Jerome, in his panegyric on his friend Nepotian, where he makes it a part of the "commendable character" of the latter, that he "took care to have every thing neat and clean about the church, and made flowers, and leaves, and branches of trees contribute to the beauty and order of the holy place." . . . "These were but small things," says St. Jerome, "but a pious mind, devoted to Christ, is intent upon things, great and small, and neglects nothing that may deserve the name of the very meanest office in the church." *

Another and very different composition of this period was the Ode sung at the dinner given to Lord Ashburton by the merchants of New York on the conclusion of the treaty (Aug., 1842), which settled the northeastern boundary, and other questions of long dispute between Great Britain and the United States.

* Bingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*.

Dr. Muhlenberg had greatly at heart the amity of the two countries. In the year 1838, Jan. 4th, he had written in his journal: "Trouble on the border. The Canadians have burned an American steamboat. 'O God, who makest wars to cease, interpose with thy Spirit and let not war disturb our land. Avert from us its horrors, nor let the unnatural sight be seen of sister nations engaged in strife and bloodshed.'" He had so painfully appreciated the dangerous position of affairs that the sealing of peace through the Ashburton treaty was a pure joy to his heart; and although making it a rule to decline all invitations to dinner-parties, and, certainly, never attending public dinners, the cause of the present festivity so exhilarated him, that almost spontaneously, he threw off the first stanza of this gratulatory ode. Then he hesitated, questioning if it were consistent in a clergyman to indite a song for a convivial occasion. He was encouraged by his friend Dr. Wainwright to complete the composition, and did so. It was forthwith set to music, and sung by Mr. Horn at the dinner, as follows:

ODE.

All hail to Britannia! henceforth we are one!
And hail to our guest, her American Son.*
O'er the Lion and Eagle, now hovers the dove:
To-day, there's a banquet of national love.

* So called from his American relations. Lord Ashburton married a Miss Bingham of Philadelphia, and their son William, who succeeded his father in the title, was born in that city.

Chorus.

O long live their glory, united and free,
The Imperial West, and the Queen of the Sea.

The Cross of St. George, and Columbia's Stars,
Oh! ne'er be they stained in unnatural wars;
With the olive entwine them—a sign to the world
Of freedom and peace, wherever unfurled;

Chorus.

O long live their glory, united and free,
The Imperial West, and the Queen of the Sea.

By our ancestors' blood—by the spirit they breathed;
By their time-honored laws—by the rights they bequeathed;
By the muses, the sages, of soul-ruling powers;
By a Burke and a Chatham, though Britain's yet ours:

Chorus.

O long live their glory, united and free,
The Imperial West, and the Queen of the Sea.

By Letters, by Science, by all that can bind,
In links never broke, heart to heart, mind to mind;
More than all by our FAITH—that bulwark of might,
To the Ruler and ruled—Magna Charta of right;

Chorus.

O long live their glory, united and free,
The Imperial West, and the Queen of the Sea.

Bright day for the earth when her two freest lands,
In concord anew have plighted their hands,
One more to the compact of Liberty sealed;
For the sake of mankind to be never repealed;

Chorus.

Then long live their glory, united and free,
The Imperial West, and the Queen of the Sea.

With Dr. Muhlenberg's unresting originating power, numerous projects in the interest of Christian education floated through his mind in these days, and not all of them wholly abortive, though of too remote or transient a character to claim attention here. Two of the number may be excepted, which took so much of substantial form as to clothe themselves in a printed prospectus, in connection with his existing work. The one, "A Fund for the Education of Teachers in the Protestant Episcopal Church," was a development of his deep conviction of the necessity of an order of trained teachers, in the church, who should choose the office as a vocation, on the same high and self-sacrificing principle, as a choice for the ministry is assumed to imply. An organization was formed; a responsible body of trustees created, and some funds raised which inured to the support of a number of prospective teachers, under the auspices of St. Paul's College, but was no further extended.

Some words of Dr. Muhlenberg's, in urging this design, ought not to be lost. "The education of enlightened Christian teachers," he wrote, "is second only to the education of the clergy, and is equally the proper business of the church. Provision for it should be permanent and large. Christianity, in order to retain her ascendancy in the land, must train up capable and conscientious instructors, as well as learned and faithful ministers. The pastor and the school-master should go hand in hand. It is the policy of infidelity to sever them. Let it be the wisdom and the patriotism

of Christianity to unite them, until everywhere, the Church, the College, and the School be regarded as a common cause."

The other project grew out of the ardent desire, which was ever present with him, to do more for poorer boys. He had always a number of free scholars in the Institute and College; one tenth of the whole was his rule; and these were always youths supposed to show some fitness for the sacred ministry, or for teaching. But the remaining nine-tenths, in order to his making ends meet, had to be students able to pay three hundred dollars a year for their board and tuition, and with his deep sympathy for the poor of Christ's flock, he grudged giving himself so largely to the sons of the rich. In this feeling he planned a distinct establishment on the College grounds, which he proposed should be called "Cadets' Hall," for the training of young soldiers of the church militant from among another class than that of most of his scholars. There were to be plainer accommodations and a plainer education, at a cost not exceeding one hundred dollars a year, taking into account certain labors to be performed by the boys as a compensation in part for their maintenance; a plan approximately carried out, it may be added, thirty years later at St. Johnland.

It failed to come to pass at College Point, when every thing promised well for its initiation, mainly, it would seem, through the withdrawal of the young clergyman upon whom Dr. Muhlenberg had relied to take the internal headship of the Institution. He was always more

concerned for the right sort of workers than for pecuniary means, largely as his projects demanded of the latter; and had a regal way of saying, "What is money? Only let us have the man!" Again: "Money will not make the man for the work, but the right man will, in time, secure the money."

Numerous prose compositions, longer or shorter, were produced during this educational period, principally for the use or benefit of the School and College, but some for the church at large. Among the latter may be named *Hints on Catholic Union*, in 1835,* *Claims of the Holy Week*, 1840,† and *Devotions for Holy Week*, with the *Litany of the Passion*, in 1842. The *Collects* of this *Litany*, so beautiful in their chaste fervor and primitive simplicity, were afterwards incorporated in the *Directory of St. Johnland*. ‡

On the 16th of September, 1842, Dr. Muhlenberg completed his forty-sixth year. It was vacation time, and his journal shows that, with a slight interruption, he spent the whole day in retirement and devotion. His personal religion was no child's play, but the wrestlings of a giant for victory, or rather a meek saint's ceaseless agonizing in "perfecting holiness." His enlightened and delicate conscience induced an exalted ideal; and then he took the Gospel precepts as he found them, in their native force and directness, not weakening, or attempting to explain away, as some do, the passages, "Be ye perfect," "If any shall smite

* *Ec. Cath. Papers, First Series*, p. 11.

† *Ibid.*, p. 598.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

thee on the one cheek," "Give to him that asketh of thee," and the like, but making such his standard of Christian duty in their plain and obvious meaning.

In all that appears in his diary of these spiritual conflicts, it is remarkable that the antagonist he most strenuously and persistently does battle with, is what he calls his "constitutional indolence." In the face of his pre-eminence in good works, and the laboriousness of his service for the church, this sounds like an affectation or distortion of conscientiousness. But not so. He was too real to affect any thing, and too sensible to be mistaken. Moreover, beyond most, he understood himself.

There were strong opposites in his nature. He had an excitable imagination, lively sensibility, and great mental activity, yet, was undoubtedly, all along, tormented by a physical *vis inertiae*, which was only conquered through very vigorous and unremitting effort. "Mr. Supine," he would sometimes, half-sadly, half-playfully call himself; or again: "I feel like a log floating on the sluggish stream of life; but a divine breath stirs the air, and I resuscitate." In his boyhood he had written, "I should be the happiest of mortals if I could be industrious," and in the first year of his ministry in Lancaster, we find him saying, "Once more I have determined to keep a diary, to record my experience, and how I spend my time, hoping through God's grace, it will be a check on my indolence."

It is said "we are most that, of which we are least conscious." It was eminently so here. Dr. Muhlen-

berg never seemed aware how great a worker he was, nor could he understand any chance compliment paid him to that effect. To "him that overcometh," is the seven-fold promise; this may explain the paradox of a naturally indolent temperament, with an abundantly fruitful life. The higher the house is, the deeper must be the foundation, and the conflict was probably all the more severe, that it was so little apparent; though those nearest to him were always well aware of his jealousy in "redeeming the time." With St. Paul the habitual sentiment of his life was, "Not as though I had already attained." Were it proper to transcribe the more secret exercises of his soul, what has been feebly said above would be very powerfully and encouragingly illustrated; making it evident that his superior growth in holiness was less the result of any extraordinary spiritual gifts, than of the ordinary grace of God, most persistently and earnestly used.

A single leaf from these *Sacra Privata*, may be given as exhibiting his Christian watchfulness in another direction: "I have just read M——'s reply to B——. I have no doubt of the correctness of his representations. B—— is an intolerant man—save me, O God, from a similar spirit. In thy providence I have many persons and things under my control, but grant I may never set up undue claims. May I always recognize the rights of others; may I never expect a mean dependence and servile compliance from those whom I have benefited, or laid under obligations. Let me be always patient, condescending, and forbearing. O give me the mind

of Jesus Christ. I know the danger I am in of looking for too much deference from those about me. But, O save me. Guide and direct me always. Preserve me from personal vanity. I would hide myself wholly behind my Saviour. Take me as an instrument, O my God, and use me for thy glory!"

CHAPTER XI.

1843-1844.

Fifteen Years of Unbroken Service.—Onerous Labors.—A Holiday.—Tractarianism.—Its Impression on him.—Notes from Journals.—Voyage to Europe.—Arnold Buffam.—Sight-seeing.—A Breakfast at Oriel.—John Henry Newman.—Dr. Pusey.—Ravished with Oxford.—In Paris.—The Wesleyan Chapel.—The Saintly Professor.—Preparations for Return.—A sincere Prayer Answered.—His Ecclesiastical Position.

THE prime of Dr. Muhlenberg's life was spent in the toilful seclusion of his school and college; and without any more remission, during fifteen years, than the ordinary school vacation. He went on, session after session, throwing himself with sincerest interest into the present concerns, and future welfare, of his young charge; making a parent's allowances for failure, yet never relaxing the standard of excellence at which they were to aim, always looking steadily at the end set before him, amidst the continual heedlessness, perverseness, and unthankfulness incident to the task.

Did he never weary all this while, his courage never flag, nor his spirits droop? Sometimes. His strong faith never faltered, nor was he ever left without that which he esteemed his greatest reward—namely, tokens of God's grace working in the hearts of some of his scholars; but the secular cares inseparable from his po-

sition often pressed heavily upon him, and so many continuous years of school routine, sensibly crushed down the natural elasticity of his mind.

After being in harness nine years, he had written: "I feel 'stale,' as the boys say, and need freshening. . . . At fifty I shall be superannuated, unless I have a little play-spell. . . . School, school, school! Boys! Servants!—I fear I shall be an irritable old man if I remain surrounded by these vexations, without a chance of rallying my strength."

Nature and Common Sense, as well as Christian Prudence cried "stop awhile," and, thus impelled, he made those plans for a two years' sojourn abroad, which were so painfully set aside by the death of his only brother.

In the year 1843, the long-sought opportunity of absence came, but only as a summer holiday. Questions were, at that time, agitating the church on both sides of the Atlantic, which on his part gave heightened interest to a visit to England. Tractarianism was at its height. Dr. Pusey and John Henry Newman were on every one's lips. The earnestness of these leading minds, and of the Oxford men generally, had greatly impressed Dr. Muhlenberg. He read their works, and felt their subtle power, while by no means prepared to accept their fundamental church principles. "Like all great movements, this of the Tractarians had its mingled elements, and while in reality, it was based on dogmatic and ecclesiastical claims, which made it most uncatholic, there were at the outset, certain features that won the sympathy of many devout minds. To

them it seemed the awakening of the sleeping forces of the church of Christ. Who does not remember how it kindled Christian art and poetry, created new plans of charity, built free chapels and threw off the cold formalism of the service? With men of the large spirit of Dr. Muhlenberg, it was impossible to regard it without appreciation of such true features."*

He was, for some three years, more or less positively, under the influence of these sentiments. He read Newman's and Manning's Sermons in the College chapel, and the Instructors became faster scholars in the essential teachings of those writers than himself. We do not find any sermons from his own pen, at this period, and his journals make only slight allusions to the new ecclesiastical element, germinating in the Institution. These memoranda are more broken and fragmentary than formerly, but they are filled, as heretofore, with minutes of his engrossing daily cares, and the old, never-ceasing strivings for the salvation of his boys. Now and then, appear jottings, glancing at "Puseyism," and which as incidentally showing us something of the workings of his mind on that subject are worth transcribing. After one of the voluntary meetings, he writes:

"We might have a genuine revival of religion, for the boys are ready for it, but I am left so much alone. The Instructors are excellent men, but do not feel called upon to make special efforts for the conversion of indi-

* Rev. E. A. Washburn, D.D.

vidual boys. Our present state is certainly unfavorable to zeal."

". . . . Read one of Bishop Bull's sermons in the chapel. I must pay more attention to these sound English divines.—They say Oxford divinity puts Christ out of sight—not in my soul. Blessed Jesus, thou knowest from first to last,—Thou art my only hope. My own righteousness? I abhor it."

". . . . Went to see Morse's telegraph—wonderful invention. With democraey and the advancement of physical science, man will be Lord, instead of God. I see another antichrist than that of Rome."

". . . . Bought Watts' Divine Songs for Children at the American Tract Society, and some engravings at the Sunday School Union. Somehow I have a remaining affection for these 'Schismatical Shops.'"

". . . . Called on Dr. ——. Told him I agreed to his article in the *Churchman* on Toleration of the Romanizers, but that it must be extended equally in the other direction. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'in that quarter there must be extermination.' 'Then,' said I, 'We part company,' and part company we must in church matters, for I shall not fall into his ranks.—I told him he failed in being a great man, just where so many have failed: 'To *party* gave up what was meant for mankind.'"

He sailed for England in the ship *Siddons*, the end of April, 1843, taking with him two of his graduated pupils as travelling companions. The College was left in the hands of a competent corps of professors and

instructors, with the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, afterwards Bishop of New York, in the rector's place, as its responsible head; the secular affairs of the institution, meanwhile, devolving upon the Rev. Libertus Van Bokkelen, one of his church sons, and for many years his most efficient business associate, as secretary of the Institute and College.

The letters and journals of this holiday show the joyous rebound of his spirits, let loose from their long pressure. His first letter to —, at College Point, written at sea, illustrates pleasingly his merry humor and other features of his character. The following is an extract:

“We shot off from Sandy Hook with a stiff north-wester that carried away two of our sails during the night. The motion made me sick, but I was well again by the next night, and so have continued with a good appetite and excellent spirits ever since. I have read a great deal, and written two sermons, preaching yesterday, and the Sunday preceding. On the first Sunday we were out, I read only the service; so many of the passengers were sick, any thing more was not desirable. . . . You would be gratified to see what an American I show myself, already. There is an Old Hickory Quaker abolitionist on board, who, in his zeal against slavery, abuses his own country so outrageously, before a number of Englishmen, that I can not help telling him my mind on some points, even at the expense of being thought a slavery man by the passengers. He is a very sharp old fel-

low, and has all his facts ready, so that I do not venture to encounter him in argument. We have often wished *you* were here, and then we should have rare sport. He is quite a spouter, and is going to the 'World's Convention' to be held in London on slavery, where I dare say he will make a figure. Perhaps you have heard of him—Arnold Buffam. He is the most conspicuous character among us, and has contributed not a little to relieve the monotony of the voyage. A German gentleman on board seriously observed to P——, whom by the way the old abolitionist vexes exceedingly by breaking down P——'s regular logic with his facts (Alas! that he has so many facts)—'that we must look after that old fellow in England, or he will do our country a great deal of harm.'—So you see, we *are* going to look after him, and are devising what we shall do to keep him from going to the 'World's Convention'—for only think of the tall, gray-headed, gold-spectacled patriarch standing in his place at Exeter Hall, and telling the thousands there, that 'for the last forty years the American Congress has not passed one act except for the benefit of the Southern States, so much does the slaveholding interest predominate over every other in the country'—and that 'the object of the Southerners in the last war was only that the English might destroy the Northern cities and towns'—and similar speeches that he has made to us. It will never do—we must contrive some measures for gagging him, for P—— vows he's a regular traitor. Accordingly, should you

hear of our getting into difficulty, by an attempt on the old gentleman, you must set it to the account of my *amor patrie*. After all, to tell you the truth, I consider 'Friend Buffam' a genuine American—that is, he carries out our American principles, as they are held in the abstract, to their legitimate consequences. In politics, religion, and his utilitarian philosophy, he is a genuine Democrat."

The trip was an enjoyable one. He kept lively running notes of the journey throughout, which show that while he did his duty diligently in sight-seeing, according to the guide-books, he acquainted himself besides with many persons and places, more interesting to the philanthropist than to the ordinary tourist. He looked into the English factories and visited a colliery, descending a shaft to the mine for the purpose; informing himself, as opportunity served, of the inside of things, and looking, with the eye of the Christian philosopher, upon much that escapes the common gaze.

His letters of introduction gave him access to the chief dignitaries, and others of the English Church, who treated him with marked kindness; though he complains that Mr. Newman, the one above all others with whom he desired to converse at length, afforded him no opportunity to do so, albeit otherwise sufficiently kind and polite. What he records of his impressions as to the latter is a testimony to his penetration and sagacity, justified by succeeding events.

"June 26th, 1843. We breakfasted according to in-

visitation with Mr. Newman, in the common room at Oriel College. Mr. N. talked a great deal, continually introducing new and indifferent topics, apparently with the view of preventing *my* introducing any. He was exceedingly polite, but did not seem altogether at ease. He was as gracious as possible, but gave no encouragement to intimacy. He said nothing which could be repeated to his disadvantage, or which he might not have said to any one the most hostile to his sentiments. The simplicity of his manner did not strike me as altogether real. He is not transparent, yet seems to be artless. If he were an accomplished Jesuit (which God forbid I should say he is) his manner would be, I fancy, just what it is. I do not believe that he is in any secret understanding with Rome—but I have no doubt that he and his immediate friends and followers have more sympathy with the Romanists than with any class of the clergy in his own church. He made tea for us, put the butter on our plates before we sat down, and got up from the table several times to do little matters while we were at breakfast.”

“*Sept. 16.* Took a fly with K. to Littlemore . . . Newman again very gracious. Had heard of me, he said, from Mozely and by letter from Dr. Seabury. Appeared very glad to see me, invited K. and myself *right off* to dine with him to-morrow at Oriel. In ten minutes we were in our fly again. . . .”

“*Sunday, Sept. 17.* Heard Mr. Newman at St. Mary’s from Isaiah—‘All things new.’ (Completely himself.) Dined with him in the common room at

Oriel. . . . He asked questions about the American Church—said ‘that as so many of our clergymen came over from the Dissenters he thought they might be likely to go further, *i. e.*, to Rome.’ He bade us good-by, very kindly. Welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest. K—— thinks I am too suspicious of Newman.”

He had a more satisfactory interview with Dr. Pusey, which he thus describes:

“Called on Dr. Pusey at Christ Church College. He sent word by his servant woman that he was sick, but that he would see me. I hesitated at first, but went in—found him lying on his sofa, his room rather in confusion, filled with books, papers, etc. I had sent in my general letters from the bishops, and after sitting a little while gave my letter from Dr. Seabury, with the American edition of his letter to the Bishop of Oxford, with the marginal notes of the Florida popish priest. Thinking I had come on a begging expedition, Dr. P. said he feared I would find them so much oppressed by their own objects, that I could not do much, but I soon relieved him of his mistake. He then talked freely and very kindly. He dwelt upon the want of men—men of plain, good sense and warm hearts—to labor among the common people, for which they would be qualified without a university education. I told him that in America we felt the same want, and that some of our bishops would be glad to have provision made for ordaining men, as deacons, to advance no further in the ministry. He thought they

would have to come to that in England. ‘Such men,’ he observed, ‘might be more useful in certain situations than better-educated men. They could enter more into the feelings of plain people, and use their plain language, often more expressive and affecting than our Latinized English both in conversation and preaching.’ He said he noticed a great increase of seriousness among the young men of the university, and on this and other subjects connected with the prospects of the church spoke as a devout man full of faith in God.”

In relation to this interview with Dr. Pusey a little incident of seven years later date, may be mentioned. Dr. P., in inquiring of some American guests about Dr. Muhlenberg, said: “He was the most interesting visitor we ever had from the other side.” When this was repeated to Dr. M——, he instantly disclaimed it, saying—“Dr. Pusey has forgotten, or makes a mistake; he meant some one else; Dr. ——, probably.” But the mistake was Dr. Muhlenberg’s.

He was ravished with Oxford itself: “Oh the surpassing beauty of those academic shades! The sweet gardens of St. John’s College, can I ever forget that Eden—Magdalene College—The beautiful cloisters, the velvet sward, Addison’s walk! What shall I say of my emotions on first seeing these venerable seats of religion and learning. Their hallowed air—their sombre elegance—their exquisite architecture!”

The month of August was spent in Paris, visiting all the usual points and places of interest, getting a glimpse of the glittering shows, and seeing more than

one specimen of the morals, of that centre of civilization. If he did not say, with one of his lay friends, passing through the gay metropolis, "I should be afraid of myself to stay here any length of time," he did say: "Often I ask myself, 'What am I doing here?' How much am I out of my element. I long to be at home again!"

On a certain Sunday, instead of dining, as his travelling companions did, with the chaplain of the British Embassy where he had attended church in the morning, he writes: "Dined at the Ordinary at half-past five; at seven o'clock went to a Wesleyan Methodist chapel in Rue Royale. I can not help saying that I enjoyed myself. To pass from the gayety and dissipation of the Place de la Concorde, amusement and frolic on every side, into a little assembly of devout worshippers, where every thing was plain, quiet, and solemn, was a grateful relief. I joined heartily in the hymns in which all united—the tunes *Devizes* and *St. Ann's*. The sermon, on the bliss of Heaven, was a plain and earnest discourse, and pleased me as well, with one or two exceptions, as any I have heard abroad—I can not say as much for the extemporary prayers which were too familiar. The preacher seemed to be a good man. A collection was made for the extension of pure religion on the Continent, to which I could not refrain from giving a five-franc piece. . . . If I had passed the evening at the chaplain's, talking about the amusements of Paris, etc., it would have been 'all right' with some of my friends, but spending an hour

as I did, was 'grievously wrong,' they thought. I fear my heart will always be Low Church. . . ."

While in Paris, he fell much in love with a saintly French Roman Catholic, M. Meynier, whom he had engaged to give him a lesson in the language at seven o'clock every morning—"I am delighted with my French teacher," he writes, "one of God's elect. Little use in my attempting to learn much of French, but I am glad to know such a man. Here are some of the professor's sentiments: 'We are looking out for something. The divine element in many is breathing night and day for the Holy Spirit. This element is *publicly* absent from the whole church, but stirring in the hearts of individuals crying unceasingly for his coming. We are in a transition state, waiting for a new dispensation that shall restore and harmonize the church. I read the Bible. St. Paul and St. John are better than all the doctors.'

"On my remarking," wrote Dr. M., "that Paris is a very bad place, the professor said, 'It is the worst and the best place in the world. Here are a great many charities and six thousand young men who devote themselves to works of piety and mercy.'"

He made proposals to M. Meynier to return with him, probably with a view to his engagement in St. Paul's College. The idea was entertained a little while, but then given up. After their final lesson, he thus wrote: "M. M—— declines going to the United States at present. He is looking for some manifestation of the church in France, and thinks it must soon appear

—wants to see Rome again. I felt sorry in parting with him. He gave me an affectionate kiss on each cheek.”

Dr. Muhlenberg had arranged to make the passage home with Captain Nye in the *Independence*, which was to sail from Liverpool, Sept. 25th. In order to spend a few more weeks in England, he left Paris on the 30th of August. On the point of departure he writes: “Spent the greater part of the morning in packing up. What an employment for a traveller in Paris, at such a time of day! Why was I not in the Louvre again? Really, I believe I am *homesick*, and there was a kind of comfort in communing with my portmanteau. Boys! I forgive your annual disobedience, in getting down your trunks a week before vacation.”

He was back again among his boys, in October, soon after the beginning of the session. He returned neither confirmed nor disenchanted as to Tractarianism, but in a state of vibration, ecclesiastically, with undoubtedly a preponderance towards Oxford. In a subsequent entry in his journal, after noting several Anglican writers whose works he had been studying, he adds: “May God show me my error if I am wrong in thinking that these men, in the main, are right!”

This sincere prayer was granted. In what manner can be most authentically told in his own words, as contained in a brief statement of his ecclesiastical position, made for a specific purpose, in the year 1872, as follows:

“I was never a High Churchman. Receiving my theology from Bishop White, the Apostolic Succession

and Sacramentarian doctrine were alike foreign to my system,—if I ever had a system; but I have been claimed by High Churchmen because of my Liturgic, or what would be now called Ritualistic, propensities, or, to use another word—*aesthetic*.

“As for the demonstrations of my religion, they were a combination of the dramatic, the devout, and the reverential elements in my nature, sanctified more or less, I trust, by divine grace. I have never been an actor, nor cared for spectators, yet, I delighted in the scenic, which, as far as church performances were concerned, was, I always flattered myself, imagination consecrated by religion.

“My church school at Flushing and College Point, so many of the pupils of which are of the High Church party, was not such in theory; which was, that religious instruction, to be effective, must be according to some one existing system. Christianity can not be inculcated in the abstract. As an Episcopalian, of course, I could only train my pupils as Episcopalians. On the same principle as a Presbyterian could only train his as Presbyterians. At the beginning of the Institute at Flushing, Bishop Hobart saw this, and said it was defective in churchmanship, as my pupils would be taught that the Episcopal was not the *one* church, but one of the Protestant churches. Afterwards, however, seeing there was so much of church order in the school, he commended it to his diocese and once administered the rite of confirmation to a class from among the pupils.

“When the ‘Tracts for the Times’ appeared, I was much interested in them, and still more in Mr. Newman’s sermons. These, I must confess, captivated me. I read them frequently in the chapel of St. Paul’s College, and frankly acknowledge that for some three years, I might have been classed among the Puseyites. Yet, how radically wanting I was in their system, may be judged from the fact that I never received the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

“But the Instructors caught the infection, and ‘Puseyism,’ not however to the degree attributed to us, prevailed in the religious sentiment of the College. Then, I began to see that its logical results were Romanism; and from that, if it were the truth, I would not shrink.

“Mr. Newman’s ‘Doctrine of Development,’ fully opened my eyes. I well remember, how, having read half through the book, I tossed it from me, exclaiming, ‘My soul is escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler,’ and some of my then pupils, now in the ministry, will recollect the emphasis with which I repeated to them these words: ‘I was far out on the bridge, so to speak, that crosses the gulf between us and Rome. I had passed through the mists of vulgar Protestant prejudices, when I saw before me “The Mystery of Abomination.” I flew back, not to rest on the pier of High Churchism, from which this bridge of Puseyism springs, but on the solid rock of Evangelical truth, as republished by the Reformers.’

“When I began the Church of the Holy Communion,

as I have often said, I was in the *Penumbra* of Puseyism which had its effect in giving the style to the architecture of the church, and particularly to the canopy with its decorations, over the Holy Table. In defence of the latter, it must be remembered that it is the Open Bible and not the Host that is there enshrined. But though it is no more than what we see in many a Lutheran church, I could wish it had less the appearance of a Roman altar, considering the imitations of the Roman mass, now so often seen in our churches."

CHAPTER XII.

1844-1846.

Forgetting the Things Behind.—New Subject for Creative Talent.—Contemplates Relinquishment of College.—What he had Accomplished for Christian Education.—The Church of the Holy Communion.—Why not St. Sacrament?—Peculiar Constitution of Parish.—Architecture of the Church.—Its Interior.—Evangelical Catholic Symbolism.—Church Opened for Divine Worship.—Consecration by Bishop Ives.—Last Labors for St. Paul's College.—Its End.—Success of his Educational Work.—Reminiscences of Scholars.—Bishop Bedell's Tribute.—Anecdote.—Church Sisterhoods.—A Bow Drawn at a Venture.—The First Sister.—Answer to a Young Man asking his Friendship.—“Our Souls must work together.”

“FORGETTING the things that are behind,” was a favorite saying of Dr. Muhlenberg's, and indicative of a marked tendency of his life to press on towards the development of a new thought, as soon as that which he had in hand was fully demonstrated. At this time, an ideal parish occupied his field of vision, through the purpose of his sister, Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, in pursuance of the wishes of her deceased husband, to build a free church in the city of New York. She naturally expected her brother should be the pastor of this church, and there were circumstances which seconded his inclinations in that direction.

If the projected college edifice had been completed, it is possible he might not have felt himself equally

at liberty to surrender his present charge, but notwithstanding much earnest and persistent effort to that end, the stone walls of the basement story remained as they were left in 1836, while the buildings in use at the Point, from their insufficiency of private rooms for the students of the higher College classes, had become increasingly inconvenient.

Without a suitable permanent edifice he could not satisfactorily go on, and he began to be impressed with the conviction that he had possibly done enough for education in presenting, what he believed to be, the pattern of a true Christian seminary of learning. He was not mistaken in this conviction, for at the time of which we speak, schools modelled, so far as might be, after St. Paul's, had sprung up in all directions. Every diocese became ambitious to have one, and bishops and doctors of the church had resorted to College Point, and sat at his feet, as learners of his methods.*

The contemplated church presented a new and delightful subject for his creative talent, and he hailed his sister's proposition as an opening, in the ordering of providence, for exemplifying his long-cherished the-

* Among the institutions which thus had birth, the Rev. Dr. Libertus Van Bokkelen, names the following: The Raleigh Episcopal Institute, N. C.; the High School, Alexandria, Va.; Rev. Dr. Bowman's Lancaster School, Pa.; Bishop McIlvaine's schools, Gambier, Ohio; Jubilee College, Illinois; St. James's College, Hagerstown, Md.; and the schools of Bishops Kemper and Otey, in their respective dioceses.

ory of the Church of Christ as a Brotherhood, and also for setting forth a more reverent and expressive ritual of worship than as yet prevailed.

The "Church of the Holy Communion" he christened his conception, ere yet the details of the structure were matured. "Why not call your church 'St. Sacrament,' at once?" said his friend Dr. Seabury, on hearing the name. "Because that is not at all my idea," replied Dr. Muhlenberg; "but communion or fellowship in Christ, of which the sacrament is the divinely appointed bond;" and in his address at the laying of the cornerstone, on July 24th, 1844, he yet more fully explained himself, thus:

"Let this sanctuary be called the *Church of the Holy Communion*. Nor let it be only a name. Let it be the ruling idea in forming and maintaining the church, and in all its ministrations. Here let there be a sanctuary consecrated especially to fellowship in Christ, and to the great ordinance of His love. This will rebuke all the distinctions of pride and wealth. . . . As Christians dare not bring such distinctions to the table of the Lord, there, at least, remembering their fellowship in Christ and their common level in redemption, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, gathered together around the sacred board; so let the same brotherhood prevail, let there be no places for the differences of worldly rank in the Church of the Holy Communion." *

* See *Evangelical Catholic Papers, Second Series*, page 79.

The church was to be supported by the offertory, as in primitive times, every one laying by, according as God had prospered him, against the first-day of the week; and it was not to be placed in the hands of a vestry.

Mrs. Rogers retained the proprietorship in the beginning, after which it was conveyed to a body of trustees, of which Dr. Muhlenberg became one. Hence, the Church of the Holy Communion was not represented in Convention. Dr. Muhlenberg always deplored the incongruity of elements, composing those bodies in the church; maintaining that a true Council of the Church should consist solely of communicating members, and further, that the delegates, representing a parish, should be elected by the communicants of that parish, all voting alike. Speaking of the peace and love which he hoped would always prevail in the new church, he adds: "From one source of contention at least, that of ecclesiastical politics, a church will be free, which will maintain its outward union with the Body at large, only through the union of the Pastor and the people with their Bishop, and so preserve its unity by adhering to the 'fellowship of the Apostles.'"

The architecture of the church, a pure specimen of English Gothic, people called "Upjohn's best." Mr. Upjohn was the architect, but both the style of the building, and its minutest details came under the close direction of Dr. Muhlenberg's taste and reverential spirit. He brought to this creation symbolism essentially the same as that which he had so long employed

in St. Paul's College, but more artistic and costly. They who were associated with him in those days, remember to have heard little or nothing of this or that ecclesiological authority and custom, as influencing æsthetic points. The question was the signification and beauty of the proposed symbol.

The interior, as he left it, was full of pure evangelic Catholic meaning. The ever-open Bible standing under the simple chancel-cross; below it, on the altar cloth, the unchanging command of our Divine Lord—"This do, in remembrance of me"; high above these, with its primitive forms and symbols, the great east window, making a background of rich soft coloring for the whole. In the centre of the beautiful wheel window of the south transept, a circle enclosing a cross, with the intersected legend—"All and in all;" and in the six sections radiating from this centre, emblems of the offices of our Lord Jesus Christ as our Prophet, Priest, and King, and of the order and ministry of the church;—and the pure white marble font with its carved wreath of water-lilies encircling the words—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

The building was sufficiently completed for use in May, 1846, and was consecrated by Bishop Ives on the third Sunday in Advent of that year; the diocese, unhappily, through the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk, being virtually without a head. In this emergency Dr. Muhlenberg had anticipated that his old friend, Dr. Milnor, would preside at so much of a consecration service as, under the circumstances, they expected.

but this venerable man died very suddenly, before the church was finished, and when the time came, advantage was taken of a sojourn of Bishop Ives in the city to obtain his services for the occasion.

During the two years occupied by the projection and building of the church, Dr. Muhlenberg gave himself with unremitting fidelity to his charge in St. Paul's College, revolving at the same time many plans for the continuance of the Institution when it should pass out of his hands. Eventually the Rev. Mr. J. G. Barton, the Senior Professor of Greek and Latin, of whom honorable mention has been made in connection with the College commencement of 1839, became his successor. But, owing to various causes, the work did not long survive the withdrawal of its founder. Within three or four years St. Paul's College ceased to exist, and the buildings and land were sold to a private purchaser. This last, however, not without an endeavor, fruitless through the pressure of his city work, to preserve the place to the church as a country orphanage.

The educational period of Dr. Muhlenberg's history was so eminent in results that his scholars may be justified from their standpoint, in claiming as they do, that his best work was comprised within these eighteen years, though in reality those labors were but the foundation of yet greater works, which one after another grew with his life into one symmetrical whole of usefulness and beauty. But it is true, that "beyond all the ties of family he belonged to his boys." They were

his children, and know better than any other could do the loveliness of his character, "so grand in its simplicity, so full of tenderness, while replete with power, so childlike in its true humility," and so totally unselfish, that his actions were neither tarnished nor trammelled by any aspiration after earthly honor or gain.

One of his oldest spiritual sons throws light on the interior life of the school and its master in the following extracts from a recent letter: *

". . . . Dr. Muhlenberg had no eccentricities of mind or manner, no oddities of any kind, nothing in short differing from most men that I have ever met, except the deep reality and entire unselfishness that pervaded the whole tone of the Christian man. . . . All that I can now recall of special incidents at the Institute, resulted directly from some principle in practical life taught by him to the boys. For example: One day he called them together and read to them from the newspapers, a statement of destitution and distress among some German emigrants recently landed in New York. He then asked them whether they would like to give something in relief. In an instant, there were loud and vociferous offers. One said, 'I'll give two dollars,' another, 'I'll give one,' another three, all were ready to give something, and thus a large sum was, at once, subscribed. But the boys, by a standing rule of the Institute, were not allowed spending money, except to a very limited extent, and there was not

* Rev. Dr. J. W. Diller to the writer, Aug. 10th, 1879, in reply to a request for some incidents of the Institute days.

money enough, in the pockets of all of them put together, to pay more than a small portion of the sum they wanted to give. The Doctor then said to them that he had no doubt their parents would be gratified to pay the several sums named, if made an item of charge in their school bills, but what he, at present, wanted to know was what they would give themselves, without calling upon their parents, *i. e.*, he wanted them to give *their own* alms. And so, he asked them, 'Are you willing to give these poor creatures your dinner?' There was a general response of assent, but it was not vociferous like the other. It was subdued, yet earnest and sincere. Then the matter for decision was, How shall it be done? And it was decided thus, to select two of the most expensive weekday dinners—for Sunday was always a feast—to make their own meal on plain bread and molasses on those two days, and to give, through Dr. Muhlenberg, the difference in cost to the needy emigrants. This difference, in a large family amounted to a goodly sum, which was thus the result of the self-denial of the boys and others. This incident illustrates the principle taught by the Doctor, that self-denial for the purpose of giving is held to be a part of acceptable giving at all times. There is no such thing as giving of that which costs us nothing.

"Again: Almost all the lessons for recitation were prepared in two rooms, called the 'Large Study,' and the 'Little Study.' In the former there was always an instructor to preserve order, and to have a general

oversight. In the 'Little Study,' used by the older and more meritorious boys, there was not the presence of an instructor, the boys were expected to refrain from conversation, and to attend faithfully to their studies; and were at liberty to leave the room at their discretion. This plan of trusting to the honor of the boys worked admirably well. It was a great matter to be promoted from the big to the little study. . . . A similar practice was observed in regard to quiet in the dormitories, and keeping within the bounds of the Institute grounds.

"Occasionally, when a boy became so frequently troublesome as to be on the point of being dismissed from the school, one of the others, who was of exemplary habits, or sometimes one of the instructors, in order to avoid the boy's dismissal, became security for the delinquent for a time, say for one, two, or three weeks. The meaning of *security* was fully explained, and the recipient of the kindness was made to understand, that any future misconduct of the kind complained of, would be charged to the security. . . . This gave an unusual, and powerful stimulant to the boy who had done ill, to do well in future. It was necessary to conduct the whole matter, very discreetly, and in most cases, the result was very favorable. It fostered sentiments of kindness and love on both sides, touched the secret springs of family love, gave the thought of one mediating for another, and thus suggested, and helped to keep in mind, the infinitely higher love, and greater mediation of which we all are recipients. . . ."

Another pupil, writing to his former schoolmates on a special occasion, indulges in the following tender retrospect: "Doctor Muhlenberg was never the schoolmaster to *us*. I remember as though it were yesterday, the first time I was placed under his care. It was the autumn of 1829. I was almost an orphan, and although quite young had already passed three years at boarding school, when I was sent to Flushing. The first evening we were summoned to family prayers. This little circumstance, with the fervor of him who led the devotions, were things so new to me that they made a lasting impression. I remember distinctly the room, and all the circumstances, and I think every pupil who ever came to Flushing must have known intuitively, at the very first contact, as I did then, that he was forming a tie, which differed from that of master and pupil. Young as we were, I am sure we realized that it was not for earthly gain, nor earthly honor, that our Principal had withdrawn himself from the world, and from society, where he was so fitted to shine. A loftier aim was evident, even to our youthful apprehensions,—and we saw that he esteemed it little profit to us, if we conquered the subtleties of language or mathematics, and thought not of a higher victory. You all know how warm and often tender a friendship, seemed to spring up towards him in the breast of all who came to him; how it seemed untouched by the boyish resentment which usually follows correction and punishment; and how, even with the incorrigible, the parting was always in sorrow, perhaps in tears, but never in anger or unkindness. We

remember, and can never forget, that voice of gentle remonstrance, which so affectionately pleaded with us to beware of evil, and turn to Christ, in the day of our youth."

At the beginning of the Institute, Dr. Muhlenberg had most fervently prayed that among the sons whom he should bring up might be some who would become ministers of the Gospel. This was the one earthly reward he asked, and it was signally granted. As early as the year 1834, he saw this fruit on which he had set his heart, beginning to ripen under his hand, and in his private diary thus pours out his happiness: "The prospects are animating—Oh, the joy of being a coworker with God—of being the means of raising to his glory a temple on earth where many souls may be born to life everlasting—I have enough success to believe that God is with me, and to be an earnest that he will enable me to do what I long to do for the honor of His Name."

He estimated the number of pupils during his rectorship as approximately nine hundred, about fifty of whom, counting some of his college students who accompanied him to New York to complete their studies, entered the ministry of the church.* Bishop Bedell of Ohio, may be named from the fact of his having been one of the earliest pupils of the Flushing Institute.

* The Rev. Dr. Jacob W. Diller and Bishop Kerfoot of Pittsburg were among the first-fruits of the school. Bishop K., for some years, as chaplain of the College, rendered valuable assistance in spiritual work among the boys.

He entered on the first day of the occupancy of the building, and before work was actually begun. The following extract from a tribute of the bishop's to his "dear old Master," in a Convention-address, is to the purpose here: "During these years Dr. Muhlenberg laid the impress of his character upon some eight hundred boys. Those who survive are now men, most of them are in positions where they touch the very springs of society, and direct the forces that are moving this age. One has played his part well in diplomacy, and still is wielding political influence.* Another stands to-day among the chiefs in our commercial metropolis, and lately welcomed the president into that great company which controls the finances of our land.† Another, the sweet boy-singer leader of the school choir, is now heard through his hymnal in hundreds of our churches and leads the devotion of thousands of souls as he learned to do when we were boys together at Flushing.‡ Another stands prominently among critics of the English tongue.§ Others lead at the bar or in medical life. Many are clergymen. Three are bishops—of Northern New Jersey, Pittsburg, and Ohio.||" Bishop Bedell further says—"I chanced to go into a

* John Jay, Ex-Minister to Austria; later, Chairman of Civil Service Reform Committee, investigating New York Custom House.

† Samuel D. Babcock, President of Chamber of Commerce, New York.

‡ John Ireland Tucker, D.D., of Troy.

§ Richard Grant White.

|| The late Bishop Odenheimer, Bishop Kerfoot, and Bishop Bedell.

butcher's stall in a market in New York a year or two ago, and casually dropped Dr. Muhlenberg's name while speaking to my companion. The butcher laid down his knife and asked, 'Do you know him?' I replied. And then he said, 'I once went to school to him for a year. How I would love to see him! Do you think I might call on him?' I met the doctor that day and told him the incident. The next morning scarcely had the butcher opened his stall, when his old master—nearly eighty years of age—stood beside him, and the hard hand of toil was clasped within the loving grasp of one to whom every scholar was a dear child never forgotten. . . . Blessed the boys that had such a teacher and fragrant is his memory to every one that ever sat as a learner at his feet."

The part of his life given by Dr. Muhlenberg to the Institute and College was necessarily a period of much retirement and comparative obscurity. Beyond the repute of his work, and the publicity incident to the conduct of its immediate affairs, he came, personally, little in contact with the outer world, and was not much known even to his brother clergymen in the city of New York. During the last years of these labors, zeal for the honor of his church forced him for a little while into some prominence, but in a matter so wholly apart from his own history that it is not necessary here to revive its painful details.

In the summer of 1845, he gave the initiatory impulse to a Church Sisterhood, but unconsciously and indirectly, in the first instance, both on his own part and

on that of the subject of his influence; and through the rest of his life, he would revert to the particulars which follow as a remarkable Providence. He was "on the crest of the advancing wave" in the matter of sisterhoods, as in other points of church progress. There was then no organization of the kind in the Episcopal Church, either in America or in England. The Lutheran deaconesses were beginning to be spoken of as doing a good work in the little village of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, and the picture of a community of Christian women, consecrated to the service of charity, had entered into his dreams of the church he was about to establish, but he had not given his mind to any plans on the subject, nor taken a step towards the embodiment of his idea, when it was somewhat signally precipitated.

It was on a Sunday, in the little chapel of St. Paul's College, College Point, where Dr. Muhlenberg's sister and niece and some lady friends were spending part of the summer vacation. The rector preached a sermon on "Jephtha's vow," with an application glancing at the blessedness of giving one's self undividedly to God's service. The suggestion was covert and guarded. Reading over the manuscript later, there seemed little in it to produce a very marked effect, yet the arrow from the bow thus drawn "at a venture," was guided by a Higher Power, straight to the heart of at least one of his hearers. The latter at that time was too little acquainted with the preacher to speak freely of the deep impression received. All that was ven-

tured in meeting him casually after the service, was a brief expression of the interest felt in the discourse and the conviction that there *was* something better and happier than the ways of our every-day Christianity. "Yes," Dr. Muhlenberg rejoined; "'No man that warreth entangleth himself in the affairs of this life that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier,'" and after this single utterance passed out of the room. But the text thus spoken, "was a nail in a sure place," which thenceforth, through a lifetime, was never to loose its hold; and from this germ, was developed later, the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion, so called, from the parish under whose first pastor it originated. The formal organization of the community took place later. This first Sister was consecrated one winter evening in the church, at the dispersion of the congregation after daily service. Besides the pastor in his surplice within the chancel, and the Sister in her accustomed dress kneeling at the rail, the only other present was the good old sexton, waiting to put out the lights. The whole was as simple as it was solemn.

Those were days of great excitement in the Episcopal Church. The secession of Mr. Newman and others of the Oxford School to Rome was then recent, and all parties were filled with alarm at whatever they thought tending in that direction. The very name "Sister" would have been obnoxious. But it was not so much prudence, as a sense of the sacredness of the engagement, which ruled in the privacy of the above occasion. Observation and talk would kill what there was of di-

vine life in this germ. All true growth is hidden and silent. So a reserve on the subject seemed mutually, almost tacitly, understood.

While arranging for the occasion, it transpired that the pastor had made a partial engagement to be present at the consecration of a church out of town; but learning the Sister's wish, he immediately set this aside. On her demurring at any change of plan on her account, Dr. Muhlenberg at once replied, "What is the consecration of a church to the consecration of a life!"—a trifling incident, yet illustrative of his habitual, instant sympathy in any spiritual endeavor. How great a power for good that quick Christly sympathy has been to hundreds and to thousands will be best appreciated by those who were ever favored to be the recipients of it. Coming within its influence, was as if one passed from under a cold, gray November sky, with its leaden landscape and prospective drudgery of winter toil, into the inspiring warmth and color of a fine June morning. The powers of heart, mind, and soul would spring to Christian work, as though treading on air, or rather as borne along by the felt support of those words which were so often his parting charge to his disciples: "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." So did he dignify, ennoble, idealize, whatever of Christian service he came in contact with.

Thus was obtained the womanly element essential to the domestic administration of the various charities, already, to Dr. Muhlenberg's mental vision, clustering around the Church of the Holy Communion.

He saw the future Sisterhood. But in its first member he received more than a beginning of the community he desired to organize; for counting it the noblest of privileges to work under such a leader, she threw her life heartily and unreservedly into all his plans and aims, with unceasing thanks to God for the opportunities of usefulness so largely opening up to her through his wise and holy guidance. Assuredly, as one has expressed it, "Dr. Muhlenberg met the supreme test of true goodness and true greatness; for to none was he so good and so great, so pure, so tender, and so loving, as to those who knew him best and were most with him."* Naturally, as time went on, the relation thus formed grew to be essentially a paternal and filial one, the difference of age itself inducing this. The church-sister became the church-daughter, and the constant companion of his labors throughout the rest of his consecrated life.

The spiritual element was always indispensable to Dr. Muhlenberg in any thing like friendship. To a young man, a stranger, who, in a very remarkable manner, once ardently importuned his affection, but whose way of life lay in quite a different direction, he said with his habitual frankness: "I never cared much for any one not helpful to me in my work for the Lord;" and in a letter to one whom he had educated, and who was, at the time, ably assisting him in the induction of the work at College Point, he wrote: ". . . There-

* Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island.

fore it is, my dear son, that you must be more to me than a business man in the College. There is no communion of heart in dollars and cents, in, etc., etc., etc. . . . You must be my partner in the service of Jesus Christ. You must unite with me in leading the young to the kingdom of Heaven—our souls must work together.”

CHAPTER XIII.

1846-1849.

Began Pastorate in New York.—An Educator still.—His Works linked together.—The Locality.—A Congregation Formed.—An exceptional free Church.—Its Attractiveness.—Dr. Muhlenberg as a Preacher.—Pentecostal Days.—Festival and Fast.—Care for poorer Members.—A Christian House-warming.—The Pastor's Cloak.—First Idea of St. Luke's Hospital.—Thirty Dollars.—Dearth of Hospital Accommodation.—How to begin a Work of Charity.—No Charitable Organizations in the City.—Dr. Muhlenberg's Influence on Inner Life of the Church.—Opposite Elements.—Leaf from Journal.—What Three Years Accomplished.—Origin of Fresh Air Benefit.—First Christmas-tree for the Poor.—Church Seats.—Epigram on Pew Auction.—Origin of Pews.—Bishop Burnet and the Court Ladies.

DR. MUHLENBERG was within a few months of completing his fiftieth year, when he began his work in the city of New York. He was at the meridian of his labors, as it proved, and in the perfection of his powers. "His hair was already whitening, but his step was rapid, his eyes brilliant, his strong features full of sensibility, and every motion suggestive of physical and of intellectual activity and health."* Together with this there was in his aspect and bearing an undefinable presence, a blending of greatness and humility, with a beaming benignity and sweetness which frequently prompted a stranger to inquire, "Who is that remarkable-looking man?"

* Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood.

Full half of his extended ministry lay yet before him. The greater part of the first half had been given to the instruction of youth; he was now to be an educator of a higher sort with the church at large for his scholars. "He was first a teacher of boys, and last an instructor in charity."*

At the same time, he never ceased to be "a teacher of boys." To his life's end, he had them always, in one way or another, about him; and if so, then, as a matter of course, they were under tuition both with regard to the learning of this world, and that of the next. And the advancement of such, the consideration of what would be most for their good, was ever paramount to any thought of his own convenience, no matter what the relation they held towards him, even were the lad his hired attendant, as was not unfrequently the case. He educated many a youth after he left St. Paul's College far in the distance behind him. And his different works became linked together by this tie: the Schools of Lancaster to the Flushing Institute and St. Paul's College, St. Paul's College to the Church of the Holy Communion, and this again to St. Luke's Hospital and St. Johnland. His first three assistants in the Church of the Holy Communion, and his immediate successor in the parish were all from among his pupils.

In removing from College Point to the city, he at once gathered around him several young men and boys,

* Bishop Bedell.

as his household; the former, students for the ministry, the latter, young choristers, whom after the old fashion he took into his heart of hearts, as his very sons. He, at first, found some difficulty in securing a residence suited to his purpose in sufficient proximity to the church, so thinly settled was the neighborhood; and his domiciling himself in the city was somewhat retarded by having to wait for the completion of two contiguous houses on the south side of Twentieth Street, near the Seventh Avenue, which he had bespoken, while they were in building; the one for his own dwelling, the other, which was divided at his desire, into more spacious apartments, for the Sunday schools and other parish work.

His own home was a very plain abode, the rooms small and furnished with the utmost simplicity; but an interest attaches to it, in that within its homely walls was cradled the first thought of more than one of the noble works which crowned his life. That unpretending house had also another consecration, since Dr. Muhlenberg received into it, and nourished there until his death, a former pupil, who was seized with consumption, while a student in the Theological Seminary. He occupied this dwelling until the year 1850, when he went to live with his mother, and sister, in the newly erected parsonage, which was connected with the church by the Sunday-school house, on Twentieth Street.

From the remoteness of the situation chosen for the church, and the sparseness of the surrounding popula-

tion, Dr. Muhlenberg had thought it necessary, at the laying of the corner-stone, to make some explanation of the grounds on which so large an expenditure of money was to be made, where apparently a new church was so little needed. But the rapid growth of the city, soon justified the locality. The contrast is, indeed, striking between what we see to-day, and what then was. Instead of the "roaring avenue," with its surface and elevated railways, lined on both sides with large stores, and high houses, and crossed by streets of handsome residences, there were vacant grass-grown lots almost from river to river, with only here and there a respectable dwelling, unless it were in the neighborhood of St. Peter's Church. To the north of the site of the Holy Communion, stood an old country mansion buried in trees, where the bishop and clergy robed themselves for the ceremony of the corner-stone. To the rear of that was a squatter's hut, and extending thence along the unpaved streets, large nursery grounds. In the cross-streets below Twentieth, there were groups or alleys of low wooden tenement houses, "Horne's buildings," and the like, and from the Protestant part of their population, the new free church gathered its first poor members, while their fellow-worshippers, the Minturns, the Johnsons, the Hoffmans, etc., came from much lower down in the city, some from as far as St. John's Square.

These distances, however, did not interfere with the immediate formation of a large congregation, and from its commencement the church was filled with a body

of worshippers composed of the rich and the poor more promiscuously mingled than had hitherto been common in our communion. As a free church, this of the Holy Communion began under auspices so extraordinary as hardly to make it an earnest of the success of others. Several wealthy and devout families united with Mrs. Rogers in supporting the church at its outset, and in sustaining Dr. Muhlenberg in what were supposed to be his peculiar ministrations. These, such as the Daily Service; the division of the Offices on Sunday morning; the Weekly Communion, and Weekly Offertory for the support of the church in the morning, for the relief of the poor in the afternoon; the congregational singing; chanting the Psalter; preaching in the surplice; the matins of Christmas and Easter; the especial solemnities of the Holy Week; the celebration of the Epiphany with its large offerings for missions, given chiefly in gold, and amounting sometimes to several thousand dollars; the Employment Society, for the assistance of the poor women of the congregation; the Thanksgiving provision for such in their homes; the parish children's Christmas-tree; the Fresh Air Fund, and the work of the Sisterhood in their Church Dispensary, Church Infirmary and Church Schools,—all these things, many of them now grown into common use, were original with Dr. Muhlenberg, and naturally gave to the Church of the Holy Communion a character and attractiveness of its own.

The attraction was legitimate; for besides the impressiveness of its external order, through Dr. Muhl-

enberg's deep and delicate liturgical feeling, and the beautiful harmony and heartiness of the worship thence resulting, there was a fresh, simple preaching of the Gospel, which, with his unaffected sincerity of voice and manner told powerfully upon the hearts of the hearers. Many, who came just for once to see the new church, and hear the new preacher, could never afterwards be content to worship elsewhere. He aimed at no distinction in the pulpit, cultivated no grace of rhetoric, and in his lowliness of mind, greatly underrated himself as a preacher; yet he scrupled not to say, "I always read the Bible in church as well as I could." "I never preached a sermon except with a view to save souls." "He preached to achieve results, and not to win applause. To him the pulpit was not the throne of the orator, but the chair of the preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In fact he possessed the prophetic spirit, for he was a fearless preacher of the word and will of God."*

Speaking himself of the services of the Church of the Holy Communion he said—"I was never so taken up with the chancel as to forget my great duty was in the pulpit; and those who discerned *Puseyism* in my ministrations, always quoted the proofs of it, in what they thought they saw, never in what they heard. I have never been charged with unsound doctrine, certainly not by Low Churchmen. In all the ministrations of the church, the objective and subjective in re-

* Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood.

ligion were elements in due proportion; in other words it was Evangelical Catholicism."

There was something Pentecostal in the first years of that beautiful church, at least to its devout communicants, and there were very many such. Undoubtedly, with the Episcopal world outside of the parish, Dr. Muhlenberg and his doings were the subject of much remark and criticism; for he was not generally well known, and those were excited and unhappy days as to church questions. But the best part of the congregation did not come much in contact with these elements, or if they did, gave no heed to them. Some yet remain who will recall, with rekindling emotion, the effect of those ministrations upon their inmost souls. How the clear, luminous words of the prophet pastor set forth to them, almost as a new gospel, a Christianity of active personal love, and brought to bear upon their every-day lives, the plain uncompromising maxims of this Christianity, with a simple and forcible directness hitherto entirely unknown to them.

They will recall, too, the wonderful reality of the worship in that little sanctuary, the edifying and animating observance of the church's holy seasons—the sweet hallowed mirth of Christmas; the solemn charm of Passion-tide—so solemn and impressive, not by any scenic effect, but by the especial devotions and teachings of the week, that on Good-Friday evening there was always a sense of relief, as when after long watching the death-bed of a beloved sufferer we give thanks

that the worst is over. And then the rapturous joy of Easter, with its perfectly accordant music, and sweet resurrection types of bud and blossom. Not flowers of a hired gardener's arranging, or even producing, as to the choicest of them, but of private cultivation and raised for the purpose; and these again always properly disposed in the font and in front of the open Bible by the hand of reverent devotion. He used to say that those who had this pious duty in charge were the women bringing the spices to the sepulchre at Easter dawn. When, in later years, he saw the excess to which "Easter Flowers" were carried, the lavish expenditure and decorative character attaching to them, he regretted his introduction of these, in themselves beautiful symbols.

But, above all, in the Church of the Holy Communion, was the blessedness of a new intercourse with the poor and needy. The same, surely, in kind, if not in degree, as that which followed the first effusion of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, when there was not "any that lacked" for want of what a wealthier fellow-communicant could supply. This was instinctive with the pastor, and under his inspirations became an elemental part of the life of the parish. It was customary in those days, if any of these humbler ones were in sickness or distress, for the pastor, and one or two of the more able of his flock, to visit such in their homes, after the church services, "nourishing and cherishing them," as members with themselves of the one Body of Christ. "They that believed" were truly "of one heart

and one soul," and thus soothed, helped, and taught, the first poor communicants of that church became more respectable and self-respecting than most of their class.

Sometimes, in that parish, there would be a literal enacting of some Scripture precept not common to our day. This one, for instance: "When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich acquaintance, lest they bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor,"* etc. One of the wealthier members of the parish, having built himself a large new house, in the neighborhood of the church, invited to it, at its first using, all his poorer fellow-communicants, some thirty in number; he and his wife entertaining them at a bountiful supper, and giving them each, as the party broke up, generous packages of good things to carry to their homes. The unwonted circumstances induced at first a little shyness, but it soon wore off when the Minister, and other well-known friends of the church, mingled among them in friendly talk. They were regaled in the dining-room and library, thrown together for the purpose, but were not shown over the beautiful mansion as is common in house-warmings; that would have been to suggest, perhaps, discouraging comparisons. They were cheered and enlivened by attentions and amusements suited to their taste, and left,

* St. Luke xiv. 12, 13.

after a brief service of prayer and praise, with their heartiest blessings on the new home.

As for the pastor's personal ministrations to these poorer members, it would take a volume to set them forth. And such merry, cheery talks as he used to have with them,—taking the more pains, haply, to be agreeable to them, in that he felt so deeply their large privation of the innocent enjoyments of life. No wonder, that a worthy woman, after an interview with him, should say, “Why, Dr. Muhlenberg talked with me just as if I was a lady!”

One winter, a poor woman, who lived up an alley-way near his house, came to evening prayer to be “churched.” It was cold weather, and as the pastor left, after the service, he threw around him a large cloak that a friend had given him for such use. The woman, with her new-born babe, too scantily clad for the season, was going in the same direction. He did not know that a parishioner, walking behind them, saw him draw the poor mother and her infant within his own cloak, which he made thus enfold the three, walking with them to their home. “Doubtless there is more love than any thing else in the world, but the best love, and the individual in whom it is supreme, is the rarest of all things.”

Glancing along the course of Dr. Muhlenberg's various undertakings for the church, the spontaneity and naturalness of their origin, and the rapidity with which, in their first idea, they overlapped each other, become strikingly apparent. He was never occupied

with the question *what* to do next, though perhaps amid the mountains of wretchedness looming up to his pitiful vision in the poorer quarters of the great city in which he had come to dwell, often he may have sighed that he could do so little.

The circumstances of the moment sometimes sufficed to inspire the noblest design, and it was thus that in the very first months of the Church of the Holy Communion, St. Luke's Hospital came into his thoughts, though not until much later into active operation. In his pastoral visitations among the lowly ones of his flock, he became painfully impressed with the distressing condition of such in the places they called their homes, when sickness overtook them. "That cold, damp basement," he said with indignation, "about as tenable as a coal-vault for a sufferer from rheumatism." "That close apartment, heated to stifling in preparing the evening meal on the shattered stove, where the poor consumptive mother lies coughing away her life amid the smoke and smell of the coarse cooking, and the noise of the family.—Do you call those *homes*?" It was probably a sufferer of this last class, poor F. S., whom he constantly visited for many weeks, that stirred his earliest impulse towards a church hospital; for he had not yet said the last prayer over her remains, when, on St. Luke's Day (Oct. 18th) 1846, he proposed to the congregation that half of the offerings of the day should be laid aside as the beginning of a fund towards the founding of an institution for the relief of the sick poor, under the auspices

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of religion, and that on each return of the festival of St. Luke the Evangelist and Physician, the object should be kept in view, and the proceeds of the offertory so appropriated.

He announced this arrangement, without any pre-intimation to the congregation, immediately after reading the Gospel for the day. Something over thirty dollars was the result; a sum so small that a brother clergyman, assisting him that afternoon, asked with something of scorn,

“Pray, when do you expect to build your hospital?”

“Never, if I do not make a beginning,” Dr. Muhlenberg replied. He could wait. He knew what he was doing.

But to appreciate how good and how necessary was the work that day begun, we must understand the utter dearth of proper hospital provision that then existed in the city of New York, not only for the incurably ill, but for worthy, needy sufferers, whatever their malady. Apart from the provision for emigrants on Ward's Island, there were but two hospitals in the metropolis; first and best was the “New York,” or “Broadway Hospital” as it was sometimes called, which had three hundred and fifty beds, mainly appropriated to seamen, whose expenses were paid by the government, and to sufferers from casualties, with a sprinkling of patients able to pay for themselves. None were received whose cases did not appear to the physicians and surgeons to admit of some probability of cure or of substantial relief. The other hos-

pital, "Bellevue," was devoted entirely to *paupers*. It had in use five hundred and fifty beds, and was in reality the sick ward of the Almshouse, and was always crowded, the provision being quite too small for the accommodation of the class who were its sole beneficiaries, and who, it may be readily conceived, made the place more to be dreaded by the decent Christian poor, than the worst privations and disqualifications of their own garrets and basements.

These facts, and the suffering with which he was brought face to face among his own sick poor, might well prompt a man of Dr. Muhlenberg's noble sympathy and prayerful faith to make a venture for a church hospital. And his quiet, simple method of initiating this great undertaking, as well as the spirit with which he carried along his project, illustrates the habitual tenor of his mind in all his creations. In reply to an inquiry, "How to begin a work of charity," he once gave the following characteristic counsel:

"Don't begin by announcing your object, and calling a meeting of all who are friendly to it. Some will come who think they know all about it as well as yourself. They will give advice, propose plans, suggest methods of proceeding, etc., which may seem very encouraging, but will end in taking the matter out of your own hands, or in making it altogether another thing from what you intended; or, through a division of counsels, it will come to nought. No; begin in a quiet, natural way. Let the thing grow by its own life under the fostering care of the few who understand and

entirely sympathize with you. It may be small and weak, but if it is a germ of genuine charity, it will take root and vegetate. Then ask all who will, to supply the nutriment for its further growth; but not to trim and fashion it after their own notions. If they help you, thank God and take courage. If not, have patience—it will not die if it be a plant which your Heavenly Father has planted. If it be not, the sooner it dies the better.”

At the beginning of the Church of the Holy Communion, not only was there no such thing known amongst us as a church hospital, but there was not, at least in the city of New York, a church charity of any kind, unless we allow the Sunday school and its concomitants to be such; not a single orphanage, home for the aged, house of mercy for the fallen, or shelter of whatever sort; and it is not too much to claim that the new life breathed not only into the church, but into the community at large, with the conception of St. Luke's Hospital, sent its pulsations far and wide, throughout our borders, giving birth at no long intervals, to a multitude of affiliated charities; while of his own communion it has been truly said that, “Every movement of spiritual life within it, for the past fifty years, may be traced back in some way, to Dr. Muhlenberg as its point of departure.”*

He was most felicitously endowed for that which it was given him to do; possessing a very unusual com-

* Rev. Dr. F. E. Lawrence.

bination of the ideal and the practical. With all his creative gifts, he could throw his fine intelligence, when necessary, into common details, with the patient attention of a dutiful scholar; and together with the eagerness of his sanguine temperament there was an underlying calmness and quiet waiting, which gave him a power for steady work such as few have trained themselves to. There were in him, also, other mental and moral contrasts. He was modest, and diffident to a degree, yet bold to go where others would not dare. He was indulgent, yet strict. He had the simplicity of a child, with the wisdom of the sage.

A leaf from his journal affords an interesting glimpse of the tone of his mind and of church matters of this date:

“*Oct.* 19th, 1847. The General Convention is in session, and probably engaged in a most exciting debate on Bishop Onderdonk's case, and yet I am sitting at home, having little or no inclination to be present. Am I tired of conventions, as of other things in the world? Is it that they are so much like the world? I fear it is not because I am so much more spiritually-minded; and yet, a man need be but little of a Christian to feel how far these councils of the church are from the true spirit of the church. . . . Dr. Bowman is staying with me. Pleasant to have an old friend with whom one can converse freely. Every one is so party-bound that such a neutral as I profess to be, is in the confidence of none. . . . Spent an hour in looking at the procession for the laying of the

Washington Monument, which was three hours in passing. Societies with banners, and fire-companies, the various forms of temperance societies, Rechabites, Odd Fellows, etc.,—a phenomenon peculiar to the day. They carry the Bible—this might afford ground for some able and popular man to turn them into bodies with some religious faith, which would supply them with ornaments and ceremonies of some meaning. . . .”

It is wonderful to retrace the first three years of the Church of the Holy Communion, and note the various activities which, in that short period, were set in motion. Besides the large Sunday school, and boys' Choir-classes, there were a day school for boys, another for girls, an Employment Society for furnishing needle-work to the indigent women of the parish, the beginning of the Sisters' systematic care of the poor and of their Dispensary, the Thanksgiving feasts, the church Christmas-trees, and the Fresh Air Fund.

The term Fresh Air, as applied to country refreshment for the poor in summer, and now so common amongst us, that many and various agencies for the purpose, have adopted the phrase, was original with Dr. Muhlenberg, both as to name and fact. And the “Fresh Air” charity came about just as simply and naturally as many another of his good works. His parish notes furnish, incidentally, a record of this beginning, and afford a pleasing picture of the first recipients of the benefit, as well as of Dr. Muhlenberg in relation to them. The entire minute is of interest. It was the summer of the cholera, 1849.

"*Tuesday, Aug. 7th.* Went, accompanied by —, on a pastoral visitation. First to the Cholera Hospital in Thirteenth St.—Gave them clothing for the patients.—Spoke to the women I saw there last evening. They have few and poor nurses, the corporation not allowing money enough to hire good ones, who want two dollars a day, while they can afford, they say, but fifty cents—Outrageous while there is money enough for frolics and processions! Visited several poor families—gave Mrs. R—— money to take an excursion with her children; for ten years she said she had not done such a thing—Called at Mrs. H——'s. 'Who are all these children?' 'That's Ellen's school.' 'I am glad to see Ellen so well employed. I suppose the school is some help to you.' 'Oh no; it's a charity school.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes; these poor children are left by their parents to run about in the heat,—you know it's vacation time; so to keep them from being sick, Ellen has taken them here every day, and teaches them their tables, etc.' Verily, one can hardly get the rich to give their money to a charity school, but here is a poor woman keeping one in her own house, her daughter, a sweet little girl, teaching. I proposed that they should take a day of recreation in the country. 'We have no money for that,' the mother replied. 'You shall have the money.' 'Oh! it would seem a sin to spend it in that way; besides, I should lose a day's work.' 'How much can you earn in a day by your sewing?' 'Two shillings.' 'Well, that shall be made up to you.' I told her it would do them all good to go for a little fresh air over to Hoboken in

pleasant weather, and as I was saying how glad I and some of their friends in the church would be to know they had at least one day of pleasure, little Ellen's eyes filled with tears, and she flew up to me and kissed me most affectionately."

A year or two later the Fresh Air provision became an established summer charity of the Church of the Holy Communion, and was often extended by the tender and loving pastor to other than its own poor people.

There is extant a debit and credit account of the "Fresh Air Fund," a year or two later, showing its benefits at an expenditure of about seventy dollars, distributed thus: "Two poor shirt sewers and consumptive brother, three weeks board at Catskill; poor student in ill health, the same for over a month; an unhappy wife and two young children, and a widow and two young children, nearly two weeks; an old man of eighty-five, his grand-children and great-grand-children, frequent trips to Staten Island; the same, from time to time, to a poor old weaver, a sick and lonely widow, a lame boy, and some mothers with their sick infants." All these being parishioners, and most of the adults communicants of the church, this accidentally-preserved paper serves to show something of who and what they were, who found bodily as well as spiritual healing in that little Bethesda.

The first church Christmas-tree for poor children in the city of New York was lighted in the parish of the Holy Communion in 1847, under Dr. Muhlenberg's direction; but in the school-room of the high

school for young ladies, conducted by the Sisters; the school-house proper, where in after years it was customary to have it, being not then completed. The wealthier pupils provided the gifts for their less-favored little brothers and sisters, viz., all the poorest children of the church, and, in unloading the heavy boughs and distributing the fruit to the expectant, eager hands, feasted themselves upon the blessedness of giving as better than receiving. Sweet carols were sung and kindly greetings exchanged. All was hallowed gladness, but the gayest there, perhaps, was the pastor himself. Clapping his hands merrily, and rubbing them through and through his abundant silvery hair, till it stood out like the nimbus in some old saint's picture, he said triumphantly to an English friend standing near: "Ah, Mrs. A——, John Bull has nothing to do with this—this is all 'Vaterland'!" Afterwards he wrote: "A Christmas-tree lighted up, and hung with good things, books, etc., with a parcel of needy children, merry around it, is a delightful picture of Christianity 'giving gifts to men'—gifts temporal as well as spiritual, and especially blessing the poor."

He was the first also to introduce in our churches, open seats with low kneeling benches for the congregation, instead of private cushioned pews with the high soft hassock for support in leaning forward, not kneeling, at the prayers. It was a new lesson to see such men as Robert B. Minturn sitting on those benches, one in this with the humblest of his fellow-worshippers.

Dr. Muhlenberg never had any other arrangement

for seating the people in the churches and chapels he originated. He used to say that if sincere Christians could only look through the mists of custom at things as they are, they would shrink back, as at a fearful desecration, from the proprietorship of luxurious little apartments, secured by money, for their exclusive use in the sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts. He expressed himself more severely still on the sacrilegiousness of pew auctions. Thus, in one of those epigrammatic rhymings habitual with him:

“LINES ON A PEW AUCTION.

“If the Saviour drove out of the temple of old
Poor ignorant Jews, who bought there and sold,
What would He to Christians, so given to pelf,
As traffic to make of the temple itself!
Woe, woe to the church, ruled by Mammon-made lords,
When He cometh again with the scourge of His cords!”

It would be curious to trace the history of pews. Perhaps the necessary research would not reveal a beginning much more pious or dignified, whatever the kind of pew, than that attributed to the high wainscoted compartments not yet extinct in old-fashioned neighborhoods, the origin of which is thus given by Dr. Muhlenberg in the *Evangelical Catholic* (1852),—

“Bishop Burnet complained that the ladies of the Princess Anne’s establishment did not look at him while preaching his ‘thundering long sermons,’ as Queen Mary called them, but were looking at other objects. He, therefore, after much remonstrance on

their impropriety, prevailed on Queen Anne to order all the pews in St. James's Chapel to be raised so high that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit! The princess laughed at the complaint; but she complied when Burnet told her that the interests of the church were in danger. The whim of Bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches which had not been pewed before, and such pews are at this hour to be seen in remote country parishes."

CHAPTER XIV.

1849-1851.

Impetus given to Hospital Project.—A Day in the Annals of the Church.—Public Plea for a Church Hospital.—St. Luke's Incorporated.—A Hundred Thousand Dollars Asked.—Large Subscriptions.—Robert B. Minturn and the Anonymous Five Thousand.—First Idea as to Names of Donors.—Review of Cholera Summer.—Death of Choir Boy.—Labors during Epidemic.—Visiting Cholera Hospital.—Another Chorister taken.—Music of the Church of the Holy Communion.—Boy Choirs.—Mode of Supporting a Free Church.—The Weekly Eucharist and Daily Service.—A Missionary Meeting.—Rubrics not Choke-Strings of the Heart.—The Friday Evening Lecture.—The Sacramental System.—Bishop Ives's Submission to Rome.—Would Like to Wear Coarser Clothes.—Devoted Filial Love.—His Mother's Last Illness and Death.—The Funeral.—Tender Sentiment.

THE cholera visitation of 1849 gave an impetus both to the Hospital project and to the Sisterhood. In Dr. Muhlenberg's mind, these two organizations were never dissociated, whatever the apprehensions of others. Without an assured prospect of such voluntary nurses, he never would have attempted the formation of a church hospital, often uttering as an axiom, "No Sisters, no St. Luke's." So when, in the imminence of the pestilence, a Sister, and a companion like-minded, made their initiatory experience in one of the hospitals improvised by the city for that exigency, he saw in it a promise for the future which inspired him with new encouragement to prosecute his Hospital idea.

There had been an addition to the original nest-egg on each successive festival of St. Luke's since 1846, and a few good women had formed themselves into a little hospital circle, for the contribution, through some needle-work, of their mite, "in token of their faith that what required thousands would one day come to pass"; but Dr. Muhlenberg made no particular exertion for the advancement of his plan until the autumn of this year, 1849, when St. Luke's Day was observed by his congregation as an especial "Thanksgiving" for deliverance from cholera, two only of its members having succumbed to the disease. A number of clergymen took part in the occasion, and the usual offertory, was converted into a general thank-offering to be applied to the Hospital fund, and was so considerable in amount as to warrant, with other signs of encouragement, an immediate effort to give practical shape to the project.

Before retiring that night, Dr. Muhlenberg made the following entry in his journal: "*Oct. 18, 1849.* Blessed be God for this good and happy day. The seed is planted, and I trust by the hand of Him who will not let it die. This St. Luke's Day may be remembered in the annals of the church!"—A prophetic hope which he lived to see realized far beyond his anticipations; not only in the singular success of St. Luke's Hospital, but in the influence of that institution in raising the character of such provision for the sick generally, and in the multitude of fine, well-ordered hospitals erected after its pattern.

In the following winter his earnest and eloquent

“Plea for a Church Hospital”* was written, consisting of two lectures, which were delivered, first before his own congregation, and afterwards in St. Paul’s, St. John’s, and, perhaps, some other of the city churches. With the actual St. Luke’s before us, it is well to carry the mind back to those days of trembling hope and endeavor, and so see something of the cost, whereby, on the Founder’s part, the church came into possession of so fair a jewel. He had no confidence aside from persistent prayer in any thing that he undertook, nor did he venture to seat himself to write these “Hospital Lectures” without first pouring out his heart in supplication for divine approval and assistance. Some of his recorded petitions on this subject are transcribed, as essential to the illustration of the spirit and manner in which this important undertaking was begun:

“O Lord, I set about this work praying for thy guidance and direction from the beginning. . . . Ought there not to be a House of Refuge for our suffering brethren? Hast thou not put it into my heart to stir up the people to the work? Shall I not fail in my duty, if I do not perform what I trust thou hast called me to do—unworthy as I am, of myself, to undertake the least service for thee? O give me thy Holy Spirit. O purify me, dear Lord, in attempting this labor of love. . . . O my blessed Jesus, who didst pass so much of thy time in healing the sick,

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, Second Series.*

give me of thy spirit! Be with me in showing thy disciples the offices of love they owe to their poor and suffering brethren. I would begin and carry on the work wholly in thy name. Purge me from all vanity and self-consequence; strengthen me; give me necessary health. Guide me. I consecrate myself to thee anew in this service which I pray thee to accept at my hands. O Jesus, make it thine own—thine own work from beginning to end!”

In May, 1850, St. Luke's Hospital became an Incorporation in law, with Mr. Robert B. Minturn as President of the Board of Managers. The idea of a hospital on a scale worthy of the communion whose ornament and pride it now is, was received with such general favor, that it was resolved the scheme should be developed beyond its first thought, which was that of simply a parochial institution, and the Board of Managers passed a resolution to solicit for it the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. “In pursuance of this,” wrote Dr. Muhlenberg in his sketch of the “History and Progress of St. Luke's,”* a meeting of churchmen was held in the Stuyvesant Institute, at which, after addresses by several of the clergy, of different schools or parties, but one in the charity which stills even theological polemics, committees of collection were appointed, and the work was put fairly afloat.”

A large number of subscriptions were speedily obtained, and for the most part in sums far exceeding

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, Second Series.*

any thing to which people were accustomed in those days, in the way of charitable benefactions. There was one subscription of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, two of five thousand, and so on.

It was a gift of ten thousand dollars, privately put into Dr. Muhlenberg's hand by Mr. Robert B. Minturn as a personal thank-offering for an especial favor, which gave the first impulse towards soliciting the hundred thousand dollars. Later, there came, in the ordinary Sunday morning offertory, five bills of one thousand each, labelled, "For St. Luke's Hospital," without any clue to the donor. Mr. Minturn was one with Dr. Muhlenberg in desiring that no names should be affixed to the subscriptions and donations for this object. He happened to be in the vestry when the five one thousand dollar bills alluded to were brought in among the usual offerings. "Doctor, let me hold those bills, let me hold them a moment," he said in his quick way. "I want to touch such money." But it was soon manifest that so high and blessed a way of giving could not generally prevail under modern business arrangements, and the ordinary method of recording and acknowledging donations and subscriptions obtained. It is observable, however, that in the list of subscribers to the building, appended to the printed report, only the names are given, the amounts severally contributed are not published.

The cholera plague had, it is true, fallen very lightly upon the congregation of the Holy Communion, yet

one of its two victims was a lovely boy-chorister, so dear to the pastor, that his sudden removal was a severe blow. He was playing on the sidewalk in the moonlight before he went to bed; the next day, after morning prayer, an older brother ran over to the church, saying that Fred was very ill with cholera. Hastening to his bedside, Dr. Muhlenberg found the child already in the hopeless stage of the disease, but the little fellow knew his loving pastor's voice, as he bent over him in prayer, and with a last effort threw his arms around his neck and kissed him. A little after he was gone.

Dr. Muhlenberg was unusually affected by this boy's death. The same tender melancholy that had absorbed him in his youth when the good old Provost of the University of Philadelphia died so suddenly, and also in two other succeeding bereavements, again possessed him powerfully, and this to his own surprise.

"Strange that I should be thus affected," he writes. "I could not have believed it of my old heart. Perhaps, mingled with my feelings, is a little self-reproach that I have not said much to Fred of late. Oh that I had known he was so soon to be taken from us!"

Again, later: "It is now three weeks since Fred's death, and yet my mind lingers on thoughts of the boy. I can not pass his flower-bed in my yard without a sweet melancholy—Is it morbid feeling? I can recollect but three other occasions in my life when I experienced the same kind of pensive grief—though *grief* it is not. . . . In those cases it seemed natural enough, but it is strange here. . . . I see the good

that I trust will come of it—my attachment to boys will be more wholly spiritual. I will try to lead his older brothers to God. There shall be more perfect order in the choir,” etc., etc.

“Fred was thirteen years of age—a bright and lovely boy, fond of the House of God, in whose services for more than a year he had constantly assisted”—so it read in the published notice of his death, signed with the pastor’s initials. The sentiment of the simple funeral indicated the same tender hand as having arranged it all. A note remains of this:

“*Thursday, Aug. 30th, 1849.* My dear Fred’s funeral. Eight of his boy companions were pall-bearers. The whole service was in the church; in the ‘committal,’ at the words, ‘looking for the general resurrection,’ the boys cast flowers on the coffin, some of which had been planted by Fred in his little garden in my yard. The body was carried on the bier, by the boys, to St. Mark’s vault for interment. Nearly all who came to the church followed to the burial-place, including women and girls, contrary to the custom here, but obeying the impulse of their feelings. Fred was greatly beloved in the neighborhood. It was a large funeral for a boy under any circumstances, but particularly so in these cholera times.”

That cholera summer was one of incessant work for Dr. Muhlenberg, and also for his especial assistants and the few wealthier of the parishioners, who remained in town. Perhaps that the congregation, so many of whose members were of the poorer class, were vis-

ited no more severely by the scourge is in good measure attributable to the care the pastor took of them. He went constantly in and out among these humble ones, cheering them and helping them physically as well as spiritually. He sent them, as we have seen, on "Fresh Air" excursions, and drew up a code of very plain instructions, which he caused to be printed in large type, to teach them what best to do to keep well, and how to act under the premonitory symptoms of the epidemic, as, also, where to obtain the necessary remedies, medicine, etc., not omitting, in conclusion, to exhort them against being afraid to help each other if any were taken ill, and fortifying them kindly for this duty by an explanation that the cholera was not in the ordinary sense of the term "catching."

In addition to this, he was unremitting in his visits to the Cholera Hospital in West Thirteenth Street, which by proximity he considered one of his fields of duty, and where he did not work without encouraging results. At the beginning of his Cholera Hospital ministrations which some thought an uncalled-for risk, he wrote: "Let me make allowance for my brother clergymen who do not see it their duty; but if it is only a kind word to the sufferers, it is something for Christ's sake,—it is the 'cup of cold water.' To pass by such an hospital on your way to church, without ever entering it, seems to me is to play the priest and the Levite of the parable." Nevertheless, he was constitutionally timid about sickness.

This memorable year was not to close without the

loss of yet another beloved boy-singer. A leaf from the pastor's own note-book again gives the particulars.

"*Monday, Dec. 17th, 1849.* This morning, at four o'clock, a messenger came for me, from Dr. Coxe to see his son. I rose, hastened to the house through the thick fog, and found the dear child dying—the family kneeling around the bed. 'There, Doctor, is your little chorister,' said his mother. I prayed as I could with the distracted family—ere I was done the boy was no more. I stayed some time trying to comfort them. About ten days before, at the Ladies' Employment Society, I had said to his mother, 'Willie is now ready to take Fred's place. He must go into the upper choir.' She asked me if I remembered how she received what I said. I did. She sighed, and a sad expression passed over her face. 'Your words,' she said, 'seemed prophetic—"the upper choir."' William Augustine Coxe* was a lovely, beautiful boy, the very ideal of a chorister. His voice was coming out finely in the alto, and we calculated on having him for a long while, he being but ten years old. He was to have sung the alto in 'Arise and shine' on Twelfth Night—just as Fred began last year. Down-stairs too" (with the lower choir by the chancel), "he had been sitting precisely in Fred's place. So God takes my boys—I trust to himself. I have often talked of dressing them in surplices, but he arrays them in his own white robes."

* A nephew of Bishop Coxe, of Western New York.

Dr. Muhlenberg's character and position, with his fine musical taste, enabled him to make the worship of his church, with regard to the music, exceptionally perfect. The benefit to a boy of such an association soon became understood; so that he had always his choice of singing boys, and rarely sweet were the voices of some thus chosen. On the other hand, his own love of music, and the holy joy he found in praising God, naturally led him to take great pleasure in these young choristers. But he failed not to watch himself jealously in this particular; and when, in a certain instance, a pre-eminently beautiful voice was likely to be no longer available, he exclaimed to an enthusiastic musical friend sympathizing with him in the case, "Ah! my dear E——, I fear we have taken a *carnal* delight in C——'s singing."

The Psalter was chanted antiphonally, the boys of the lower choir leading the congregation. The Pointed Psalter which they used was arranged from a larger work on Church Music prepared by Dr. Muhlenberg in conjunction with Dr. Wainwright. On Friday evenings, after the weekly lecture, the members of the church generally were practised in congregational singing. There were no hired singers except the precentor, or leader as he was there called.

Looking back many years later upon some of the distinctive features of his church, Dr. Muhlenberg said: "I never thought myself much of a musician. Had I been more of one, I might not have been satisfied with the kind of music I have been mostly concerned for as

suitable for the worship of the church. I have always desired the chorus of the congregation, not however to the exclusion of more elaborate music by a trained choir. My abhorrence of a quartette is sufficiently recorded in my 'Lecture on Congregational Singing.'* I was the first to introduce boy choirs in New York, but I reflect upon that with less pleasure when I see how they have since been used, not to lead, but to be heard alone; their voices too often shrill and unpleasant from the want of culture. I fear also the effect upon the poor boys themselves. I am glad I have written some things that have met with general acceptance, such as the Christmas Carol, the Advent Choral, etc., and I wish that as in some other things the clergy have followed the customs of the Church of the Holy Communion, they had also done so in gathering their congregations together for the practice of congregational singing."

The Weekly Eucharist, the Offertory, and the Daily Service, also passed under review by him in connection with the foregoing. The weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the Church of the Holy Communion, did not begin with the beginning of the church. It was not entered on until the pastor knew something of his congregation, and then very carefully, and with a distinct instruction that in establishing such, it was not expected that every communicant should receive every Lord's day. Heads of families, more especially among

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, Second Series.*

the poor and where there were young children requiring oversight, and other responsible members of much-occupied households, domestic servants and the like, by means of a weekly communion, could divide and partake one on this Sunday and another on the next. Again: the Holy Table, found spread each Lord's day, often offered in seasons of especial personal sorrow, or joy, very acceptable comfort, at the time most needed, and which would have passed away perhaps before the recurrence of the monthly administration. These, among others, were reasons why a free church, in particular, might profit greatly by a weekly opportunity for communing, and on these and many similar points, the congregation were very plainly taught; they were further presented with a Pastoral Tract, treating of the Weekly Eucharist on its higher ground.

In connection with the foregoing, it should be observed that the weekly communion in this church was a *distinct* service. The regular morning prayer with the psalter and lessons was at nine o'clock, and the litany, ante-communion service, sermon and offertory at half-past ten, at the close of which there was an interval of some fifteen minutes, in which the clergyman and others retired from the church to re-assemble upon the bell striking twelve—the appointed hour for the communion service. There were always a number at this last service, who had not been present at the earlier ones, and, on the other hand, many communicants who had recently partaken did not return.

Asking Dr. Muhlenberg for his latest thoughts on

this point, he said: "I still adhere in the main to the views of my tract on the subject of the weekly communion, but I would, in another edition of the tract, enlarge more upon its *dangers* as a custom. We need extraordinary acts of devotion, and the communion ceases to be such when it is weekly or oftener. Then, again, the good old practice of special preparation, the need of which is seen in the abundance of books for the purpose by the best of men, I fear is almost necessarily laid aside by those who partake of the communion whenever they happen to be present at its celebration. To speak in homely phrase, the quantity, does not, I fear, improve the quality. I don't know that those who receive every day, are proportionably greater saints, unless there be saintliness in the practice itself, which they may be in some danger of assuming. It seems hard to say it, but I fear there is a class in our church, to be found in none other, who go to the Holy Communion with little or no preparation."

Concerning the support of free churches he said: "Although the free Church of the Holy Communion has always been maintained by the weekly offertory, I have never thought that that should be exclusively the means of support for such churches. The offertory should give the opportunity for all to contribute according to their ability, but, in addition, the more wealthy members of the congregation should subscribe towards an annual reliable income. I say *wealthy* members, because I have always repudiated the notion that free churches should be exclusively for the poor. Their

fundamental idea is the rich and the poor, meeting together in the house of the Lord. They are practical demonstrations of the Christian church as the divine brotherhood. The objection to free churches, that families can not sit together, could be removed by some agreement among the members of the congregation, whereby the rich and the poor have an equal opportunity of securing regular seats."

With regard to the daily service, which also he was the first to introduce amongst us, he thus expressed himself: "If there were no other argument for the constant morning and evening prayer in our churches (and we confess that its expediency in all cases is a question), there is one which should weigh with Protestants, viz., that the Holy Scriptures are thus publicly read, in course, for the benefit of all who choose to hear. This is a great office, for which our church has provided, and which we believe is peculiar to her among the churches in Christendom. She is thus a perpetual preacher of the pure word of God. Though there be but a solitary few to listen, she acquits herself of her duty in proclaiming the whole counsel of her Lord. The thought is indeed sublime, that from year to year, from age to age, her voice as God's prophet, keeps sounding on, in the same old words of Holy Writ, ceaseless and constant in its utterance, as the rising and setting of the sun." *

Dr. Muhlenberg's note-books of 1849 and 1850, con-

* *Evangelical Catholic*, 1851.

tain some characteristic entries, glancing at church questions. Thus: "Finished reading Dr. Arnold's Life. A noble fellow, whatever were his faults. How much my own thoughts and feelings in the school have been like his—and in his views of the church I have more sympathy than orthodoxy would allow. It is refreshing to commune with a man of no party, yet full of zeal."

Here is his minute of a special service at the departure of a young clergyman, a former scholar, as a missionary to Wisconsin, where a colony of the Church of the Holy Communion, and bearing the same name, had been planted. It was on a Sunday, Sept. 16th, the pastor's fifty-third birthday. There had been the regular services, morning and afternoon: "In the evening," he wrote, "we had a missionary meeting in the church. We began with the Lord's Prayer, all kneeling, then the versicles. The choir sang the Benedic to the anthem. For the lesson, the 35th of Isaiah; after which I made some remarks about our colony, the Church of the Holy Communion. Bishop Kemper followed in an extemporary address about Wisconsin, and thanking the congregation for their interest in his diocese. I said a few parting words to the missionary, and we sang 'Go forth, ye heralds, in his name.' Then prayer, several collects with that in the Institution Office, used in the third person. The bishop gave the benediction. Many of the people came up to bid the missionary good-by, so it was a kind of farewell meeting. Besides Bishop Kemper, Bishop —, and Dr. —, and a num-

ber of the city clergy were present. They made no remarks. It may be they were not very well pleased with such an irregularity, as perhaps they regarded it. But I am sure the meeting did good. The people will feel pledged to support the mission in a degree that would not otherwise have been. Can we do nothing except we begin, 'Dearly beloved brethren'? Are rubrics to be the choke-strings of the heart? Bishop Kemper was much pleased with the congregation. The church was quite full. Thank God for so pleasant a birthday. May he hear the prayers I put up at the Holy Communion, which it was grateful to me to receive from the hand of the pastor of my youth. Bishop Kemper has done a vast amount of good—He is the Father of Missions in our church."

Nov. 16th, 1849, he notes: "Read for the lecture in church this evening Newman's sermon on the Individuality of the Soul." It was not his custom in these weekly lectures to deliver an original composition unless during Passion Week, or at other special seasons. He would almost invariably avail himself of the rich garnered thoughts of some superior writer (openly, of course, the book before him or in his hand), but with a remarkable appropriation of the subject matter, and with gesture and tone, the omission of a word or passage here, and the substitution of one there, that made the teaching wholly his own. Whether the author who did duty for him were Anglican or Evangelical,—Newman of Oxford or Robertson of Brighton,—it always seemed to be none other than himself who preached,

and always with edification and enjoyment to his hearers. These lectures were read from the desk. In the pulpit he never delivered other than original discourses.

Later, we find: "My old pupil, O——, called upon me. Very warm in his expressions of attachment. Insists I am more of a churchman than I think myself to be."

Several of the clergy were at this time interested in endeavoring to dissuade the rector of one of the large city churches from his purpose to secede to Rome, but with small success. Of one of these, Dr. Muhlenberg wrote: "W——, can say little to the purpose against this intention, as he is not far from the same thing himself. So it will be. The sacramental system can never be carried out in our church. I have long since been convinced of it. Bishop Ives will have either to retrace his steps, or advance to Rome*—God give me grace to be able to do something to open the eyes of my dear M—— (another old pupil). He is so purely intellectual I doubt my power."

Descending from church themes to common affairs, we have another jotting down, equally illustrative in its way, since even prophets must be clad,—“Called at my sister’s. My mother gave me money to pay my tailor’s bill. I would wear coarser clothes if my mother would let me.”

On the 26th of June, 1851, this best of mothers was taken from him. His suffering at the separation was

* Two years later, Bishop Ives sent in his resignation to the House of Bishops, preparatory to his “Submission to the Church of Rome.”

acute. For almost half a century these two had been more to each other than to any one else upon earth. Mrs. Muhlenberg's early widowhood, and her son's unmarried life, had excluded any nearer tie and endeared them, mutually, the more closely.

It is difficult to do justice to the tenderness of his rich nature without lifting a little the curtain of his domestic privacy at this supreme moment, for such to him it was. Often he had said to his beloved parent, "Oh, mother, I can never look upon you in your coffin." But the inevitable hour for that sight came. What it brought to his heart is not to be told here. In his private diary there are twenty large pages filled with the particulars of her illness and death, and how the oppressive hours passed with him. He dwells on her Christian faith, and what he owed her; her excellence as a mother and his own shortcomings as a son. A very remarkable and affecting record.

He ministered to his parent, spiritually as well as bodily, side by side with his only sister. Mrs. Muhlenberg was seventy-seven years old, and of great weight; "A load of flesh," her son wrote, "on the skeleton of a bird." She had a most distressing malady, and suffered intensely. Fainting nature panted for release. Towards the last, the physician, a dear friend of the family, sat holding her hand, his finger upon the fluttering pulse. The sufferer scanned his countenance anxiously. "How much longer, doctor," she whispered. "Mother," urged her son, "you will have faith and patience to the end?" "I have, I have," she instantly

replied. Almost his next words were, "God be praised, my mother is at rest!"

With his deep affection, and tender, delicate sensibility, it will be readily conceived that every thing connected with the last duties to his mother's remains was the subject of very jealous care. No hired persons should be employed. None but loving Christian hands might touch his dead, make the grave-clothes, and watch with the precious body, during the nights intervening between the decease and interment. Mrs. Muhlenberg died at about half past two o'clock in the afternoon. At the evening prayer of that day the bereaved pastor, took his place at the lecturn, for the usual service of the church. The second lesson, from the third of Ephesians, came with beautiful appropriateness. "Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. . . . That we may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the length, and depth, and breadth, and height of the love of God, that passeth knowledge."

In the morning, he had left his dying mother for a brief space, at the summons of a sick man, one of the poorest of the congregation. "Are you able for this?" it was asked by one who announced the call. Why not let Mr. — (the assistant) go?" "No!" he said. "I can not help my mother. I think I can help poor J——. So there is all the more reason for my going when he sends for me."

The funeral was a singularly plain and simple one. Dr. Muhlenberg always entertained a very strong feel-

ing on this point. Any thing like a pageant, or at all ornamental or complimentary, he thought not only unreal and out of place, but almost a mockery of the sad and solemn reality—the humiliation of death.

He allowed no eye but his own to gaze upon his mother's face when it was closed, for the last time, from mortal view. Motioning every one from the room, including the undertakers, his sister having previously withdrawn, he remained some time alone with the dead, and then, with his own hands, put down the coffin lid, and called the men to fasten it.

One or two other touches of character are worthy of note. Like most literary men, he was apt to have rather a book-strewn and disarranged study. His mother was punctiliously neat and orderly. When it was found desirable, from the construction of the house and other circumstances, to convey the remains into the church through this room, before the hour for the removal came, he occupied himself and an attendant in adjusting every thing just as she used to desire he should keep it, that there might be nothing other than she would have liked, as her corpse was borne through.

After his return from the funeral, he sat in his study for hours of that day amid this lifeless-looking order, reading, from time to time, in a Bible of his mother's, which she had used daily. "How do you feel?" inquired a sympathizing Christian friend, finding him so engaged. "More like a man than a saint," was the reply.

It was some time before he became used to having no mother. Several days after her death, having received an unexpected five-thousand-dollar subscription for St. Luke's, he hastened as of old to share his joy with her, and only slowly recollected that nothing but dreary vacancy remained in the room towards which he was bending his steps.

CHAPTER XV.

1851-1852.

Projects an Evangelical Catholic Periodical.—Deference to his Mother's Wishes.—Object of the Paper.—What is Evangelical Catholicism?—General Surprise on Issue of Evangelical Catholic.—Longings for Christian Unity.—Hints on Catholic Union.—Minor Use of Periodical.—Sisterhood of Holy Communion Organized.—Its Principles.—St. Luke's Hospital.—A Young Physician's First Fee.—Significant Bequest.—Negotiations of Corporation of St. Luke's with Church of St. George the Martyr.—Site Consecrated before Determined upon.—Urgent Demands for Hospital Shelter.—The Embryo St. Luke's in a Rear Tenement House.

It is not surprising that at the beginning of his pastorate of the Church of the Holy Communion, Dr. Muhlenberg should have been little understood. The church was projected, as he said, "in the penumbra of Tractarianism," and although, before it was opened for worship, he had emerged again into the clear sunlight of evangelic truth, "as set forth by the Reformers," there clung to him certain Anglican usages, which, with his religious æstheticism, and the general appearance and ordering of his church, justified the conclusion of the general observer, that he was an extreme "Puseyite," the then sobriquet for "advanced" or Romanizing churchmen. The open, uncushioned benches, absence of women singers in the choir, daily morning and evening prayer, and the number of poor people

connected with the parish, were all construed as indicative of what was heard of the Tractarians on the other side of the water.

Dr. Muhlenberg apprehended all this, and, at an early day, conceived the idea of issuing an occasional paper, which should exemplify the true principles and genius of the Church of the Holy Communion. Nor only this. It was not possible for a man of his gifts and aspirations to abide simply in the routine of parish work, however rich and beautiful that work might become under his hand. His heart was full of the idea of Christian unity. He deeply deplored the divisions existing among those who called themselves after the one Christ, and longed for some method of communication with the church at large, which should make for peace and love. Hence his conclusion to edit a paper, differing from the religious journals of the time, none of which approached his thought on the cardinal point of Christian brotherhood. The publication was not to be an organ of either of the parties of the day—the one setting forth this, the other that view, of the Christian church—but an exponent and illustrator of the church, both in her objective and her subjective elements, and particularly in her office as “a healer of the ills that encompass us.”

The *Evangelical Catholic* was in his mind, for some time before it had a tangible existence. He was held back from putting his design into effect by the strenuous objection of his venerable mother. “Do not make yourself a newspaper editor, William,” she urged, as in

his early manhood, she had remonstrated against his being a "school-master." There was not the same principle involved, in the present case, and he determined to wait. "My dear mother," he said, "misapprehends the matter, but she shall not be vexed in her old age by any undertaking, the sound of which is so distasteful to her."

Within three months after his mother's decease, the first number of the *Evangelical Catholic* appeared, prospectively as a weekly, later as a monthly, "chiefly devoted to matters of practical Christianity." Its motto was: "For His Body's sake, which is the Church."

Dr. Muhlenberg originated the term "Evangelical Catholic," and in view of the importance of the subject, and the value he set upon this combination of words, as conveying explicitly the true theory of the church of Christ, it is proper to insert here, an exposition, by his own pen, of what is to be understood by EVANGELICAL CATHOLICISM. He is addressing, "in a brief and plain letter" one who has shown some misapprehension regarding the title of his paper.

"You must allow me," he writes, "to demur at your construction of the name" (*Evangelical Catholic*). "You seem to think it an ingenious fancy for meeting the views of both parties in the church—a happy device for being High and Low at the same time. Something like this, I find, is the notion of others, who, on that account, dislike the name, as they well may with such an interpretation of it. . . . We do not aspire to be a *tertium quid* between the existing parties—a little

of each and not much of either—a ‘whitish-brown’ among the ecclesiastical hues of the day. We do not profess to be either Catholic or Evangelical, much less both, in the *cant* use of those terms. We employ them in their original and proper signification, and thus understood they express something homogeneous and positive, very different from the heterogeneous and mongrel things which they have been supposed to stand for.

“In saying what we mean by Evangelical Catholicism, let me begin at the beginning, and express myself in a plain and simple way, in order to be understood by others who may be less informed than yourself.

“Of course, in common with all churchmen, we profess to be Catholics. We do not repudiate the Creed. We believe in the Holy Catholic Church: we believe that our Lord came into the world, not only to make a revelation of the truth to mankind, but also to found an institution which should hold and be actuated by the truth he revealed, and of which he himself should be the everliving Head. If we believed that he came only to make a revelation of the truth—to impart a system of doctrine and practice to the world, it might be sufficient that we called ourselves *Christians*; thereby simply professing our belief in what he taught—adopting Christianity as our religion. But we believe in Christianity, not as an abstraction, but as an institution—a divine institution, adapted to all mankind in all ages: in other words, the Catholic Church. This we declare in calling ourselves Catholics. Hence the

importance of adhering to this ancient appellation. To give it up would be ignoring the existence of the church—would be admitting that Christianity is no more than a doctrine or a philosophy, and that we are simply disciples, not members of a body. No: as I am more than a disciple—as I would not be a unit, an isolated believer, or associated, by a common creed, with the living few immediately about me—I will glory in the name which identifies me with the one congregation of Christ everywhere, and which tells that as a “church member,” here or there, I belong not to a society which began yesterday or a century ago, but to the divine incorporation which has been perpetuated from age to age, a living and uninterrupted body, from the days of the humanity of the Son of God. I grieve therefore, to see Protestants so indifferent to the name. It looks as if they had quite lost the church idea of Christianity, and were as well content to continue in their separate and divided state, as in the old bonds of the Catholic brotherhood. This, however, I know, is not altogether the case. There are signs among Protestants of a longing for an outward Catholicity, which shall express and give effect to their agreement in those cardinal articles of the Fathers, which are the main element in Catholicism. In testimony of this, they should persist in calling themselves Catholics. On no account should the name be surrendered (as it now so generally is) to those who claim it exclusively for themselves. It seems a concession that they have all the right to it, whereas, at most, they

are only a part of the Catholic brotherhood. How sound a part I need not just now say, but certainly a very unbrotherly part since they excommunicate thousands and tens of thousands who have every Scriptural mark of brethren in Christ. They are *Roman Catholics*. Let them have the appellation which designates their true position in the ecclesiastical world. Their communion is bounded by a circumference which has the Roman Episcopate for its centre. All outside of that they pronounce to be outside of the Catholic Church. The Bishop of Rome, as the successor of St. Peter, they say, is the vicar of Christ on earth, and in order to be in communion with Christ, men must be in communion with the Bishop of Rome. This is Roman Catholicism. We protest against it, and hence are called Protestants. We might be called Protestant Catholics; there would be nothing incongruous in the designation, since it would denote one portion of the Catholic body protesting against another, which, indeed, claims to be the whole. But there is this defect in it, that it does not state the *ground* on which the one portion protests against the other. What is that ground? The Gospel. Not ancient Catholicity, nor primitive, nor even Apostolical Catholicity; though each of these affords solid ground for our protest, and as we took one or the other, we should be ancient, primitive, or Apostolical Catholics. We go at once to the Gospel, and assert ourselves Gospel (*i. e.*, Evangelical) Catholics. We oppose the Church of the Gospel to the Church of Rome. In order to find that Church, we have only to turn to

the beloved Evangelist, who opens his Gospel with announcing it—‘The Word was God.’ ‘The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.’ ‘He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his Name: which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.’ Here is the origin of the church—the incarnation of the eternal Son. Those who received him, who believed on his Name, were made the sons of God; consequently, the brethren of him, the Son of God made flesh. This consequence of brotherhood with Christ is not mere inference. St. Paul styles the Son of God ‘the First-born among many brethren.’ Again: ‘He is not ashamed to call them brethren.’ And again: ‘He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham; wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren.’ Now these brethren, among whom Christ is the First-born, whom he is not ashamed to call his brethren—this divine brotherhood can be no other than the church; and since it is not confined to one nation, as was the Jewish Church, but is gathered out of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, it is the Catholic Church—the Church universal—of the Gospel.”

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“What were the Reformers and their followers? Did they cease to be Catholics? By no means. They as-

serted their Catholicity, and proved it by appealing to Scripture and antiquity. They never dreamed of striking out of the Creed the article of the Holy Catholic Church. But then, contending as they did for the Gospel doctrine of union with Christ by faith, immediate and direct, in opposition to the Roman doctrine of communion with Christ only through the priesthood—proclaiming the glorious liberty of the sons of God, a deliverance from the servitude of a system which generated not the spirit of adoption, but the ‘spirit of bondage again to fear’—they were distinctively Gospel, *Evangelical Catholics*, and such, I maintain, is the proper denomination of all Protestants who honestly and heartily receive the Apostles’ Creed.

“From what I have said, you will be ready to conclude that Evangelical Catholicism, after all, means nothing more than ‘Evangelicalism.’ I hope to show you wherein it differs from that on the one side, and from ‘Anglicanism’ on the other.

“ . . . But you say, to speak of Evangelical Catholicism is tautology, since all true Catholicism must be Evangelical, and all true Evangelicalism must be Catholic. Certainly, and I grant that *Catholic* would be sufficient, if there was not a well-nigh universal understanding that the term is synonymous with *Roman Catholic*. This is a misfortune—but so it is. ‘Use is the law of language’—use has affixed a certain signification to the term, and we can not alter it. Speak of *Catholics*, and not one in a hundred would suppose you meant any others than members of the Roman

Church. If we will have the name, and surrender it we can not, we must qualify it, we must explain it, in order to guard against the common construction of it—we must affix an epithet which will tell that we are *not* Romanists, and *why* we are not, and for this purpose I know none better than that here contended for. As Protestants, we believe that Romanism is at variance with the Gospel, and therefore we style ourselves Gospel, that is, *Evangelical Catholics*. This states our position both as Protestants and members of the Catholic Church.

“The Catholic Church is the universal society of the brethren in Christ which has existed from the beginning, when the Son of God was made flesh, and men by believing in him became the sons of God; all who believe in him and are baptized constitute this brotherhood. I do not say all who truly believe in him, because they can not be distinguished from others who do not truly believe, and I say who are baptized, because baptism is the sacrament of adoption, wherein God declares himself their Father, and they profess themselves to be his children, and consequently brothers in Christ. Thus, all the baptized are to be regarded as members of the Catholic Church, so long as they do not renounce their baptism, either by an avowed rejection of the Catholic faith, or an openly bad life, which is virtually such a rejection.

“What is the Catholic Faith? I answer, that which has been universally required to be believed, in order to salvation. We find it in its simplest form in several

places in the New Testament. Thus, it is that which the Ethiopian eunuch professed, and on which Philip baptized him: 'I BELIEVE THAT JESUS CHRIST IS THE SON OF GOD.' This was all the creed demanded of him. The same was the creed which St. Paul enjoined on the jailor when he baptized him: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' This was the creed of Martha when, amid her grief, she exclaimed: 'I believe that thou art the Christ which should come into the world.' This was the confession which satisfied our Lord, when Peter said: 'I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' and so satisfied him that he declared upon that confession he would build his church. 'This is his commandment,' says St. John, 'that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ.' And again: 'Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?' From all that appears, this short and summary confession was the whole, *on the score of belief*, of what was required of the first converts in order to their baptism. The apostles proclaimed Jesus of Nazareth the Son of God—the hearers believed, and were baptized. Their belief, expressed in so few words, implied indeed, immediately and directly a great deal, but nothing more was explicitly declared. The creed of the eunuch, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' was the original symbol of the Catholic Faith. After the age of the apostles, and when the life of our Lord on earth became matter of history, this brief formula was expressed more at length in

that primitive and extremely ancient document—so ancient, that it has ever been known as the Apostles' Creed. This, besides the acknowledgment of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, is for the most part a short history of Jesus, from his incarnation to his ascension into heaven, thence to come again to judge both the quick and the dead; so that, in fact, it is mainly the original formula drawn out in historical detail. This served the church for the first three centuries. All the generations of men and women that were enrolled among her members made only this summary profession. That which was the Catholic Faith *then*, must be the Catholic Faith *now*; and that which was a sufficient expression of it then, is a sufficient expression of it *now*. Such, certainly, is the judgment of our own branch of the church in the matter. She requires nothing, either of the adult or the sponsor for the infant, but a belief in 'the Articles of the Christian Faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed.' She inserts no other creed in her catechism; and when she asks of the catechumen what he chiefly learned from it, he is instructed to proceed with no deductions or inferences from it, or at least only such as are immediate and obvious. . . . This is eminently the Catholic creed. Whoever holds it, holds all that the church in all ages has required to be believed in order to salvation. Of course, I am not speaking of what we are required to do, nor of the sacraments, ministry, or worship of the church, but simply of the *FARR*. The *Credenda*, and that by common consent, and the em-

phatic practice of our own church in particular, is the Apostles' Creed.

“‘But this brief document,’ you will remind me, ‘is a very comprehensive and profound one. It is a fund of truth, vast, rich, and deep. In abiding by its articles, we implicitly receive all that is contained in them, and what follows from them. We do not take the several articles as so many barren propositions.’ Unquestionably, we are bound to receive all that follows from the Creed by fair deduction; that is, provided we see it to be such deduction. If we do not thus see it, we are not bound to receive it. Many, the great majority of deductions from the Creed are so evident, that we are compelled to admit them as of equal authority with the Creed itself. Others are not so. A proposition asserted to flow necessarily from one of the original articles may seem demonstrable to one man and not to another. Such propositions every one is at liberty to examine by the light of reason and Holy Writ, and accept or refuse them accordingly. A man is not unsound in the faith as long as he stands on the apostolical basis, however he may regard some of the superstructures that are raised upon it. He is not to be set down for a heretic, as long as he honestly adheres to the old Catholic symbol, although he may deny alleged inferences from it, and although, moreover, these inferences be maintained as part and parcel of the faith by a large portion of the church, perchance by the whole branch of the church to which he belongs. This is his Christian liberty—the liberty secured to him

at his baptism, which he received on condition of his believing the Apostles' Creed. As long as he honestly adheres to that, he has not apostatized from his baptismal faith, and if not an apostate from that faith, he is not a heretic.

“Upon the groundwork of the Creed, or upon a groundwork added to it, drawn from Scripture, men have reared the numberless and multiform theological systems which divide the Christian world. The advocates of each, confident that they reason conclusively from the fundamental premises, earnestly contend for it as for ‘the faith once delivered to the saints.’ Each stands up for his own articles, formularies, or dogmas, as valiantly as he stands up for the Creed, nay, more valiantly, since, in striving for *these*, he believes he is most successfully striving for *that*, which often is lost sight of in the zeal employed upon the means for its preservation. Hence come the distraction and discord of Christendom. Hence there are as many orthodoxies as there are branches, divisions, and schisms in the church. Hence there are as many voices of the truth—if so be that truth can speak with contradictory voices—as there were tongues in the Corinthian Church, where each had a language of his own. Hence in our respective pulpits we preach from our books of theology, according to our traditionary formulas, our conventional modes of faith or doctrine, every herald of the Gospel sounding his own party trumpet, averring that it alone gives forth the note of truth. Amid this noise and jar, oh for the voice of the glorious old Creed once more,

in its own pure and solemn strains rising above our discords, and rallying men to the original common ground where the church once stood at unity with herself, and where, if her unity is ever to be restored, she must stand again! We shall have to fall back upon the primitive ground, and use our strength in defending the common territory, instead of expending it all upon the separate fabrics there erected. We Protestants have need to come to a better understanding, and to look about for a platform broad enough for us to stand together upon, and to make common cause against the enemy, which, from opposite quarters, is coming in like a flood; and what can that be but the Rock-Confession on which Christ hath built his Church. . . .”

“The *Evangelical Catholic*,” wrote Dr. Harwood, who, at Dr. Muhlenberg’s solicitation, became his assistant in the editorship of the paper, “was a genuine surprise, and the surprise culminated when it was discovered that he had no doctrinal affiliation with the party to which it had been assumed that he belonged. It was found that he was thoroughly Protestant, both in his beliefs and his sympathies. *Catholic* he claimed to be, because he held to the historic church, with its creed, and sacraments, and ministry, and type of worship; *Evangelical*, because the Scriptures were the sole ultimate rule of faith and practice. He advocated great freedom of thought within the faith of Christ. This was the position he laid down, and upon which he stood before the church and country. Standing upon

it resolutely, he found, and others found also, that he thenceforth, surely, and without any qualification, began to acquire the confidence of the community, and became a recognized power in New York and throughout the church."

No change took place in the manner or character of his church services or sermons with the publication of the *Evangelical Catholic*. Gradually, perhaps, there was a more thorough clearing away of any vestige of "mere ecclesiasticism" that may have lingered with him from his brief contact with Oxford.

He may have felt more sure of his ground, and so have preached, as some thought, "with more power than ever before." But there was nothing really new to himself in that which took others by surprise.

As far back as the year 1835, in the midst of his school labors, he had written, and the following year published, his "Hints on Catholic Union."* From beginning to end of his ministry, his heart was full of a yearning desire for the union, in some form, of the Protestant bodies of Christendom. He was all along an "Evangelical Catholic," though not until now did he invest his principles with that pertinent name. His earliest explicit utterance in print was the above named treatise in 1835, in undertaking which he at first only designed to write a brief preface to some extracts from Bishop Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," but the subject opened up to him as he

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series*.

studied it, and the preface became a book. The keynote of the essay is found in the sacred opening words from our Lord's Sacerdotal Prayer: "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." "That they all may be one"—the great company of believers throughout the world,—the church, being, as Hooker says, "like the sea—one everywhere, though it have many precincts and many names."

A larger experience showed him that the particular *methods* of union suggested in the little work referred to, needed reconsideration, but its theory throughout is what he afterwards so repeatedly and eloquently urged: namely, Evangelical Catholicism; and the *spirit* of the treatise of eighteen years before, was identical with that of the present paper. The able columns of the latter, in connection with higher and more thoughtful articles, brought the touchstone of its principles to bear, in a lighter way, on men and things generally, on passing public events, and on the minutiae of domestic life. Many a pithy word and bright little lesson filled up spare corners of the sheet, and sometimes a reader would recognize in the pleasantly put item a suggestion furnished by himself. Thus: A fond father and mother, on one of Dr. Muhlenberg's pastoral visits, exhibited the accomplishments of their baby boy. They were both amused and instructed to read in the next issue of the *Evangelical Catholic* the following: "'Show how big you are.' And the dear

little creature, long before it can speak, lifts its tiny hands to its head—‘*So big.*’ ‘Now, again, show how big you are.’ The darling baby, how well it understands already. What wonder that all our lives long we are showing *how big we are*, when it is one of the first lessons we learn in infancy.”

Incidentally, the paper was serviceable to St. Luke’s Hospital and the Sisterhood, by keeping both institutions in view, and in the latter case, gradually allaying apprehensions of a secret nunnery and the like, by promoting familiarity with the true genius of the society. Much prudence had to be exercised, however, in this regard, and several communications appeared in the columns of the paper on the questions, *pro* and *con*, of the service of “Protestant nuns” in the projected church hospital. In the mind of the founder of both institutions, there was never any doubt of the result; but with his usual wisdom and prudence, he gave fair play to differing opinions on the subject.

From the beginning of the church, the first Sister, with an associate or two, informally connected with her, had done true Sisters’ work in the parish. In 1852 the community was regularly organized as the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion. Principles of association were formulated, and a body of tried rules adopted.

A pamphlet, written by the first Sister, and edited by Dr. Muhlenberg, was at the same time put in circulation, in the hope of disarming fears, and of making the association better understood. A revised edition

of that little work, republished at the desire of one of the bishops* of the church, was afterwards more widely disseminated, and is reputed to have done its part in establishing confidence in such associations. In Dr. Muhlenberg's Introduction to this work, entitled "Thoughts on Evangelical Sisterhoods,"† are some golden words which the popularity and present tendency of such communities amongst us make it desirable to preserve; and this the more, it will be conceded, in that he was the first to introduce Sisterhoods in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The following extracts are from the Introduction alluded to:

"At once, then, let it be said, that while we do not underrate the good that is done by such orders as the Sisters of Charity in the Roman Communion, we desire to attempt no copying of them among ourselves. They are essentially Roman. To say nothing of their corruptions and errors of faith, their perpetual vows, their constrained celibacy, their unreserved submission to ecclesiastical rule, their subjection of the conscience to priestly guidance, their onerous rounds of ceremonies and devotions, the whole tenor of their exterior religious life make them a homogeneous part of the system of that Church. They could exist nowhere else. There can be no imitations of them in a Protestant Church.‡

* Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania.

† T. Whittaker, No. 2 Bible House.

‡ "Some of the Anglican Sisterhoods strike us as imitations. They are not genuine productions of Evangelical Charity in its Protestant

“A Sisterhood (the appellation is too good to be given up), as here contended for, is a very simple thing. It is a community of Christian women, devoted to works of charity, as the service of their lives, or of a certain portion of them. For the most part, they form a household of themselves; that being necessary in order to their mutual sympathy and encouragement, and to their greater unity and efficiency in action. They are held together by identity of purpose, and accordance of will and feeling. Their one bond of union is simply the ‘Love of Christ constraining them.’ As long as that continues to be a constraining motive, cordially uniting the members, their society will last. In proportion as that languishes and fails, it will decline and dissolve of its own accord. In this respect, as well as in so many others, it differs from any of the religious orders of the Roman Church. To whatever extent these latter are actuated by the genuine life of true charity, yet they have all another and independent life, derived from the system of which they are a component part, and which may be called their ecclesiastical life. Hence they may continue to exist, in virtue of the latter, while the former is no more. Though their proper vitality be gone, the force of the church still acts upon them, impelling them on and keeping them in action. They may be in a state of moral apostasy—personal piety and virtue may be rare, or be entirely extinct in them;

simplicity. They have a foreign garb, indicative of a foreign taste. Pastor Fleidner’s deaconesses are more to our mind.” *Original note*, 1852.

abuses and corruptions may be multiplying, nevertheless they live and prosper in their own way. They have lost none of their mere ecclesiastical vitality. They retain the imparted energy of "the church." Protestantism has no such power. That belongs to a consolidated church. Protestantism possesses not the art of keeping dead things alive. Orders of charity, should they come to pass among us, will be such really and actually as long as they last. They may not last long, but they will be what they profess to be as long as they do last. They will not survive their true and proper existence; they will derive no after being, no perfunctory and mechanical life from the church. As the spontaneous product of charity, they will thrive just as the spirit of charity continues to be their indwelling spirit. Their corruption will lead to their dissolution. Having only one life, when they are dead, they will die. Nothing then, is to be feared from a truly Evangelical Sisterhood. When it degenerates it will come to an end. It depends for its continuance wholly upon the continuance of the zeal which called it into being. The uniting principle among its members, is their common affection for the object which has brought them together, and which, by giving intenseness to their mutual affection as Sisters in Christ, tends to strengthen and confirm their social existence; but there is no constraint from without on the part of the church, not any from within in the form of religious vows, or promises to one another to insure their perpetuity as a body, or to interfere with

their freedom of conscience as individuals. While one in feeling and action, each yet ‘stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.’ Not that they hold themselves ever ready to adjourn, or that they would be satisfied with an ephemeral existence. Each and all feel that they have entered upon a sacred service, which they are at liberty to quit, only at the demand of duty elsewhere. They naturally cherish their union. They look forward to its permanence in themselves, and their successors, who may be called thereto. How it may be they do not know. They walk by faith. As they trust their society has come to pass in the gracious ordering of God, so they believe it will be upheld by him, as long as he has work for them to do, and it pleases him to give them grace to do it. Handmaidens of the Lord, waiting upon his good pleasure, they are not anxious for the future, content to leave it in his hands.”

As regarded any central organization, Dr. Muhlenberg said: “It is wholly undesirable. We want no such combination, no wide-spread of charity, under one head, or church control—neither, for my part, would I have these associations to be bodies corporate in law, or in any way capable of holding property in their own right. Should they have dwelling-houses, as places of retirement when disabled, or in their old age, these, with moderate endowments, might be held for them by trustees, but nothing further. As simple evangelical associations, not ecclesiastical organizations, the less they have of the means of worldly influence the better.

Let this be understood, and any fears or jealousies of a woman-power in the church, which, in fact, would be a priestly power, will have no place. The dread of convents, abbesses, lady-superiors, and every thing of that sort, will vanish."

In the constitution of the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion, the term 'First' heretofore applied to the original Sister, as first in the order of time, became the authorized title of the head or principal of the association, and was chosen as more simple, and less-assuming, than others now in vogue for the directing Sister.

St. Luke's Hospital quietly made its way into the hearts of Christian people generally, from the date of the first appeal of the Board of Managers for one hundred thousand dollars. The contributions, mainly from the rich, but occasionally from very opposite sources, came in encouragingly. The wealthy gave of their abundance, and some poor people of their penury. A young physician consecrated his opening practice by sending part of his first fee to Dr. Muhlenberg, for St. Luke's; and a testamentary bequest of ten thousand dollars, from Dr. Wiley of the United States navy, was received before even the site was fully determined upon. Within a year, the proposed amount was secured; but the last five thousand, given especially to complete the hundred thousand, was contributed on condition that fifty thousand more should be raised.

It took proportionably longer to get this additional amount, and conflicting circumstances in connection

with a site caused considerable delay. Almost from the time of St. Luke's incorporation, the ground on which it stands was regarded as well adapted for the purpose, and, moreover, very desirable, inasmuch as it could be obtained without an outlay of money. The corporation of the city, for certain considerations on the part of Trinity Church, had made a grant to the Church of St. George the Martyr, of which the Rev. Moses Marcus was rector, of twenty-four lots of ground, on the condition that there should be erected thereon a hospital and free chapel for British emigrants, within three years from the date of the grant. That condition not having been met, and the property in consequence likely to revert to the city, the Managers of St. Luke's exerted themselves with the city corporation, and obtained an extension of another three years. They then entered into negotiations with the Church of St. George the Martyr, which issued in the release of the ground to the corporation of St. Luke's, on certain conditions in regard to the support of patients, satisfactory to both parties.* But the land held by the Church of St. George the Martyr was insufficient in extent, for such a hospital as was now proposed, and the eligibility of other sites in different quarters of the city was actively discussed.

Dr. Muhlenberg fell in with the action of the Board in this particular, though without any idea of the institution standing anywhere else than where it does. For,

* "Sketch of Origin and Progress of St. Luke's Hospital." W. A. M. 1859.

while these questions were pending, after a manner of his own, he took possession of the ground. It was thus: One afternoon in the spring of 1853, without any explanation of his purpose, he proposed to some friends much interested in the hospital project, to take a drive up town. Stopping at the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, the party alighted, and followed to the middle of the present Hospital site, which then presented only a dreary, weed-covered area, with two gaunt, weather-beaten oak-trees looming up to the sky. He took his companions entirely by surprise, when, after a moment of silence, he uncovered his head, and saying, "Now we will consecrate this place for St. Luke's Hospital," breathed a fervent prayer for the divine blessing upon what he knew, with the "intuition that was foresight," would come to pass there and nowhere else.

Eventually, the Managers extended this site to suit their object, by the purchase of eight lots, adjoining the St. George Martyr grant, to the west; making thirty-two city lots the entire extent of the ground. The matter of locality thus settled, there would yet elapse considerable time before any building was in readiness, and Dr. Muhlenberg and his Sister workers could not wait the tardy establishment of St. Luke's, to make some provision for the sick, now constantly thrust upon their notice,—poor, pious, incurable sufferers, with not so much as a decent attic or basement to die in. Three such, in quick succession, claimed succor. "What can we do?" he anxiously asked the

Sisters. There was no vacant room in the house they occupied, though they had now and again sheltered a sick person there. "We must hire a place as near us as we can, and take them in," was the conclusion; to which Dr. Muhlenberg joyfully assented. He always obtained money for the Sisters' charities, so they had not any disheartening question of means to embarrass them, and a little hospital was forthwith improvised in the rear-tenement of an alley, very near their own dwelling. Two or three rooms of a small house were all that was available, and here, in 1853, St. Luke's was virtually begun. The Sisters prepared the food of these poor patients in their own kitchen, and took turns in ministering personally to them. They did not at first escape a little persecution from their fellow-tenants of the alley, who threatened to prosecute them for introducing a "catching disease," and had to be indebted to a poor good woman, whom they had taken care of, for mediating with her rough neighbors in their behalf. So much for the embryo St. Luke's, as it really proved, for there was no break in the direct succession of patients. These in the rear-tenement having been later transferred to the Infirmary of the Church of the Holy Communion, and that institution in due time supplying the first patients of the full-grown Hospital.

CHAPTER XVI.

1853-1855.

Memorial to the House of Bishops.—Papers on the Memorial.—A Proper Radicalism.—Dr. Harwood on Origin of Memorial.—Reminiscences by Dr. E. A. Washburn.—Not Daunted by Unsuccess.—Ceaseless Efforts for Unity.—A Favor to the Sisterhood.—Infirmary of Church of the Holy Communion.—Happy Service.—Quarantined.—The Pastor's Visits.—Ideal of a Sister of Charity.—Corner-Stone of St. Luke's Hospital Laid.—Location.—General Plan of Building.—A Street Incident.—Bearing Injuries.

THE *Evangelical Catholic* terminated its course within a little over two years. It had fulfilled its mission, and then gave place to, or rather culminated in, what is called "the Memorial Movement."

This Memorial, originating with Dr. Muhlenberg, was a high and noble venture for the emancipation of the church as to all that holds her back from the full exercise of her great mission to mankind. It was presented to the House of Bishops, as a council of the Protestant Episcopate, by Dr. Muhlenberg, and others of the clergy in sympathy with him. Its central thought was the same as that, many years back, of "Hints on Catholic Union," viz., the prayer of our Divine Lord: "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us." The movement had a twofold bearing: "one, on the Episcopal

Church, as such; the other, which was its ultimate scope, on that church considered in its essential elements, as the norm of a broader and more Catholic system."

Both as to its formative idea, and its widest development, the Memorial was powerfully and exhaustively set forth by Dr. Muhlenberg, in a succession of pamphlets which collectively make the chief bulk of an octavo volume of some five hundred pages. Apart from their direct object, these papers are worth perusal for their beauty and fervor of utterance, their luminous argument, their pertinent and instructive illustrations, and, together with their boldness, the absence of any acrimony, and the gentle and loving spirit, which, like a golden cord running through them, binds all together as a pure offering on the sacred altar of Christian Unity.

The following, from one of those expository pamphlets, rings out the essential argument of the whole. "Radicalism" some had called it. "Radicalism it is—literally," said Dr. Muhlenberg, "and of the right kind. It is going to the roots of things; and there verily do we need to go. Times do come when men must throw themselves boldly on first principles, when they must fearlessly carry them out and let them have their issues, despite the forms and conventionalities that have been planted about them, and have been fastened upon them, albeit for their protection. For such radicalism the time has come, such going to the root of the matter—aye, even to the 'ROOT AND OFFSPRING OF DAVID.' It is

time that we looked to our planting there. It is time we turned to the Foundation, to the 'Corner-stone in Zion, Elect and Precious,' and called men to rally there. Nowhere else will they rally. The time has gone by for platforms and systems to be rallying ground. Change is at work on every side. The traditional, the hereditary, the venerable in the outworks of religion, have lost their hold on the age; to none of them, however we may choose to bind ourselves, may we hope to bind others, to gather force for withstanding the revolutions of the times. If the Faith itself is to be preserved 'whole and undefiled,' nothing remains to us, but to stand firm to it, to see it distinctly, to turn men's eyes to it, over and above all the accessories and appendages which we are so prone to confound with it, and on which we divide our strength. ALLEGIANCE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—this is the watchword now to be heard above all the signals of parties, sects, and churches. This alone will pierce the din and confusion of the times, and tell on hearts scattered abroad. The 'Temple of the Lord'—'the Temple of the Lord,' has long enough been heard from every petty quarter of Christendom. The Lord of the Temple, the Lord of the Temple, must now be the cry to gather the people of the Lord, to do the work of the Lord, to uprear in its living majesty the Temple of the Lord. From whom shall the summons come, clear, unmingled with any other note, but from the chief ministers of the Lord? By whom, if not by them, shall it be sounded forth, apart from the noises and strifes of the syna-

gogue. Shall the synagogue confine their voice? Shall they not stand in the highways and cry aloud? Shall they not be prophets? Is not now the word to them as of old—‘O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!’”*

The great importance of the movement demands the insertion of the original in full.

“THE MEMORIAL.

“To the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Council assembled:

‘RIGHT REVEREND FATHERS:—

“The undersigned, presbyters of the church of which you have the oversight, venture to approach your venerable body with an expression of sentiment, which their estimate of your office in relation to the times does not permit them to withhold. In so doing, they have confidence in your readiness to appreciate their motives and their aims. The actual posture of our church with reference to the great moral and social necessities of the day, presents to the mind of the undersigned a subject of grave and anxious thought. Did they suppose that this was confined to themselves, they would not feel warranted in submitting it to your attention; but they believe it to be participated in by many of their brethren, who may not have seen the

* “Exposition of Memorial,” *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series.*

expediency of declaring their views, or at least a mature season for such a course.

“The divided and distracted state of our American Protestant Christianity, the new and subtle forms of unbelief adapting themselves with fatal success to the spirit of the age, the consolidated forces of Romanism bearing with renewed skill and activity against the Protestant faith, and as more or less the consequence of these, the utter ignorance of the Gospel among so large a portion of the lower classes of our population, making a heathen world in our midst, are among the considerations which induce your Memorialists to present the inquiry whether the period has not arrived for the adoption of measures, to meet these exigencies of the times, more comprehensive than any yet provided for by our present ecclesiastical system: in other words, whether the Protestant Episcopal Church, with only her present canonical means and appliances, her fixed and invariable modes of public worship, and her traditional customs and usages, is competent to the work of preaching and dispensing the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, and so adequate to do the work of the Lord in this land and in this age? This question, your petitioners, for their own part, and in consonance with many thoughtful minds among us, believe must be answered in the negative. Their Memorial proceeds on the assumption that our church, confined to the exercise of her present system, is not sufficient to the great purposes above mentioned—that a wider door must be opened for admission to the Gospel ministry

than that through which her candidates for holy orders are now obliged to enter. Besides such candidates among her own members, it is believed that men can be found among the other bodies of Christians around us, who would gladly receive ordination at your hands, could they obtain it without that entire surrender which would now be required of them, of *all* the liberty in public worship to which they have been accustomed—men who could not bring themselves to conform in all particulars to our prescriptions and customs, but yet sound in the faith, and who, having the gifts of preachers and pastors, would be able ministers of the New Testament.

“With deference it is asked, ought such an accession to your means, in executing your high commission, ‘Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,’ to be refused, for the sake of conformity in matters recognized in the *Preface to the Book of Common Prayer* as unessentials? Dare we pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the harvest, while we reject all laborers but those of one peculiar type? The extension of orders to the class of men contemplated (with whatever safeguards, not infringing on evangelical freedom, which your wisdom might deem expedient) appears to your petitioners to be a subject supremely worthy of your deliberations.

“In addition to the prospect of the immediate good which would thus be opened, an important step would be taken towards the effecting of a Church unity in the Protestant Christendom of our land.

To become a central bond of union among Christians, who, though differing in name, yet hold to the one Faith, the one Lord, and the one Baptism, and who need only such a bond to be drawn together in closer and more primitive fellowship, is here believed to be the peculiar province and high privilege of your venerable body as a College of CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC BISHOPS *as such*.

“This leads your petitioners to declare the ultimate design of their Memorial—which is to submit the practicability, under your auspices, of some ecclesiastical system, broader and more comprehensive than that which you now administer, surrounding and including the Protestant Episcopal Church as it now is, leaving that church untouched, identical with that church in all its great principles, yet providing for as much freedom in opinion, discipline, and worship, as is compatible with the essential faith and order of the Gospel. To define and act upon such a system, it is believed, must sooner or later be the work of an American Catholic Episcopate.

“In justice to themselves on this occasion, your Memorialists beg leave to remark that, although aware that the foregoing views are not confined to their own small number, they have no reason to suppose that any other parties contemplate a public expression of them, like the present. Having therefore undertaken it, they trust that they have not laid themselves open to the charge of unwarranted intrusion. They find their warrant in the prayer now offered up by all our

congregations, 'That the comfortable Gospel of Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed, in all places, to the breaking down of the kingdom of Sin, Satan, and Death.'

“Convinced that, for the attainment of these blessed ends, there must be some greater concert of action among Protestant Christians than any which yet exists, and believing that with you, Right Reverend Fathers, it rests to take the first measures tending thereto, your petitioners could not do less than humbly submit their Memorial to such consideration as in your wisdom you may see fit to give it. Praying that it may not be dismissed without reference to a Commission, and assuring you, Right Reverend Fathers, of our dutiful veneration and esteem,

“We are, Most respectfully,
“Your Brethren and Servants in the Gospel of Christ.”

Here followed the signatures of a number of presbyters from different dioceses. The most of them were appended immediately to the Memorial, and the others to a postscript in which the assent to the same is qualified.

The prayer of the Memorialists was granted by the appointment of the Commission which they asked. It consisted of Bishops Otey, Doane, Alonzo Potter, Burgess, Williams, and Wainwright.

On the fly-leaf of the Memorial, preceding the document, was the following from the *Preface to the Book of Common Prayer*: “It is a most invaluable part of that

blessed *liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free* that in his worship, different forms and usages may without offence be allowed, provided the substance of the faith be kept entire; and that, in every church, what can not be clearly determined to belong to Doctrine must be referred to Discipline; and therefore, by common consent and authority, may be altered, abridged, enlarged, amended, or otherwise disposed of, as may seem most convenient for the edification of the people, ‘according to the various exigencies of times and occasions.’”

The Rev. Dr. Harwood, mentioned in a previous chapter as associated with Dr. Muhlenberg in the conduct of the *Evangelical Catholic*, and from that circumstance more intimately acquainted than any other clergyman of the time with the circumstances under which the Memorial originated, thus speaks, both of the beginning of the movement and of what it achieved:

“‘What do we mean?’ Dr. Muhlenberg would ask. ‘We call ourselves Catholics? What are we doing for the people—for our brothers and sisters who never hear the Gospel preached; who will not come near our churches; who claim that the church is only for the rich? . . . Our position is alike absurd and unchristian.’ Then, moreover, he became more and more painfully impressed with the isolation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he felt that effort should be made to bring the Christians of this land into something like fellowship, on the basis of a common historic faith, and while he was giving much thought

and time to the subject, he suddenly, with that impulsive energy which comes like an inspiration to a man of genius, said to a friend: 'Let us prepare a Memorial upon this to the House of Bishops, and if we can get no one to sign it, we will sign it ourselves, and send it in.' This is the origin of the Memorial sent to the House of Bishops in October 1853, and which is known, and will continue to be known, as the 'Memorial Movement.' The Memorial was prepared and met with ready approval. Only a few were asked to sign it. Scarcely any refusals were met with, and in due time it was presented to the House of Bishops where it was received with many expressions of generous sympathy. A Committee of the Bishops was appointed to consider the subject, to receive other papers that might be presented, and to report at the next meeting of the Convention. . . . The subject awakened immediate and general interest. It was discussed in all our church papers, in tracts and essays, which were read before the Committee of Bishops. . . . Dr. Muhlenberg's enthusiasm never for a moment abated; and when the argument was exhausted, we awaited with some impatience the meeting of the General Committee in 1856. At that Convention the House of Bishops took action: and their somewhat famous declaration was passed. This declaration expressed the opinion of the bishops to this effect, that 'the order of Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Communion Service, being three separate offices, may, as in former times, be used separately,

under the advice of the bishop of the diocese.' 'That, on special occasions, or at extraordinary services not otherwise provided for, ministers may, at their discretion, use such parts of the Book of Common Prayer, or such lesson or lessons from Holy Scripture as shall, in their judgment, tend most to edification.'

"The declaration proceeded to give authority to the bishops to prepare services suitable for congregations not acquainted with, nor accustomed to, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and lastly a *Commission on Church Unity* was appointed, 'as an organ of communication or conference with such Christian bodies or individuals as may desire it.' All authority to mature plans of union with other 'Christian bodies' was at the same time disavowed. . . . The Commission on Church Unity did not achieve any permanent results; but their declaration respecting the services, in due time, acquired the force of law, and the law is still upon the statute-book of the church. Dr. Muhlenberg had every reason to congratulate himself and to be congratulated upon the success of the Memorial. True, he could not create a spirit against the ecclesiastical spirit of our time and church, but to him more, far more, than to any one man, we are indebted for a sense of larger liberty in the use of the Book of Common Prayer, for the right to separate the separate portions of the service, and for the readiness with which special services for special occasions are prepared and made use of. He has called into life a larger liturgical spirit and a more generous latitude than had hitherto been

known in our day and country. Results are rarely commensurate with hopes. There is always some disappointment, some regret at the scanty returns of generous ventures. The appeal to the bishops and to the church, made by Dr. Muhlenberg in 1853, has never been forgotten, however, and I do not exaggerate when I say that, in this respect, he has left the impress of his Christian wisdom upon our entire church.”*

The following reminiscences, and reflections, touching the Memorial, by the Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, are of interest here:

“It was then” (at the date of the Memorial), Dr. W. writes, “that I first knew him personally, and never can I forget the impression he left on me. He was at his ripest age, the glow of youth had passed into a large wisdom, but there was child-like faith, the intuition of the heart, the broken torrent of eloquent speech, the grand Catholic aspiration. I loved him from that hour, and if I say what any think too enthusiastic, I can only reply that they did not know him. Every conversation on the Memorial comes back to me. It was his conviction that our church needed to act, with all its capabilities, in the vast growing field of missions, and of ministries for all conditions of men. But, more than this, he felt that the best way of reconciliation for our strifes was larger room for real work. We were now in the temporary lull of the Oxford excitement, when its greatest leaders had re-

* From an address before an Association of Clergymen of which Dr. Muhlenberg was, at the time of his death, the senior member.

treated to Rome, before the next Ritualistic stage had begun, and he saw, with a prophetic eye, what others saw too late, ten years afterwards. High and Low parties were wasting their strength in quarrel over rubrics. The strife in his view was imbittered, because both were hemmed within the small arena of an inflexible system.

“The church needed unity in action, it must, instead of wrangling over theories of a Catholic past, show its catholicity in the time and conditions God had allotted it. In this thought he planned his Memorial. There was no loose freedom in it, but a thorough grasp of liturgical principles and a wise conservatism. No changes were to be made in the Prayer Book, no conflicting theories of revision were to scare the timid; but a liberty, within due bounds, was to be allowed in the use of the services. The clear, admirable papers from his own hand secured the sympathy of many of the clergy, and the favorable hearing of the bishops. But the party fears on either hand, the jealousy of the Episcopal authority, by the Lower House, and the great power of inertia in the body, strangled a plan as wise as it was generous. . . . We have learned the worth of our conservatism since. I dare hazard the judgment that had the Memorial prevailed, we should have been spared the two worst misfortunes since befallen us. No legislation can rid us of all our wrong-headed partisans. But the conscientious men of Ritualistic type, instead of defying law for chasubles and candles, would have thrown their devotion into noble work; and the

conscientious men who have only added another Reformed Episcopal fragment to the atoms floating in Christian space, would have remained content with just freedom. A generation hence will wonder at the policy called principle; nay, at this very hour, a large part of the freedom which the Memorial asked is virtually gained.”*

The unsuccess of the Memorial Movement, as to its intrinsic aim, in nowise checked Dr. Muhlenberg's endeavors, in other ways, towards what he believed to be the hope of the church. He ceased to expect much from Episcopal legislation, yet never remitted his efforts for Christian unity. Glancing, for the coherence of the subject, beyond the period which this chapter comprises, we find him more than ten years later, ardently attempting the formation, among some brother clergymen, of an Evangelical and Catholic Union; and before this he had purchased some lots on the east side of the city, purposing to erect there, as a realization, on his own part, of the idea of Christian fellowship, a “Church of the Testimony of Jesus,” with a St. John's House or Inn of Charity appended—a thought subsequently abandoned for the grander embodiment of the same principles in his St. Johnland.

He had an intense conviction of the possibilities of the Episcopal Church, rightly applied, to meet the demands of the times as to Christian freedom and fellowship; and to the last of his life, “That they all may be

* From a sermon after Dr. Muhlenberg's decease.

one," was his watchword and aspiration, the spirit of his daily actions, and his theme with any who would listen to him, whether in private or public. If he never presented literally, a second Memorial to the House of Bishops, he did virtually, with powerful and eloquent appeal, to the church at large, through his great works of heaven-born charity, and the pure catholic spirit with which he infused every one of them.

Once, indeed, and with the expiring forces of his life—for he was just entering his seventy-seventh year—he drafted, and with his own hand wrote out a monograph on the Potentiality of the English Bishops, of which more particular mention will be found later. He never rested the theme, but constantly to his life's end, felt, uttered, acted it, as under prophetic inspiration. Prophets are greater after death than in life, being rarely duly esteemed until time and circumstances begin to verify their words; and it may be that it is for the church of the future to do full justice to the Memorial and its author in relation to it.

A signal favor was bestowed upon the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion, in the year of the Memorial (1853), in the foundation of a beautiful house, for their especial use, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Swift,—valued and well-beloved members of the congregation,—as a memorial of their only daughter, Virginia. She was a sweet little girl, and greatly attached to the first Sister, in whose arms she died, on the evening of the Epiphany, 1850. This house is of fine brown-stone, rubbed, and in architecture like that of the

church, which it joins within one enclosure. This, and many accompanying kindnesses on the part of its founders, should be especially remembered to the credit of their faith and generosity, at a time when prejudice was strong against such communities, and the very name of "Sister" a reproach.

Early the following year, the Sisters took possession of their home, and then had the happiness of removing their surviving tenement-house patients into the house they had vacated, which adjoined their own, and was made to communicate directly with it. This building had been suitably equipped for the accommodation of eighteen patients, with rooms on the ground floor for the Sisters' School, composed of the poorer children of the parish. The Church Dispensary was carried on under their own roof.

During the four years that were yet to elapse before St. Luke's should be ready for use, something over two hundred patients were nursed in this Infirmary of the Holy Communion. The larger number were incurables, but not nearly all. The Sisters cared for their charge in the main, without any hired assistance, even to laying them out with their own hands, in death, and a very blessed service they found it. The memory of those days of their "first love" was always very precious to this early band of volunteer workers, and the Infirmary was, further, a valuable seminary for the future St. Luke's.

Dr. Muhlenberg took the greatest pleasure in the work, throwing his warm Christian love and sympathy

into every part of it. At one time a woman was admitted, whose malady, unexpectedly proved to be small-pox, and the disease spread; there were some five or six cases in all. The Sisters were quarantined for many days, by the fears of the congregation. They were debarred attendance at church, and for the most part excluded from all outside communication, save with their pastor. No such considerations could deter him from constant intercourse as well with the sick as with their Sister nurses; and his visits were like sunshine in the inevitable gloom of the situation. On one of these occasions, he found a young probationary Sister, rocking, as he lay wrapped in a blanket within her arms, a little boy, very ill with the loathsome disease. She was singing a hymn for him, and the poor child smiled as he looked up to her face and forgot his pain and restlessness. Dr. Muhlenberg came down from the ward enamored of the picture—"The very ideal of a Sister of Charity." It is comfortable to add, that the Sisters themselves passed through the exposure unharmed.

There were extremely interesting religious services in that little Infirmary: many baptisms, more than one confirmation, and frequent communions. These, in connection with the opportunities of unobtrusive personal service afforded, its freedom from the annoyances of hired employees and other disturbing elements inseparable from larger hospitals, were greatly enjoyed by the Sisters and so frequently the subject of congratulation that Dr. Muhlenberg often said to them,

"Ah, you will find nothing like this in St. Luke's." Nor did they. Admirable and beautiful as is that Institution.

The corner-stone of the Hospital was laid by Bishop Wainwright, May 6th, 1854. In some verses of a hymn written for the occasion, Dr. Muhlenberg thus expressed the spirit of the Foundation:

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"The lepers cleansed, the palsied healed,
Restored the maimed, the halt, the blind,
Thy Gospel thus of old revealed,
A Gospel still, thy poor shall find.

"Thy church with sympathizing heart
For every form of human ill,
Shall yet do all the brother's part,
Shall yet thy charge of love fulfil."

The site is upon the Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Streets, the plot being two hundred feet by four hundred in length.

The architect was Mr. John W. Ritch. In making the plan of the house, he was directed to start with that which had been already determined upon, viz., a central Chapel immediately communicating with the wards. He worked this admirably into his design, and by corridors running lengthwise outside the wards, and connecting with the Chapel, made the latter highly conducive to the ventilation of the building. With its ample windows, it became a reservoir of fresh air flowing into the wards, and by means of the double

stairways, which connect all the stories permeating the whole house. The building occupies the northern part of the plot, the principal front being on Fifty-fourth Street. It thus faces the south, extending longitudinally from east to west two hundred and eighty feet.

The general plan of the building is a narrow parallelogram, with a wing at each end, and the central Chapel flanked with towers. The elevations of the several fronts, even to the members of the cornices, are of square brick, the architect being required to build at the smallest expense consistently with durability and a becoming appearance.

"The plan of the building," said Dr. Muhlenberg, "I was desirous should provide rooms for the good women, the Sisters, who, under the Pastor and Superintendent, it was tacitly understood were to have charge of the sick. On mentioning this to one or two of my most intimate friends in the Board, they thought it decidedly inexpedient, not so much from any feeling of their own, as from existing prejudices, which were so strong, that they feared any provision for 'nuns,' as they would be called, would seriously damage the whole enterprise. The Clerical Board of the Hospital made objections on the same score, and required that nothing should be done in regard to it without their unanimous consent. But a better understanding soon came about, and by the time the Hospital was opened, fears of 'Puseyite Sisters,' no longer came in the way of an agency which in its domestic and Christian administration soon proved itself invaluable."

As in the building of the Church of the Holy Communion, so here with the Hospital, the main design was the architect's; but Dr. Muhlenberg's taste and judgment were continually brought to bear upon the details; now, it may be, arching an ugly square door or window, or again ingeniously converting some awkward and useless appendage into a shapely convenience.

His out-of-door exercise, as the walls rose above the foundation, was very frequently in the direction of the Hospital. In one of his many walks through Fifty-fourth Street, a little incident occurred that illuminates an especial grace of his character. As he passed along the unpaved street, he accidentally overset, stumbling as he did so, a pail of water which was left in the foot-path. Instantly, an ill-looking boy, who had been playing with some others in the road, rushed up, shouting, 'I say, old man, what did you do that for? That water had to be fetched, I tell yer.' "Why did *you* leave your pail so dangerously in the path?" said the Doctor's companion, with some indignation. "And how dare you speak so rudely to the gentleman?" "Well! Well! Never mind," Dr. Muhlenberg replied. "It *is* a pity the water is spilt. Will sixpence pay for getting some more, my boy?" handing the coin as he spoke. The young rough took the money with a gruff, "s'pose so," and ran off, hugging himself, no doubt, at his good bargain, while the man of God, without comment kept on his way.

The foregoing is a slight and trivial illustration of

the spirit which ruled in him, habitually, as to the endurance of an injury. He could always accept kindly and gently a wrong that involved nothing beyond his personal discomfort or loss; frequently saying to those anxious for his interest, "Don't trouble—only let us do right! The great thing is to do right!" In a transaction, some years later, whereby he was unjustly deprived of a considerable amount of money, he expressed so much satisfaction at the peaceableness of the arbitrament—having feared a dispute—and gave God thanks so heartily, that it might have been supposed he was as much a gainer in the business, as he was actually a loser.

Yet no one looking on would have said there was weakness in this. It was evidently, and affectingly, the Christian in his strength, nobly acting out the principle of the command: "If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

CHAPTER XVII.

1855-1856.

A Summer in Europe.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—St. Barnabas, Pimlico.—An Hour with Maurice.—Working Men's Bible Class.—A quiet Old Town.—Ely Cathedral.—The House of Peers.—The Lords Spiritual.—Home Thoughts.—Switzerland.—The Silber Horn.—A Sunday at Strasburg.—The Lord's Day in Paris.—Refined Godlessness.—Hübner's Painting.—Delight in his Christmas Gift.—A Re-union.—His Sixtieth Birthday.

WITH the Memorial and the Hospital building fully under way, Dr. Muhlenberg, in the summer of 1855, allowed himself the refreshment of another few months in Europe. He left in April, and returned at the end of the October following. The trip had not the charm of novelty and freshness attaching to that of twelve years before, but a stay of some weeks in England was found very agreeable, especially in its opportunities of intercourse with some of the leading minds of the day, on subjects of the deepest interest to him. The Memorial Movement and the growing interest in Sisterhoods embraced questions for the mother as well as the daughter church, and of hospitals, he had in London, a noble field of study, no city in the world being so largely supplied with the best institutions of the kind. Some passages from his frequent letters to — during this absence will best give the more interesting particulars of his holiday:

“ . . . I spent several hours in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. One of the chaplains, a most excellent and earnest man, accompanied me through every part of it. He complained of Dickens, in his otherwise admirable description of the institution, ignoring the religious provisions of the same; and well might he complain. There are four chaplains, two of them in residence attending on the sick. Service is read every day in each of the wards. Suitable prayers in large print on a card are hung over the bed of each patient. Apt and consolatory texts of Scripture are painted on the walls. All the Sisters but one are communicants of the church, and those I spoke to seemed to be good women. The Christian character of the place is evident at a glance, and if all the chaplains are like the one who went about with us, nothing on that score is wanting. The most ample space is allowed for the beds; there not being more than twenty-two or twenty-four in each ward, which is divided into two compartments, leaving to each ten or twelve patients, in a room some forty feet long by twenty-five in width. Each ward has the service of four nurses including the Sister. The atmosphere was as fresh as in our little Infirmary, and the cleanliness everywhere is beautiful. If the other hospitals of London are in like condition, and I am told they are, London has more to boast of than I imagined.” *

* St. Bartholomew's is the oldest hospital in the city. It was originally founded in 1102. It has at present accommodation for about six hundred patients, who are all supported by the funds of the in-

“. . . . Was at a Sunday service at St. Barnabas Church, but found no poor people there, the same at St. Matthias, another church of the same stamp. Puseyism has made no impression upon the masses, nor will the church in any of her parties, with her present system. On this subject, which is to me one of constant observation and thought, I have more to say than I can put in a letter. . . .”

“I have just come from breakfast with the Bishop of Oxford where I met Trench, author of the ‘Parables,’ etc. The Bishop is much interested in the Memorial.”

“. . . . Spent a pleasant hour with Maurice. He talks as he writes. They tell me his eyes resemble mine, perhaps there is a likeness. I went on Sunday evening to his Bible class for working men. He explained to them the third chapter of St. John’s First Epistle, having gone through the Gospel; he evidently felt at home in the writings of the beloved disciple, and in an easy and familiar manner brought out the sense with great beauty. Afterwards, the men asked him any questions they pleased, and I was surprised at the intelligence and discrimination evinced. Maurice readily answered them all with the meekness of wisdom. I accepted an invitation to breakfast with him next morning, when I saw his family, but had not much opportunity for conversation. He is a lovely man, and just such an one as you would fancy from his books.

stitution, which yield a yearly income of £32,000. Its yearly average of in-patients is about six thousand, out-patients twenty thousand, and casualties forty to fifty thousand.

dom, and in some of its interior architecture the finest. It suffered severely from the Cromwell men; but now they are restoring it to its original beauty at a great outlay of money, at least half a million of dollars, and that by voluntary contributions, largely by the dean and chapter, who, indeed, from their rich livings, with little work, ought to spare liberally for the glory of the sanctuary which so munificently supports them. There is certainly a great deal of zeal, all over England, in church restoration and decoration; a sign I would hope of a genuine revival of religion—but—but—the temple at Jerusalem was restored with surpassing grandeur, and was still being adorned, when it was about to be destroyed, not one stone to be left upon another. With all the good that is doing in the Church of England I can't help fearing for her, so long as she is so little the poor man's church.—But this old town of Ely! I don't think I could be tempted by its sweet quietude to stop here for the winter. I fear I might go to sleep, despite the choral service of the Cathedral. On the whole, I believe I should thrive better, body and soul, amid the rattle and clatter of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street!—What a nice dinner we had at the silent little inn! what a gently treading waitress! and how sweetly the mistress of the house thanked us, as we paid our bill! . . .”

He visited all the principal hospitals of London and Paris, with his accustomed grasp of their character and methods. Through the kindness of the Bishop of Oxford, he obtained admission for himself and friend to

the House of Peers when the Earl of Shaftesbury made one of his characteristic speeches and was replied to by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London. Concluding a description of all this, he adds:

“The Bishops come forward only when something touching their rights or the rights of the church is on the carpet. They don’t stand up for truth and righteousness in great political questions. . . . If they keep their seats in the House, they should be prophets of the Lord, declaring his will in the high places of the land. . . .”

His first letter from the Continent is mainly subjective, but highly characteristic.

“. . . What have I to tell you that will be as good as any thing you give me from Home, Sweet Home? I am not going to stay the winter—no. Don’t tell my sister, and I’ll confess to you that she knew me a little better than I knew myself when she said it was impossible I could prolong my stay for a year. Occupation—Occupation with which my heart and conscience are satisfied is necessary for my happiness. As to having nothing to do but to enjoy the scenes of day after day, whatever they were, would be intolerable for much less time than a twelvemonth. What an episode in my life is this strolling about Paris. I hope it is not altogether wrong, but I can’t help asking myself what do I here? . . . What should I do without my New Testament—without the sweet thoughts that thence arise in my mind and prompt to blessed com-

munion with my Lord. . . . Never have I remembered you all more earnestly in my intercession. . . .” In another place he adds: “My thoughts, when they turn homeward, which is not seldom, linger much in the scenes of the Sisterhood. Give my love, one by one, to the patients of the Infirmary,—little B——, I see her now, and D——, dear boy—I wish I could give him a kiss for what you tell me of him. . . . What would I give for a sight of you all!”

“ . . . From my last letter to you from Paris, you concluded I was rather dull and tired. I was—of that city of vanity and sin. But I have had much enjoyment since. How could it be otherwise in Switzerland with its glorious scenery; the beautiful ever relieving the eye wearied with the grand. It exceeded all I had ever pictured to my mind. Chamouni, Mt. Blanc, Mer de Glace, Tête Noir, Martigny, Grindelwald, etc., etc.,—in these places we spent two weeks of the finest weather imaginable. Never could the Alps have looked more magnificent. The Silber Horn of the Bernese range—how it charmed my eye! But instead of attempting a description, I will read your journal in Switzerland when I get home, to see again what I have seen. . . . Here at Strasburg, on Sunday we found no English service, but I spent the day profitably, I hope, by the reflections excited in what I saw of the Roman worship in the great cathedral, and in the Lutheran service of the afternoon. I allowed myself to sympathize with the former in feeling and

imagination, as a grand superstition enclosing the great verities of the Gospel; but the latter, moved my heart. The German choral, from a full congregation, was just what I wanted to hear, and most devoutly did I join in it. It was a missionary occasion, and the burden of the speaker was the necessity of the Word as well as the Sacraments. The church was adorned with pictures, and on the altar before the minister stood a small silver crucifix. . . .”

“‘At Paris again?’ you exclaim. Even so. How I came here again, and so soon, never mind now. It would be too long a story and one I would rather tell when I get home than fill my sheet with writing it. You know what a Sunday in Paris is. As you passed through the gay and busy throngs, I dare say your reflections were much the same as my own. I am no Puritan—I have no affection for a Jewish Sabbath—but surely this Sunday here is not ‘the day which the Lord hath made.’ It is not the Lord’s day, but, of all the seven, the day of the God of this world, devoted to his service in all the pomps and vanities with which he can be worshipped. And how happy the devotees all seem!—how light-hearted!—how good-natured and kind one to another! No fighting or quarrelling; no drunkenness or gross dissipation,—all, apparently, pure mirth and enjoyment. So it is that godlessness, even utter godlessness, need not, necessarily, make men coarse and brutal. It may be beautiful, refined, and fascinating. Its Elysium may seem indeed the re-

gions of felicity, to satisfy nature, for the while, at least.

"This is one of the things exemplified in Parisian life. We see to what perfection the animal man can be carried. What a heaven he can make for himself—What an Eden without God, and where, since there is no forbidden fruit, the serpent need never show himself. But ah, without showing himself, how many does he beguile! with what subtlety is his power diffused everywhere. Visitors, and those who come to reside here, how soon are they reconciled to the fair and winsome godlessness. Even vice by 'losing all its grossness' loses in their eyes 'half its evil.' 'Why,' they ask, 'should not Sunday be the happiest day of the week, as it is to these merry thousands on the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards? Does not God delight in the happiness of his creatures? So you will hear Americans talk in the new light with which they look back on the days of their ignorance. This is one of the enlightening effects of travel. Well would it have been for many, had they stayed at home and remained in their darkness. . . ."

The last of these letters, mailed immediately before his embarkation for home, thus concludes:

"I look forward to the joyful Sunday, the 28th, in the firm hope that God will give it to us, but nothing doubting that, if he order otherwise, that will be best for us. He is our Father, that is enough. . . . Farewell, until our happy greeting, whether on this or on the other side of Jordan. . . ."

In the year 1856 he passed an especially delightful Christmas. The festival of the Nativity was always greatly enjoyed by him. The contemplation of the immeasurable love to the race, of the Incarnation, the Divine Son made our Elder Brother, and the universal peace and good-will thence diffused, enraptured his heart. This was manifest in his boyhood. In the chapels of the Institute and of St. Paul's College, he carried out some of his earliest visions of a right joyous celebration of the stupendous fact, and these sweet customs, so far as practicable, were in due time transferred to the Church of the Holy Communion.

There, at a service, some time before sunrise, the whole congregation assembled to sing the Angels' Song and receive their pastor's Christmas greeting. The church would be ablaze with light, and the fresh evergreens emitted their sweet, resinous breath like fragrant incense. "Venite Adoremus" was given forth in a concourse of glad strains by choir and organ; not in the old Latin, but as rendered into free English by Dr. Muhlenberg himself, and incorporated with the Doxologies of our Prayer Book and Hymnal, thus:

"Come let us adore him, come bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies."

After prayer and praise were over, the pastor would come to the front of the chancel, alms-basin in hand,

to exchange personal congratulations with his people. All who chose, and rarely any omitted the graceful act, came forward to shake hands with him, and as they wished him Christmas joy, dropped a gift for the poor into the alms-basin which he held throughout in his left hand. Goodly amounts were thence derived for winter comforts for the needier members, many of whom deposited their own mite in the plate as they came with the rest for a word of blessing—"Coppers," Dr. Muhlenberg used to say, "which weigh as gold in the balances of the sanctuary."

On Christmas Day, of the year of which we are speaking, after these devotions were over, and before the hour for the regular morning service came, there was gathered in the church another Christmas congregation, the meeting with whom filled the fatherly heart of the pastor to overflowing. It was an assemblage composed wholly of the sons of other days,—his former pupils of the Institute and St. Paul's College, assembled there, from far and near, partly to receive his acknowledgment of a united Christmas gift which they had sent him the night before, but more particularly for a reunion with him once again in the hallowed Christmas strains which he had taught them in their boyhood.

The occasion came about as follows: among a collection of pictures on exhibition which Dr. Muhlenberg visited, was one by "Hübner, the first artist of the Protestant branch of the Dusseldorf school," which strongly excited his admiration. He thus describes it:

“The painting, three feet by two, represents the interior of a German cottage, with the rustic family engaged with the Holy Scriptures. A boy reading from the Bible forms the centre of the group. His grand-parents are listening—the mother lighted up with joy in believing; the father pondering what he hears with a more reasoning faith; the sister of the boy, with half-absent looks, is patiently waiting with folded arms until he is done, leaning on the back of the chair which he occupies as the seat of honor for the time in consideration of his office. In the foreground is apparently the widowed mother of the children, who has returned with them to the old home. She listens with the composure of calm reverence and attention. Light through an opening in the roof hints at illumination from above.”

He named this beautiful work of art “The Gospel at Home.” One of his former pupils, then resident in New York, learning the impression made upon Dr. Muhlenberg’s mind by this picture, conceived the happy idea of uniting with his former schoolmates in the purchase of it, as a joint Christmas gift to their beloved school-father. The suggestion was eagerly seized by those to whom it was mentioned; a Committee was appointed, and communication had with as many of the old scholars as could be reached. There was but one sentiment on the subject. The painting was secured and duly sent to the Parsonage of the Holy Communion on Christmas Eve.

Dr. Muhlenberg had been informed, a few days pre-

vious, of what he was to expect, a request being added, that he would unite in signalizing the occasion by a "church service" with his "boys" after the pattern of the Christmas devotions of old times. It was so arranged. The school-father, and as many of his school-sons as were able to be present—and they were not few in number—met in the church as proposed, and after uniting once more in the prayers and hymns they learned so long ago, Dr. Muhlenberg expressed his thanks for their gift in a carol of thirty-six stanzas, prepared by him for the purpose, and which he recited to them, not without emotion.

The verses convey tenderly and gracefully the particulars of the occasion, with very much more that only their author could say. He told them he found himself unable to make his acknowledgments in the ordinary way:

"I've tried—my heart won't go in prose,
'Twill only sing its joy.

"Seldom since ye were boys at school,
I've penned a rhyming strain;
The genius of your presence 'tis
That wakes my muse again.

Speaking of his reception of the picture he says:

"That Christmas gift of yours last eve—
Greater no child's delight,
With glistening eyes at *Santa Claus*,
Than mine was at the sight.

“Thanks for a gift of costly price,
A noble work of art,
More precious for the argument
Its graphic forms impart.

“Grand the idea that canvas shows:
The open Word of God,
Enlightening, blessing, comforting
Souls freed from priestly rod.

“A youth the priest—a peasant’s cot
The hallowed house of prayer—
No jewelled altar, yet full sweet
The incense rising there.

“No mediator save the ONE
To man before his Lord:
He for himself the pardon reads,
The great High-Priest’s own word.

“That Gospel faith (to set it forth,
The artist’s high design),
That faith your gift a pledge shall be,
Forever yours and mine.

“And more, I trow, your present means:
That ye’ve remembered
How young and old, from first to last,
The Bible lesson said.”

This last was even so. Not a few in response to the communication of the Committee regarding the proposed gift, expressed just such an appreciation and application of the subject of the painting. Some time later the entire correspondence of this interesting trib-

ute was sent to Dr. Muhlenberg, among whose private papers it was found after his death. The following extracts, gleaned from a large number of letters written by those who could not be personally present on the occasion, will serve to illustrate the whole.*

One of his earliest pupils, after thanking the Committee for inviting him to share in the grateful offering adds: "The painting I have never seen; but the subject and its title are singularly suitable for a gift to one who has studied the Scriptures, and lived and walked in them for a lifetime. . ."

Another writes: "The subject of the painting—reading the Scriptures—invests the gift with a peculiar appropriateness, when we call to mind how eminently Christian was the educational system pursued by the Doctor, and how interpenetrated were all his instructions with the pure and holy teachings of the Inspired Volume. The familiar names of your Committee fill my heart with pleasant recollections of academic life at the Institute: the present seems to be obliterated and the days of boyhood to re-appear,—*'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.'* There is the old Study, with the

* The Committee consisted of the following gentlemen, all former scholars:

GREGORY THURSTON BEDELL,

JOHN IRELAND TUCKER,

SAMUEL E. JOHNSON,

A. B. CARTER,

GEORGE BLIGHT,

JOHN JAY,

SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,

WILLIAM E. WILMERDING,

J. W. C. VAN BOKKELEN,

BENJAMIN W. STRONG.

The ballad, or "Christmas Carol," is found entire in the collection of verses published by A. D. F. Randolph, N. Y.

wished-for, yet formidable, scenes of Examination Day; there is the Hippodrome, with its well-worn circle, telling of many a good-natured struggle; there is the Dormitory with its tidy alcoves, the envy of youngsters doomed to unambitious cots; and all these associated with the beloved and welcome presence—the faithful, fatherly care of the good Doctor.”

Another in the same retrospective strain says: “Nothing could be more delightful to me than the opportunity of affording pleasure to him to whom I owe so much. The happiest time of my life was spent at the Old Point, and often do I sit dreaming of the hours passed there. Yes, all comes before me like a dream,—The school-rooms, the alcoves, the dormitories, the forum; and then the skating, the bathing and boating, etc. Those were pleasant days! The Doctor’s happy face beams through all these memories, and at times I could weep, that I am not, now, as I was then; for he is not near to guide and direct me. . . .”

Another says: “To him I owe much gratitude. He not only taught me to *read* the *Scriptures*, but to feel the efficacy of their divine truth.”

Another: “If there is any good in me, I owe it to his counsels.”

Another: “In doing honor to one who is in advance of his age, we are but doing honor to ourselves.”

On the 16th of September of this year, he had completed his sixtieth year. The anniversary, as usual, had its especial exercises. Among its minutes, were the following:

“To-day I am sixty years old. Penitence or thanksgiving—which shall prevail? ‘Every day will I give thanks unto thee and praise thy Name for ever and ever.’ I can hardly feel it a fact that I am three-score—yet the time past does not seem short; and I feel as if I should live a few years yet to finish the works which I humbly trust have been given me to do. . . . Read over the pages of my mother’s illness and death—a melancholy pleasure, opportune for my birthday. . . . How much do I owe her!”

He notes the several engagements of the day thus: “Had prayers in the Infirmary, in both wards. Went with —— to look at the Hospital building. Entered C. F.” (a lad who had been his attendant) “at the New York University; he has been a good and faithful boy. . . . Read to my sister. Dr. Crusé took tea with us. We rejoiced together at the prospect of a favorable report of the Commission on the Memorial. . . .”

To what extent this last anticipation was realized has been intimated in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1856-1859.

Individuality of St. Luke's Hospital.—Fundamental Idea.—Impressiveness of Building.—Pleasure Grounds for Patients.—Plan of Interior.—Another Hundred Thousand Dollars.—Chapel opened for Worship.—A Hospital Church.—The Furnishing Committee.—A double good Work.—Prejudice disarmed.—Work begun in St. Luke's.—Solitariness of Building.—The First Workers.—The Hospital a Family.—Ways and Means.—Faith the best Endowment.—Harm of a Million of Dollars.—Arrangement with Board of Managers.—A welcome Handsel.—Costly and beautiful Gifts.—First Annual Report.—The Hospital Associations.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL was not patterned after any European institution, admirable as many of those are. Like all the creations of its Founder, it has a character and expression distinctively its own. In most hospitals, the advancement of science is the fundamental ground of their existence; but St. Luke's, while necessarily subserving the interests of science, has for its generic and formative principle, Christian Brotherhood, exemplifying itself in loving, sympathizing care for the sick and needy.

The material structure, free from all ornament except it be the surmounting Chapel cross and stone figure of St. Luke in the niche below, is beautiful in its simple dignity, in the symmetry of its proportions, its

fine commodiousness and its aspect of cheerful comfort. With ever-open door, it stands as though typical of its appointed office, welcoming each sufferer in the name of Him who said: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And the beautiful grounds of the Hospital, well-laid down in grass, and shaded by fine trees, heighten the impression; for that handsome lawn is for the free enjoyment of every patient, physically able for out-of-door refreshment. It is a sight worthy of Christianity, to see such scattered, at their will, over the soft green sward, or lying reposefully under the shadow of the tall trees; and this in closest proximity to Fifth Avenue, whose world of wealth and fashion has not always forgotten to express its sympathy by generous largesses.

The interior of the building is approached from the south by an open portico, leading past the business offices, Managers' Room, Superintendent's Apartments, etc., to the several wards. The towers have also entrances from the south, and communicate with the wards, corridors, and also the upper stories by means of staircases. These entrances are so arranged that they can be made to communicate directly with the Chapel, without coming in contact with the patients.

The wards are on either side of the central building, which, above the first floor, is occupied by the Chapel and the towers and stairways. The height of the first floor is fifteen feet. The wards on the second and third stories are one hundred and nine feet long, twenty-six

feet wide, and fourteen feet high. The beautiful Children's Ward and its extension, comprising fifty beds, occupies the third story on the eastern side.

The corridor or *sanitarium* adjoining each ward on the north side of the house, spacious, lofty, and well-lighted, is for the use of convalescing patients, who thus have a refreshing change and relief from the sick-room, with opportunity of in-door exercise in their wheel-chairs or otherwise. In the wings are staircases leading from the basement to the third story, and connected with each ward in every story are Sisters' medicine rooms, patients' dining-rooms, dumb-waiters, bath-rooms and other appurtenances. The basement, with the exception of the air chambers, is chiefly devoted to domestic purposes, store-rooms and offices, with provision in the east wing for the apothecary's shop and laboratory. The laundry is connected with the engine-house, exterior to the main building.

The Chapel is the distinctive feature of the Hospital structure. It is rectangular in plan, eighty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and forty feet high. It has a gallery around three sides, on a level with the third story, and will accommodate in all four hundred persons. Its doors, corresponding with the ward doors on each side of every story, admit those in their beds as part of the congregation, whenever desired. It is lighted from the south by three wide and lofty windows, and at the opposite end is an inner semi-circular apse, surmounted by a half dome, where is the chancel, raised four steps from the floor, and lighted by seven

lofty narrow windows, the mild borrowed light from which has a subdued and grateful effect.

The roof of the Chapel is elliptical, having bold, transverse ribs resting on corbels, with small intermediate longitudinal ones, and a characteristic cornice. No indulgence as to ornament has been permitted; the agreeable architectural effect produced here as elsewhere, both internally and externally, is solely due to an intelligent adaptation of the plan to the requirements of the house, to simplicity of design, and the due proportion of parts to the whole.

At the time of laying the corner-stone, the Managers did not see their way to erect more than the Chapel and the connecting wing westward. Subsequently it was concluded to go on with the entire structure, and a subscription for another hundred thousand dollars was set in motion. This amount was not secured as rapidly as the first hundred thousand, but in due time it came.

The Chapel was completed long before any other part of the building, and was opened for divine worship a year in advance of the commencement of the direct work of the Institution. Dr. Muhlenberg designing thus to bring out its ground idea and distinctive character as a Church Institution, or, as he was fond of naming it, a "Hospital Church." The first service was held on Ascension Day 1857, and thenceforward, the Chapel was open for divine worship every Sunday afternoon, with the exception of a brief interval in mid-winter. "For a year," said Dr. Muhlenberg, "St. Luke's

was resorted to only as a place of worship, thus proclaiming the evangelical order,—good works the fruit of faith.”

There were many subordinate advantages in the opening of the Hospital Chapel in advance of the readiness of the wards for patients. It stimulated contributions, and gave rise to efforts in various ways for the furtherance of the Hospital. It also brought the right kind of people in contact with the enterprise.

The furnishing of the house now came under consideration. It was time preparations were begun; but the Managers, while charging themselves with collections for the building and attendant expenses, were not ready to assume any responsibility in this particular. Dr. Muhlenberg overcame the difficulty by calling a meeting of the benevolent ladies of the different city parishes, from among whom a very able Furnishing Committee was formed. The year intervening between the beginning of their work and the opening proper of the Hospital was not too long for the accomplishment of so large and important a task. The ladies fulfilled it very handsomely and generously. They collected all the money required, and made the purchases necessary for fitting up, in the best manner, two wards and the apartments adjoining, as well as all the rooms and offices needed in opening the house for patients, excepting only the Sisters' quarters, which the Community chose to furnish themselves; their organization being, at that time, and for long after, quite independent of the Hospital.

The Furnishing Committee, without useless expenditure, but with no little toil and care, selected material and equipments vastly superior to any thing heretofore applied to hospital uses. This was in kind and benevolent compliance with Dr. Muhlenberg's sentiment and feeling. He took a personal interest in all their proceedings, and the three-feet wide beds with their excellent hair-mattresses, common to the wards of St. Luke's, were immediately of his own bespeaking. During the erection of the building, he had looked into the matter of hospital beds, commonly a twenty-six inch frame, with a bundle of straw in a case laid upon it, and had made up his mind what he meant to have in his own Institution.

It fell to the Sisters to provide a large additional share of linen and clothing for the destitute patients they anticipated would constitute their Hospital charge. This however came upon them by the force of circumstances, rather than of design. The year 1857 was one of extreme suffering from the great financial panic, which threw multitudes out of employment. The Sisters' House, among other severe demands made upon it in consequence of this state of affairs, was thronged by decent good women, imploring for work to keep their families from starvation. They were, for the most part, persons unused to receive gratuities,—the wives of clerks, mechanics, and others accustomed to a respectable support. How properly to help them was an embarrassing question. Dr. Muhlenberg came to the rescue. The exigency, as common

with him, brought its inspiration. "These good women shall have needle-work," he said; "they shall make up linen and clothing for St. Luke's. I will get the material and money to pay for the sewing, and you (the Sisters) can give out the work."

Forthwith he went among his merchant friends for assistance. They were not backward to help him. Several dry goods merchants, who could not afford money, offered large quantities of domestic fabrics, which, in the dulness of business, had accumulated in their warehouses. Bales and cases of prints, cotton cloth, and flannels were sent in, and the Sisters entered heartily on their work. The usual rules as to hours were set aside, and the little band, never more than six or seven in number, worked early and late in cutting out and distributing the garments to be made; Dr. Muhlenberg, on his part, furnishing, unremittingly, the means for regular and liberal payments. Thus a large number of respectable persons were tided over a period of peculiar distress, while, at the same time, the Hospital was benefited.

The history of Dr. Muhlenberg, in establishing St. Luke's Hospital, is so interwoven with that of the Sisterhood, that the one can not well be portrayed, at this juncture, without enlarging somewhat upon the other. Mention has been made of the widely-spread prejudice against the employment of Sisters in St. Luke's which existed in the earlier years of the project; but at this time, the work of the Community in the Infirmary, with other influences, had so far disarmed appre-

hension as to bring about a request from the Board of Managers that they would be prepared to take charge of the wards of St. Luke's when these should be opened, to which they acceded. At length, the building not advancing to completion as fast as it should have done, a suggestion was made by Dr. Muhlenberg, in conjunction with the more influential members of the Hospital Board, that the Sisters should take possession without delay, in such accommodations as were available, beginning operations as best they could. This was designed to impel contractors and workmen towards a conclusion. To this, also, they consented. The approaching Festival of the Ascension (May 13th, 1859) was then named for a public opening, and two days before that event, three Sisters, with the nine patients then under their charge in the Infirmary, removed to the Hospital, where the short ward of the first floor, on the east side, had been prepared by themselves for their sick. Incompleteness met them at every step. The basement floor was not so much as laid nor the kitchen range set. They did not exchange the retirement and privacy of their own house and its sheltered work for the wards of the great open *Hotel Dieu* of St. Luke's without some feeling. It was an eventful step in their history, and more favorable, it may be, to the service of the Hospital than to the genius and original order of their association. But there was great interest in the new field, and willing sacrifice.

The Hospital building then stood alone amid a bare,

desolate tract. Unoccupied and unimproved lands stretched in every direction, until northward the eye fell upon the then newly begun Central Park. There were during several years no buildings between the rear of St. Luke's and the Park, so that, to persons walking on the Mall, the Hospital formed the end of the vista southward, and seemed immediately to terminate the promenade.

The house itself with its long halls and huge empty rooms was dreary sometimes to its first occupants. Besides a plain worthy couple in charge of the place, and their family, the only tenants of the vast building were the Sisters, their nine patients, and an old woman, to help in the nursing. The physician appointed prospectively as resident, for some time made only a brief daily visit. Dr. Muhlenberg commonly spent part of the afternoon with his pioneers, cheering and encouraging them; and during the hours of labor, the noise of the workmen, in different parts of the building—carpenters, painters, and plumbers—gave a sense of neighborhood; but these left when the daylight closed in, and then, amid the gloom and silence that suddenly fell upon the great house, the gas-fixtures not being adjusted, a solitary candle would be placed here and there, throughout the corridor, in its nearly three hundred feet of length, making visible a kind of shadowy darkness.

So much by way of retrospect, as to the first occupation of the building, and also as illustrating Dr. Muhlenberg's perseverance and energy under difficulties; for

the Sisters' labors and trials in these initiatory days were his own, naturally, from his proprietorship of the work, but not less from his sympathy and loving-kindness towards the workers. He had the alchemist's power for transmuting common things into gold, and such exigencies called it forth signally. His animating words of holy encouragement, and his believing prayers often shed so pure and rare a ray of heavenly joy upon those homely toils that they brightened into noblest and most privileged service—

“*Thine* Handmaid, Saviour, can it be?
Such honor dost thou put on me?”

Within no long period the interior of the Hospital came into convenient and beautiful order. The household increased in numbers, patients began to come in, and the resident physician occupied his proper quarters. The first idea, however, of the Sisters and their Principal taking charge only of the nursing was soon set aside. It was speedily apparent that Dr. Muhlenberg's exalted and beautiful conception of a true Church Hospital could not be developed without the unreserved Christian devotion of some womanly mind and hand to shape, organize, and guide the entire domestic economy. And so it came to pass that, in advance of the public opening, Mr. Minturn, as President, had constituted the first Sister “Director General,” a title that almost immediately gave place to the more agreeable and pertinent one of “House-mother” which was held by the original incumbent

—with the exception of a brief interval—during nearly twenty years.

Dr. Muhlenberg always said that his Church Hospital was best described as a Christian family with its father, mother, and ministering daughters, making the cause of the sick their own. The House-father, who is also the Pastor, occupying himself in all that bears upon the spiritual and physical interests of his charge; the House-mother with her Sister associates—the womanly head of this family—regulating and refining the household; personally serving the sick, dispensing their food and medicine, keeping at their side through the dread ordeal of the surgeon's knife, and soothing the dying bed day or night.

The peculiar system of nursing established in St. Luke's by Dr. Muhlenberg, viewed in its medical aspect, "is not the substitution of voluntary for paid labor, because hired nurses are employed; but the interposition between the physician and his patients of educated Christian women, who voluntarily perform certain duties more responsible than can be entrusted to paid nurses. It is the substitution of intelligent, appreciative critical assistance on the part of the Sisters, for the unquestioning routine obedience of mere nurses, and it has all the advantages which increased intelligence has in any work. . . ."

"Every ward is in charge of a Sister, who has under her two day nurses, and one for the night. She has had some instruction in medicines. Attached to her ward is a drug-closet containing such *materia med-*

ica as is most likely to be used, and all prescriptions are put up and administered by herself. There are two advantages in this over the ordinary method. First, as no medicines are ordered in quantity, but each dose is prepared and given separately, there is no waste—nothing is left over to be thrown away. Secondly, greater safety and accuracy are secured. . . . To have the medicine given by one who is herself responsible for its proper administration and preparation, who is required by the Rules of the Sisterhood to understand its nature, the ordinary dose, and its expected effect, and who is honest and faithful enough to report immediately any mistake which may occur, shuts up many sources of error and danger.”*

The strong and simple faith that inspired Dr. Muhlenberg shone out, conspicuously, in another particular connected with the beginning of the Hospital. On the day of the opening, after an impressive sermon by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooke, a handsome collection was taken up for the support of the house, but previous to this, there had not been a dollar in hand for such purpose. The responsibility of the Managers, Mr. Robert B. Minturn being President, and Mr. Adam Norrie Treasurer, extended to all that appertained to the cost of the building and the custody of the permanent fund, of which already there was a small beginning, but extended no further; and the question had been mooted of deferring the opening of the Hospital until some-

* From Report of Resident Physician and Surgeon, 1873.

thing like adequate means for supporting the sick were assured.

“No!” said Dr. Muhlenberg, unhesitatingly; “when our house is ready, let us open wide its doors to the sick and needy in the name of the Lord, not doubting he will give us our daily bread.” And, in his heart, he delighted that there was this room for the exercise of faith, and for its corresponding claim upon the prayers and sympathies of all good Christian people. “Why,” he said to an intimate friend, “a million of dollars by way of endowment just now would kill us.” He meant as to the divine life in a devout waiting upon the Lord, on the part of those engaged in the work, which would alone make it the fountain of spiritual as well as temporal blessing that he conceived it should be. Endowments would be desirable later, and he doubted not would be bestowed; faith was the best endowment to begin with.

In this spirit he proposed to the Managers to assume, himself, all the responsibility as to household expenses for the first three years, they undertaking the cost of fuel, insurance and other external outlays. This was readily agreed to, and thus, besides the high end which prompted the arrangement, Dr. Muhlenberg secured to himself that freedom and independence in the inception of the work which always seemed essential to him whatever the “sphere of his activity.”

His faith and wisdom were eminently justified in the results. On the evening of the opening day, in addition to the Chapel collection there arrived as a gift

from one of the Managers* a large wagon-load of supplies of all sorts for the store-room, the best as to quality and in quantities sufficient to last the prospective household several months. And so, at the very outset of actual service, there began to flow into the Institution that stream of living charity which, fed from one source or another, has never intermitted.

At the anniversary on St. Luke's Day 1859, when the first report of current expenses was presented, it was found that the amount received (\$15,408.44) had been enough to cover all outlays, and a little over. Dr. Muhlenberg might well thank God and take courage.

Among the items that compose the above total, nearly four thousand dollars appear to the credit of the Hospital Associations, which in the early days of the Institution were a most valuable auxiliary and one wholly after Dr. Muhlenberg's own heart. They consisted mainly of bodies of young men, formed in the different parishes, for the sake of searching out, bringing to the Hospital, and maintaining while there, the sick and destitute, either of their respective churches or wherever else found. The members visited their beneficiaries while in the Hospital, provided decent Christian burial if they died, and interested themselves to set them on their way again in life if they recovered.

The Junior Hospital Association of the Church of the Holy Communion, formed under the auspices of Dr. Muhlenberg, took the lead in these organizations, and

* The late Mr. John H. Caswell.

was quickly followed by similar societies in other prominent parishes.

Until St. Luke's began to have a revenue from its vested funds these associations were an essential arm of the service, furnishing the more reliable portion of the annual income; and the fact is noteworthy as showing what combination will do towards so great an end, without any one individual giving to an extraordinary amount, for the members were ordinarily young men, just beginning to make their way in the world. Further, to many of these, this new hospital ministry, brought into their lives a sanctifying influence, never hereafter wholly dissipated.

The revived spirit of charity diffused itself also in other new and beautiful ways. Late one Sunday afternoon of the first year, a lady, withholding her name, asked to see the Sister in charge, expressing a desire to be shown something of the house. After a brief visit to the ward and Chapel, she took leave, and in so doing, slipped a little packet into the Sister's hand, saying, "Something to help your work." Opening it, there were found within, two hundred and fifty dollars with the words, "A thank-offering for fifty years of good health." Who the donor was, never transpired.

There were costly and beautiful, as well as more immediately useful gifts brought lovingly to the Founder in the very beginning; chief among these may be named the illuminated Evangelium, or manuscript copy of the four Gospels, executed by the hand of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Swift, wife of one of the Managers, and a

much-loved friend and parishioner. The suggestion of this came from Dr. Muhlenberg, who early discerned her talent for such work. It was a genuine labor of pious affection; in size, of largest folio, such as the ancient copies in the British Museum and elsewhere. It is written in large, clear, old English church-text, with perfect accuracy and uniformity of penmanship, smooth and even as copper-plate, and embellished by an unusual variety of original illuminations. It forms the crown piece of the beautiful Chapel of the Hospital, standing with ever-open page immediately under the chancel cross. Other valuable gifts, were a large picture of the Marys at the Sepulchre, by Huntingdon; a fine organ from a member of a Presbyterian church; a beautiful silver communion service from one lady friend; a memorial font of Caen stone from another. Two ladies from different parishes severally fitted up, very completely and handsomely, a large room each, on the first floor, for private patients, which were designed to yield some remuneration for the general support of the house. A member of the Board of Managers equipped the dispensing room and laboratory of the apothecary's department, both elaborately and expensively, and another friend embellished the exterior of the building with the stone figure of St. Luke. But to do justice to the influence of the Institution, in all its bearings and benedictions, can not be attempted.

CHAPTER XIX.

1859-1860.

Takes up his Abode in St. Luke's.—A lofty Prophet's Chamber.—Early Rising.—Elasticity and Strength.—Sixty-three Years old.—*Sacra Privata*.—St. Luke's a Monument.—Pertinent Words.—The Methodist's Prayer.—Evangelical Catholicity.—Bedside Ministrations.—Three Sketches by his own Pen.—Religious Services.—Use of the Prayer Book.—Household Evening Worship.—Turning passing Events to Account.—Visitors.—Impression on Different Minds.—Sunshine.

It might be supposed that a man of Dr. Muhlenberg's genius and position, after fairly launching his Church Hospital, would leave the burden and care of its working to more ordinary hands. But such was not his way. As in the freshness of early manhood he merged his life with that of his boys in the Institute, so now in the culmination of his power and influence, he went to live with his sick charge under the roof of the Hospital. He took up his abode there in the summer of its first year, and thenceforth as Pastor and Superintendent was, as has been truly said, "The most devoted servant, day and night, within its kindly walls."

He retained his charge of the Church of the Holy Communion for a year or more, by means of an assistant pastor, but subsequently resigned all active responsibility in the parish; although while his strength

lasted he always conducted the early Christmas and Easter services.

In beginning his home at the Hospital, he quartered himself, with an attendant, in the rooms adjoining the ward on the third floor of the western wing. The upper story of the house was not in demand for patients for the first two years, and in these lofty prophet chambers he used to sleep and spend his hours of retirement. He would never be luxuriously lodged, and had only the plainest accommodations in these remote rooms; little, indeed, in addition to the ward furniture, except his arm-chair and writing-table.

The arrangement proved very enjoyable to him. He was within easy reach of his work, and well out of reach of household interruptions when he desired privacy, and the long empty ward, with its large windows presenting so broadly the sunset views, in which he always delighted, made a magnificent ambulatory. Nothing for the time, could have suited him better. Later he had more becoming accommodations on the first floor; a study, and bedroom adjoining, and both rooms looking out southward, on the Hospital grounds.

He took his meals with the Sisters who thenceforward made his family, adopting their simple and primitive hours, *i. e.*, breakfasting at half-past six all the year round, dining at half-past twelve, and taking tea at six, preparatory to the evening Chapel service. He rarely failed, summer or winter, to conduct the devotions which preceded the Sisters' early breakfast, by gaslight, of course, in the winter months. The early

rising to which he had coerced himself in youth, was now an established and much enjoyed habit. Until his most advanced years, he was rarely in bed after five o'clock, and when the season permitted, would take some out-door exercise before breakfast, and might be heard carolling a morning hymn in his rapid circuit of the lawn, some time before the Sisters' prayer-bell rang.

The Hospital under his large and loving spirit soon unfolded a world of beauty and goodness. "He himself was brighter and happier, perhaps, than ever before. He grew vigorous in the sunshine of the confidence of men. As they trusted him, his heart and genius moved to nobler music, and with more uniform elasticity and strength; his nature developed under prosperity, and grew richer and more creative as time and years advanced. His sympathies became more and more extensive, and his wisdom was more conspicuous as fame and age came on."*

His private memoranda of this period indicate increased spiritual joy and peace. His wonted birthday record in 1859 reads:

"This day I am sixty-three years old,—the grand climacteric. In good health, with my mental faculties unimpaired, so far as I can perceive, and the Divine Life in my soul, I trust, nothing abated. Nay, more truly than ever before, I think I can say, 'The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for

* Dr. Harwood.

me.' Can it be that I am thus favored! However others may, how can I doubt the election of grace? I am overwhelmed with gratitude. Thanks, thanks, thanks, my heart can utter nothing but thanks and confessions of the unworthiness of the mercies that have followed me all the days of my life. He gives me himself—he lives in me—I am saved. He makes me the instrument of his purposes towards others. . . . It is too much to think of myself as God's instrument for good but that I know he does use the meanest as his instrument! Oh may I be passive in his hands! Oh may I be saved the guilt of resisting his will! Since I see nothing but sin in myself, and yet good is done by my hands, who can it be that does it? Here I am, living in my Hospital, where every thing is going on beyond all expectations. Daily evidence of the Divine blessing. Who has done—who is doing it? *Non nobis Domine, ex meo pectori clamavi.*"

At another time:

"O Great Master,
Let thy poor servant thus much say,
I'm docile in thy school. Not that I vaunt
Myself. Thy tender, patient, forming hand
Hath made me so—the creature of thy love!"

Again: "Men come and talk to me of the *monument* I have erected in St. Luke's. If they knew how I feel, they would never utter such words to me."

His was the genuine humility that "kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies."*

* Archer Butler.

A brother clergyman, visiting him in these days, has a little anecdote referring to the then frequently uttered compliment of St. Luke's being "a monument." Mr. R. had been earnestly talking with him on church matters, expressing, in the course of the conversation, strong forebodings as to the result of some recent action. While the two stood together, before separating, under the arched portico of the Hospital, Mr. R. said: "This is a great, a grand monument; I shall leave nothing like it." "The prophets never do," Dr. Muhlenberg instantly rejoined; "they are a voice in the wilderness." "This," said Mr. R. in relating the circumstance, "was the wittiest, kindest, sweetest,—and receiving what I had been saying as true,—humblest answer, I ever heard."

The bright, pertinent word seemed ever at command with him. A Sister came excitedly to his room one day, saying: "Oh! Dr. Muhlenberg, there is a Methodist minister making a prayer aloud, in the middle of the ward." "Indeed!" he replied. "Make haste back, my dear Sister, and stop the prayer before it gets to Heaven." The prayer *was* an irregularity under a rule of the house made by the Pastor himself to prevent a confusion of religious instruction, viz., "that clergymen from outside visiting, in the wards, will confine their ministrations to the patient they come to visit." The good Methodist had either not understood the regulation, or was carried away by his sympathies; and Dr. Muhlenberg sympathized with his prayerful spirit. He could go farther than this in his charity. He did

not affection the visits of a certain Father — to the members of his communion, accidentally among the sick, though, of course, he permitted them. His objection was not to the administering of the rites of their church to these poor people, but to the priest's enjoining them to shut their ears against the teaching of the house. Nevertheless he gave the little father his due for much that was good in him, and very often spoke with respect of his faithfulness and assiduity in looking after his charge.

It was always a joy to him to put in action the Christian brotherhood with which he was so deeply imbued, as well as to recognize the exercise of the same in others. He cherished a particular affection for Archbishop Leighton, in this respect. "Leighton," he said, "was a good Evangelical Catholic. Here is a little illustration of it. A friend one day met the pious prelate going to visit a sick Presbyterian minister, on a horse borrowed of a Roman Catholic priest."

A valuable lesson would often be conveyed in passing, by a forcible word or two, such as that to the Sister regarding the good Methodist's prayer. To a rich old man, with whom he was familiar, and who was one of those "who withhold more than is meet," he said grimly, as he turned away from him, "Shrouds have no pockets." Again: a newly-entered patient, a rather conceited young mechanic, as soon as Dr. Muhlenberg began to talk with him, said, "I don't believe in eternal punishment." "I never heard that that was the first article of the Christian faith," was the rejoinder, and

thereupon the Pastor pressed home to the man the cardinal verities of the Gospel.

A Hospital Sister relates the following, as an example of his bedside ministrations: H. W. was expecting an operation, which the surgeons had told her might prove fatal. Dr. Muhlenberg, aware of the fact, came up to her the evening before, and after some conversation and prayer, was about to leave the ward, when the poor girl seized his hand, and said piteously,

“O Dr. Muhlenberg! I am so afraid I have lost my faith—I feel as if I never can have strength for to-morrow.” She waited breathlessly to hear what he would say.

He put his other hand over that she held him by, enfolding hers so tenderly, and after a moment’s silence, said,

“You know we are to pray for our *daily* bread, you must not expect the strength not needed till to-morrow to be given to-night. But,” he added with a bright look of trust in his face, “you’ll be sure to get the strength just when it is needed.”

And his words proved prophetic, for when the next day came, she was wonderfully sustained, and came through the operation safely.

This part of his Hospital work was remarkable in result, especially among men and boys. We catch a glimpse of his mode of dealing with his charge, one by one, in the following delineation by his own hand of three several histories, as found among his “*Pastoral Notes*:”

“H. G——, in his early days, was used to going to the Sacraments of his church, but left off as he grew older, and fell into evil ways. His sickness had made him thoughtful and quite disposed to enter into serious conversation. He alluded freely to the religion of his youth, something more than which, he said, he now felt he must have to get peace of mind. Admitting that with all his confessing he had never thought of confessing to Christ, and of obtaining pardon from him, I requested him to read the Gospels carefully, that he might understand who Christ is, and see in him the great Absolver. He did so, and expressed to me his great delight in becoming acquainted with ‘the Biography of Jesus Christ,’ and said that for the most part it was all new to him. He was familiar with the ceremonies of his church, and a catechism which he had been taught, but had no idea of the offices of the Saviour, of whom he was now glad to hear and read for himself. On my asking him some time afterwards whether he thought it necessary now to confess to a priest, when he saw he could go at once to the High-Priest himself, he again said, ‘It is all new to me—it is an entirely different thing.’ The point he was most anxious to be assured of was, whether what our Lord spake to his first disciples was meant for all believers. Satisfied of that, he read the Evangelists over again, and frequently spoke of the comfort he found in doing it. His disease yielding to treatment, there was a prospect of his recovery. For a while he was comparatively well, when he showed the same desire

for divine knowledge and earnestness about his salvation as when he supposed himself near his end."

"J. N. was another who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Communion. He was here several months, gradually declining in consumption, and gradually gaining a clear and loving knowledge of the truth. Long before death the fear of it had gone, and he would tell me of his sweet dreams of heaven, and of the Saviour smiling on him, assuring him of his pardon. Not doubting the genuineness of his faith, I spoke to him of the Holy Communion, but he expressed no desire to receive it. I explained to him the nature and design of the ordinance, showed him the privilege and benefits of remembering the Redeemer in the mode of his own enactment, with which all his true followers had ever gladly conformed. N. admitted it all, but when I came to make the application to himself, he was silent. After introducing the subject several times, and with no better success, I began to suspect the cause in a lingering attachment to his own religion, which he was not ready to break with so entirely, as to accept any religious rite from a Protestant clergyman. I told him so, but he would not allow it, although I gave him a fair opportunity to express his mind. He said he wanted no minister but myself, at the same time waiving the subject of the Holy Communion. Presuming on his latent wish, I said: 'Suppose you had here one of your former clergymen, he would not give you the whole Sacrament.' At this he seemed amazed, and wondered, how it could be—upon which I read to him

the account of the Institution of the Supper, dwelling on our Lord's administration of the cup. 'Your priest would give you no cup to drink of.' This arrested his thoughts—he was quiet—but the next morning he sent me word by the Sister of the ward, that he would like to have the 'Blessed Sacrament.'

"John P—— was a young man of pleasing appearance, of intelligence and general information from having seen a great deal of the world in a seafaring life—withal far gone in consumption. I became much interested in him from frequent conversations, in which he frankly owned his evil courses, ascribing their beginning to a godless father and brother. He had been brought up a Universalist. As he seemed to listen attentively whenever I spoke to him of his higher interests, I was in hopes of an early impression on his mind for good, but the only reply I got was, that what I said was all true, but he did not *feel* it. Nevertheless I remarked his serious deportment at the religious services in the wards and in the Chapel—his joining in the responses and hymns—so that I continued to say a fitting word at every opportunity, although, excepting by his civility, I was not much encouraged to do so. Indeed I found that he would talk irreverently among the patients of the ward, who began to look upon him as an unbeliever. Occasionally too, he conducted himself so ungraciously that we could not help hinting to him his ingratitude. 'You are not happy,' I once said to him. 'I am not *unhappy*.' 'Why, you know you are not long for this world, and you confess to no hope

for another.' 'I did not bring myself into this world. He that did will take care of me when I leave it.' It was thus he repelled my efforts whether with his understanding or his heart. When the Redeemer was set before him, he was silent, but still seemed unmoved. In April he had gained so much on his disease that he believed he had only to go into the country to be entirely well. Accordingly he left the Hospital; but about the middle of May returned and asked to be admitted again. He was sadly changed for the worse. He had missed his nourishing food, the equitable temperature of the ward, and his comfortable bed. Evidently he was glad to be once more here, but he did not say so. A day or two after, conversing with him, and thinking he showed a more subdued manner, I said, 'Well, John, you now *feel* as well as allow what I say?' 'Not more than I ever did.' 'Do you desire to feel?' 'I don't know.' 'Do you ever pray that you may?' 'It is of no use.' 'You seem to join in the services here, you kneel down with the rest and repeat the prayers.' 'I do it out of respect to the place.' At another time reminding him how fast his disease was advancing—'I can't alter that,' he said. 'I am not afraid to die.' The weeks passed on, making no change in him for the better, so far as I could see, when I was inclined to desist lest I should be the occasion of only hardening still more the unhappy youth in his impenitence. One morning, early in June, I went up to his bed, after I had been talking to the patients over a chapter, and said, 'You have heard,

John.' 'Yes,' he replied, with emotions that I had not seen before; 'yes,' his eyes filled with tears, 'I give up'—and give up he did. The change was wonderful. He was all humility. He confessed he felt all along what I said, but was too proud to own it; that he had often lain awake at night thinking of my words. He did not now need to be taught the way of salvation. He clearly understood it. He threw himself wholly upon Christ, yet wondering how so obstinate a sinner could be accepted. He suspected the genuineness of his repentance, said he had never believed in death-bed conversion, but that was all that was now possible. He hoped it was sincere, which he said with so much humility and self-condemnation that I could not help encouraging him to believe what he hoped. He asked for baptism, and though he had not left his bed for days, he insisted on going into the Chapel to receive it. 'He knew he would have strength for it,' and he had. The scene was touching, as he sat by the font, his dark, bright eyes glistening with tears and wistfully glancing towards his relatives whom, for their own good, he had wished to be present. The nurse who had been his affectionate mentor all along, sure he would be right at last, and some of his fellow-patients, stood by weeping more with joy than grief at the sight. A day or two after he received the Holy Communion in bed. He joined in the service with an intensity of devotion in his manner and tones of voice that was most affecting. When it was over he said he knew now what Bunyan meant by the load

falling off from the Pilgrim's back. He gradually sank, bearing with great patience his last sufferings, and expired, I must believe, in the peace of the Gospel."

Dr. Muhlenberg's ministrations in the Chapel, as long as he retained his vigor, had, in their way, the same power and pathos as those of the Church of the Holy Communion; and their effect upon the ever-changing congregation was remarkable, quite irrespective of the "persuasion" of the worshipper. He used to call the wards opening into the Chapel on either floor, the "long drawn aisles" of his cathedral, and claimed that by means of their successive occupants, he preached the Gospel, in the aggregate, to many more souls than did the rectors of the largest city churches.

Without being in the least a propagandist, he made a multitude of converts to the Episcopal Church, naturally, by the living force of the truth he preached, and his wonderful way of adapting the Liturgy to their needs, so making them love it for the help they found in it. No one ever knew the Book of Common Prayer as he did, or understood so admirably how to use it. And thus Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics even, accepted his teachings, adopted his ways, and rarely left the Hospital without asking for a Prayer Book to take with them.

The Sunday services in the Chapel were those of an ordinary Episcopal congregation, excepting some abridgment of the morning office, in charitable consideration of the feebleness of most of those engaged in it. There were regular monthly communions, and

an early communion every Sunday for the Sisters, and many an inexpressibly solemn and affecting ward communion, usually at twilight, when there would be most security from interruptions. Naturally there were numerous baptisms, and from time to time the administration of the rite of confirmation under very pathetic circumstances.

The week-day morning devotions, besides those for the servants and among the Sisters in their respective quarters, consisted of Scripture reading and brief expositions, with hymns and prayers in each several ward. But in the evening, all the household, of every degree, who could possibly be present, assembled in the Chapel for worship; the great outer doors of the house being closed, and the doors of the Chapel opening into the wards wide open, so that those who could not leave their beds might fully join in the service.

There were many who used to think this the "loveliest hour of the day." Dr. Muhlenberg's grand voice, as he stood at the lectern, placed in the centre of the Chapel and midway between the long wards on either side of the same floor, reached to the end of these and into the wings beyond. Every word he said could be distinctly heard by the sick lying in the remotest bed of either ward, one of which was occupied by men, the other by women, and the distance from end to end being nearly three hundred feet. This was due in part to the acoustic properties incident to the form of the building. Yet it has not been a common experience, no clergyman, indeed, except Dr. Muhlenberg, having

habitually, and without effort, made his voice heard at these distances.

The central Chapel thus connecting with the wards he esteemed the choicest feature of his Hospital Church; and when plans were under consideration for the erection of an Episcopal hospital in a neighboring city, he ardently urged a similar arrangement. A committee of gentlemen interested in the proposed work, visited St. Luke's to see if they could learn any thing of value to them. They had determined not to put their chapel in the centre of the wards, but quite apart from them, and Dr. Muhlenberg appreciating what they would thus lose, eagerly combated their plan. A good old woman in a bed near to which the gentlemen stood as they talked together, asked as they went away, "what it was all about." The Sister explained. "Oh, run quick, Sister," she said, "and tell them they'll make a great big mistake if they don't put the chapel in the midst." None can so appreciate the blessing of a central hospital chapel as patients confined continuously to their beds.

The Chapel evening service was family prayer. Not the priest in his surplice at the altar, but the Housefather in his ordinary garb, at the central desk, amidst his children. The worship consisted of a chant, a selected Scripture lesson, a hymn, and prayers, written or extemporaneous, as best suited the occasion. There was always an admirable harmony in the different parts of this service, and many an unspoken sermon in Dr. Muhlenberg's perfect reading of the Scripture passage,

suggested perhaps by some circumstance of the time. And the soft, rich organ, directed by his delicate musical sentiment would give forth just the sounds accordant to the reading and prayers.

This fine intelligent sense of appropriateness, which marked every service he conducted, was probably one secret of the power of Dr. Muhlenberg's ministrations. He was not what would be called "a great preacher," but standing in his transparent reality and simple unworldly dignity and earnestness at the plain desk, which he always preferred to the pulpit proper, he was as a veritable prophet of God in his intuitions then and there, of the thoughts and feelings of those gathered before him, and in his power of bringing home to their hearts the lesson of the moment.

For want of a better example, we may take the following as slightly illustrative: It was after the burning of the Crystal Palace with the treasures of the International Exhibition gathered within it. The building stood in Forty-second Street, and, of course, all the household were aware of the conflagration. Without making any direct allusion to the event, Dr. Muhlenberg read with a deep arresting solemnity, a portion of the eighteenth chapter of the Book of the Revelations, describing the great city—Babylon, "Utterly burned with fire"—"In one hour made desolate"—"The merchandize of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble"—"In one

hour so great riches is come to nought". . . . The transition of thought to the day when the earth and all that is therein shall be burned up, was irresistible, and the succeeding hymn and prayers led all hearts to seek to be prepared for that inevitable hour.

The Hospital early attracted many visitors. It became one of the sights of the metropolis, and persons of distinction, and other strangers, passing through the city, rarely failed to take St. Luke's on their way. The house, and its remarkable Founder, impressed all who came in contact with it, from the noblemen of the Prince of Wales's suite, to the humble friends of the poorest patient, as unlike any thing they had ever seen.

A Russian physician of high rank,* after a professional examination of the work, said to Dr. Muhlenberg: "I find here, Sir, nothing of the hospital, but a palatial residence which you have generously built for the accommodation of your unfortunate friends in their sickness;" and the same thought, possibly, though in homelier phrase, was expressed by a poor sick girl on her admission, who had shrunk with horror, from the idea of an institution. As the porters carried her through the house to her allotted place, she turned her eyes scrutinizingly in all directions, and then, with a sigh of relief, said to the Sister accompanying her, "It doesn't look a bit lonesome." Many a poor

* Dr. de Haurowitz. "Conseiller intime de S. M. l'Empereur de toutes les Russies. Inspecteur Générale de l'état sanitaire de la Marine Impériale."

sufferer, indeed, on being taken into the quiet ward with its wide, comfortable beds, neatly curtained to afford privacy when desired, and the soft, ambient air, making in its equableness, perpetual summer, has said, "It's like heaven."

The repose, purity, and sunshiny comfort of the house, first strike a visitor. The atmosphere, as fresh and sweet as that of a well-kept private dwelling, results in part from the refined cleanliness everywhere maintained; but not less from the excellent natural ventilation, and again from the continual freshening of the heat radiating from the steam coils of the hot air chambers in the basement, by means of cold air constantly flowing in through ducts from the outside. A nearer approach to solar heat than any other method of artificial warming.

"Fresh Air, Good Food, and Sunshine," Dr. Muhlenberg used to call "our grand faculty of three." Combined with the material sunshine, streaming in through the lofty multitudinous windows, was the sunniness of Dr. Muhlenberg's own nature, as a strong element in the predominating cheerfulness of the house. And this was reflected, more or less, on the part of all associated with him in the service. As in his other undertakings, he was himself the centre and heart of the work. The school-father of other days was now the tender, loving, condescending house-father of St. Luke's; and with the same unselfish, unstinting care and sympathy for all beneath his roof, gentle or simple, the sick people or those who served them. With pa-

tient devotion he threw himself into "every body's" needs and wishes. When Lord H—— and Dr. A—— of the prince's party, in the visit of that royal personage to this country, attended service in the Hospital Chapel, there was great excitement throughout the house for a sight of the prince himself; this was not surprising, considering the *furor* for royalty with which the whole city seemed possessed, as though deep down in the republican heart there was, after all, a latent idolatry of the crown. Dr. Muhlenberg threw himself kindly into the general feeling, and good-naturedly endeavored to procure the coveted sight for some most desiring it. A young Sister was unusually excited on the subject. He entered into her disappointment while kindly turning the edge of it—"Sister, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.'"

CHAPTER XX.

1860-1863.

An Episode.—Abhorrence of Slavery.—Fugitive Slave Law.—Free Soil Question.—Republican Battle Hymn.—Votes for Mr. Lincoln.—Triumph.—Bombardment of Fort Sumter.—Shock felt in St. Luke's.—Response to Call for Volunteers.—Resident Physician and Surgeon enlisted.—Other Enlistments from Hospital.—Interest in his Soldier Boys.—National Hymn and Choral March.—A Christmas Morning Address.—A Hundred Thousand Men to be drafted.—Riots.—Colored Orphan Asylum burned.—St. Luke's threatened.—Two Days of Peril.—Dr. Muhlenberg and the Rioters.—The Vigilance Committee.—President's Proclamation for a General Thanksgiving.—The President's Hymn.

THE election of Abraham Lincoln as president of the United States, was an event of great interest to Dr. Muhlenberg; and through some of its issues formed a rather remarkable episode, both in his own life and in that of the Hospital.

He never gave himself to politics, as such. But the cause of the slave had always been sacred with him, though not to taking part in the methods of the early abolitionists. The Dred-Scott decision, and the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, moved him deeply. He had been used, from time to time, to help over the border one and another poor fugitive who found him out, and of late years had been assisted in this by a noble-

mindful Sister, who, having inherited a fortune from slave-holding ancestors, delighted in an opportunity of any thing like restitution. So when this law passed, commanding all good citizens to aid in the arrest of all such fugitives, he, in company with many others, was disgusted and indignant.

From his youth he entertained a deep-seated abhorrence of slavery. In a sermon preached in Philadelphia in 1820, on the death of two missionaries from African fever, though only twenty-four years old, and long before slavery had become the subject of political agitation, or even of secular discussion, he condemned it on high moral grounds as "an immense national evil," at the same time glancing at the danger of the element in the event of civil discord.

Following the Fugitive Slave Law came the so-called "Free Soil" question. Dr. Muhlenberg entered eagerly into its merits, so much so, that, during the ensuing presidential election, he composed and made the music for a spirited election song, or "Republican Battle Hymn," thinking to publish it in furtherance of the cause. Upon reflection he refrained from doing this, and laid the composition quietly aside among his papers, with the following memorandum:

"This remains as an evidence of the zeal I felt for the election of Mr. Lincoln. The vote I gave I have not yet repented of (Nov. 29th, 1861), but I allowed myself to be more interested in politics than was good for me."

The subjoined is the hymn which has never until

now appeared in print, and as a part of Dr. Muhlenberg's history ought not to be lost.

“ON FOR FREEDOM.

“A Republican Battle Hymn, written for the Presidential Election of 1860.

“Freemen, now's your day for doing;
Grand the issues in your hand;
Risk them not by faint pursuing,
Peal the watchword through the land—
On for Freedom,
God, our Country, and the Right.

“Not with arms of deadly rattle,
Nor with bribe or trick the fight;
All we ask is honest battle;
Armed enough with Truth and Light.
On for Freedom, etc.

“‘Might is Right,’ let them assever,
Who have learned the tyrant's creed;
Right is Might, our creed forever,
True in purpose, firm in deed.
On for Freedom, etc.

“What tho' Slavery hold its quarters,
There to have its fated reign;
Not, in all our lands and waters,
Not an inch of new domain.
On for Freedom, etc.

“By our Mountains, Heavenward reaching,
Field and forest without bound,
By the free waves, round us preaching,
Here, God meant no bondage ground—
On for Freedom. etc.

“By our Banner’s Constellation,
By our Eagle in the skies,
By our Father’s Proclamation,
By their spirit and their cries—
On for Freedom, etc.

“On for Freedom! on, victorious!
Hail anew our Empire’s day,
Hail the flag, and Union glorious,
Triumphing in righteous sway.
On for Freedom,
God, our Country, and our Right.”

His journal has the following minutes of the election:

“*Tuesday, Nov. 6th, 1860.* Went early to vote for Lincoln at Sixty-first Street and Second Avenue, but finding I should have to wait some hours before my turn would come, returned. In the afternoon W—— came for me, and I tried it again. By the favor of the police, I got in by the exit door, the crowd assenting to this in that I was an ‘old man.’ So I did my duty, as I felt and believed it was. I am no party politician, but I am much interested in the success of the Republicans as opposed to slavery. I have not voted for years before, and but seldom in my life.”

“*Wednesday, Nov. 7th.* Lincoln elected! huzza! I am glad I share in the victory. And why? I have no interest in the Republican success, save that I believe it a triumph of humanity—of principle—over mammon.”

Few were unaware of the threats of the South as to secession, and a resort to arms in case Mr. Lincoln

should be elected, and although between the latter's election and his inauguration, an independent confederacy declared itself, with a provisional president at its head, the nation at large continued to believe it impossible that the Union in this nineteenth century should be plunged in the horrors of internecine war. The bombardment of Fort Sumter, on the 12th of April, 1861, was as the shock of an earthquake throughout the North, and profoundly felt even within the quiet walls of St. Luke's Hospital. Many hearts stood still with awe. Quickly following this, on the 19th of the same month, was the assault in the streets of Baltimore on the 6th Massachusetts Regiment, and the first blood was spilt. Then all knew it meant deadly conflict, and there was an instant rebound. The war spirit spread like wild-fire throughout the land. The president's call for seventy-five thousand men was answered by three times that number, and among these first volunteers were the resident physician of St. Luke's,* and also, most unexpectedly to Dr. Muhlenberg, three young men of the Institution, recent convalescents, in whom he had taken the deepest spiritual interest, and for two of whom he entertained a peculiar regard.

He had not the remotest idea of their intention beforehand. They offered themselves for enlistment on

* The late patriotic and noble-minded Dr. Edward B. Dalton, who became Inspector of the Medical Department of the Army of the Potomac, and Chief Medical Officer of Depot Field Hospitals. Later, he was Medical Director of the Ninth Corps and Brevet Colonel of Volunteers.

a Sunday evening, and all three agreed that it was the Doctor's manner of reading the first lesson in Chapel that morning which incited them to take the step. It was the third Sunday after Easter, and the appointed lesson for the day was from the Prophet Joel, the third chapter, beginning at the ninth verse. With the military ardor everywhere prevailing, penetrating the land to its remotest and most peaceful haunts, it is not surprising that "the boys" were stirred by the opening words of the lesson, read as Dr. Muhlenberg would read them: "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near, let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears, let the weak say, I am strong."

Only those who ever heard Dr. Muhlenberg read the Scriptures can appreciate all that might be conveyed, under the circumstances, by this passage of Holy Writ. "A chapter of the Bible read by Dr. Muhlenberg," said one, "instructs me more than a sermon."

Dr. Muhlenberg's journal contains some interesting memoranda in connection with these young volunteers:

"*April* 23d, 1861. A new thing in my life. Parted with three of my sons in the Lord for the war—A., S., and H. On Sunday evening the three had leave to go to a lecture by our former patient, M——, a convert from Romanism. Between nine and ten o'clock they came into my room, Dr. Crusé being with me, to say they had enlisted. I reproved them very sharply for having done so without speaking to me. They went away rather crestfallen, having expected I would

only applaud their patriotism. Next morning I saw them one by one, telling them if they had spoken their wishes to me, I would have held them only till I could see what regiment would be best for them. However, of course they should have my blessing. . . ."

He thought none of them sufficiently robust for the service, but they said they were "all right," and besides, did he not read from the Bible, "Let the weak say, I am strong"? They had the best of the argument. "They went to their regiment," Dr. Muhlenberg writes, (Col. Duryea's Advance Guard) "to drill, and in the evening came back, leave for which they obtained with difficulty, but S. wanted to be baptized. I had often spoken to him on the subject, but he was to ask for it himself, as he now did. I had some talk with him till near eleven, and put a gold cross around his neck to be worn next his person. He kissed me fervently. The next morning he was in my room earlier than usual for his accustomed duties. At six o'clock I baptized him in the Chapel, A. and H., his brother volunteers standing as witnesses. Then I breakfasted with the three in the housekeeper's room, and a little later they were gone—the Sisters and others of the household detaining them awhile in the corridor with their farewells."

In view of the costly sacrifices which the war demanded of those united to the soldier by the nearest and dearest ties, the foregoing may seem hardly worth recording, for the three newly enlisted were of humble station, and two of them, at least, with no nearer home

ties than those of the Hospital. But such was Dr. Muhlenberg's life in those days, and, as already shown, any youth, however obscure, whose heart he could touch spiritually, became forthwith to him a dear child. Certainly he took scarcely less than an own father's interest in all that concerned these three youths, thus sent on their perilous way. He followed them throughout their term of service with parental solicitude, sent them clothing and other supplies, and wrote constantly to the chaplain of the regiment regarding their highest interests, for which he greatly feared, amid the demoralizing influences of camp life.

The regiment was stationed for a month at Fort Schuyler, and Dr. Muhlenberg drove out there with some friends to see the boys on the eve of their final departure. He took them excellent marching shoes, and other fatherly gifts. Some of the men carried fine revolvers. Dr. M. notes: "S. did not ask me for one, and I could not, in conscience, offer it. I leave him with such weapons as the government puts into his hands. . . ." "We saw the battalion drill," he adds, "with which the ladies were highly gratified. The show had not, for me, even a transient charm."

Later, he writes: "This war, this war! How do I feel about it? Alternately with horror, and then with a conviction that it is so righteous, I am glad to have my boys in it. It ought not to cost me nothing. . . . The whole city is wild with a military delirium. I have always been almost a Quaker; but I have fallen into the

universal sentiment—that there must be fighting, at least in defence of the government, the Capital must be held. . . . But oh, the demoniacal passions which the war spirit engenders—I falter in the thought. But if ever there was a just war, this is one. *For* our country, and *against* the slave power—that curse which proclaims that it means to be perpetual! If the war relieves the country of that, I shall rejoice, should all my boys fall in battle.”

They all came safely through the service, however, but not without some honorable wounds.

The spirit of the Christian patriot was stronger within Dr. Muhlenberg than he knew. In the year that his boys went to the front, and perhaps stimulated unconsciously by that fact, he took the music of the discarded election hymn, given on a previous page, and wrote some stirring verses fitted to its measure, which he called a “National Hymn and Choral March.” This was printed in one of the church papers of the time, but in the multitude of war lyrics that then came into being, quickly passed out of sight. The piece is dated September, 1861. The music was arranged for men’s voices.

“NATIONAL HYMN AND CHORAL MARCH.

“Praise to his right hand that made us—

Nation, Soil, and Empire One,

And while that right hand shall aid us,

Spoil the hallowed work shall none.

God be nigh,

Speed the cry—

Union, Law, and Liberty!

“Heirs of freedom, could we cower?

Give the way to traitor rage?

Stand and see a slave-born power,

Rend our glorious heritage?

God be nigh, etc.

“This we’ve armed for, not defiant,

Not athirst for vengeful strife,

But on Duty’s sword reliant,

Strike we for the Nation’s life.

God be nigh, etc.

“Conflict dire—yet heaven’s probation,

Bracing into one our might:

Strength is born of tribulation;

Right is sure to come out right.

God be nigh, etc.

“To the Lord of Hosts, hosanna!

Rebel madness, pray him cease:

Make undimmed our starlit banner.

Float again o’er realms of peace.

God be nigh, etc,

“Praise him, praise him, ever giving,

First or last, the just award:

Praise him, praise him, ever living

Our sole King and Sovereign Lord.

God be nigh,

Speed the cry—

Union, Law, and Liberty—”

With this spirited martial hymn should be named his constant, unfeigned sympathy with the inevitable suffering of the war, in whichever section of the land. In the Chapel, at the evening household service, there

was the never omitted remembrance of the wounded, the bereaved, the stricken, of both North and South, with the petition that aid and comfort for all might be supplied in measures commensurate to the woes to be relieved; and any thing like excited discussions on military topics was rigidly interdicted in the house.

A friend, and then parishioner of the Church of the Holy Communion, gives the following as to Dr. Muhlenberg's spirit amid the fierce agitation of those terrible days:

"I remember one early Christmas service, long before it was light, when the morning star was shining overhead, and the whole earth beneath was fast asleep. It was at the time when the sad war fever was at its height; when those who were loyal and on the right side, were at least wrong in the bitterness they felt towards the South—when nobody had dared to talk of compassion for the other side, or Christian brotherhood, or communion in the church of Christ; when nothing but hate seemed to be the right and proper thing. Just at the full passionate high-tide of this wretched feeling, in the hush of a holy Christmas dawn, we sat still, after the carols, to receive our Pastor's Christmas greeting. He took for his subject the Prince of peace. After enlarging on the Feast of the Nativity, as a feast of good will, and showing us how the blessed Christmas-tide was sent to us as a time of reconciliation and Christmas greeting to our estranged brethren, his countenance became suddenly illuminated, and he seemed to be carried away from us in one of his flights of

holiest feeling; lowering his voice and raising his head slightly, he said:

“‘The Prince of peace makes a royal feast for us on his natal day. One table, One bread, One cup, for all alike. East and West, North and South, for loyalists and rebels, masters and slaves. Rebels! At that board what are we all, North and South, but rebels?—pardoned rebels, receiving anew the pledges of our pardon, and adoring the condescension of our Prince in stooping to us with the overtures of peace. And what but rebels should we now be, save for the constraints of his love? Slaves! What are we but emancipated slaves, the freedmen of grace, yet serving the Master of choice, of sweet choice, while he takes us to his bosom as brothers.’

“As I write these words now (1877), after the lapse of thirteen years, they seem nothing more than a right and natural utterance from the pulpit; then they sounded strangely sweet to our ears, and thrilled our hearts like the Gospel of Peace, heard for the first time in a heathen land. After the service, when we all advanced to the chancel steps to shake hands with our Pastor, as was the custom in the Church of the Holy Communion, I thanked him for those moving words, and ventured to ask for a copy of them. He seemed to hesitate at first, but when he heard that I wanted them to melt the too hard loyalty of a friend, he readily acceded to my request, and the next day they came to me in his own handwriting, not the whole, but the desired portion of the beautiful sermon.”

In the year 1862, one hundred of the beds of St.

Luke's Hospital were appropriated by request to sick and wounded volunteers. The government desired the use of all the beds, but provision had to be reserved for the sick women and children. A large and inexhaustible field for patriotic and Christian service was thus opened to Pastor, physicians, Sisters, associations, and individual friends of the Hospital; and a great amount of good was done, particularly by Dr. Muhlenberg in his personal influence with the soldiers, numbers of whom became very dear to him.

In 1863 a hundred thousand men were called for by conscription, exciting the signal resistance of certain classes, especially in the city of New York. Then came the two terrible days of July 13th and 14th, when "the proudest city of the land" was seen "convulsed with riots," and

"Men who dared their simple duty do
Met arson, death, rapine, on every hand,
And men, who had no fault save that their God
Had given them a skin of dusky hue,
Under the feet of reckless fiends were trod;
And treason shook the city, through and through."

St. Luke's had her full share of the peril and anxiety of those disgraceful days. The first near alarm was the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum, which stood in a large garden between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, on the west side of the Fifth Avenue, and had two hundred and twenty little children within its walls at the beginning of the assault. To make sure of their work of destruction, the infuriated men

had piled the lighter furniture together and drenched the floors with inflammable material before applying the match. The volumes of dense black smoke rose up to the sky, full in view of the Hospital windows, then came the flames, and in less than half an hour the building fell.* Later in the day, pillaging women and boys were seen straggling up the Avenue loaded with iron cribs, tables, or whatever else they could make booty of.

Next, three policemen were brought in as patients, badly wounded in their endeavors to quell the mob. Then came at noon a fearful stentorian voice from the basement corridor, and resounding through the story above, crying, "Turn out, turn out by six o'clock, or we'll burn ye in your beds!" Dr. Muhlenberg and others hastened below. A huge, hatless and coatless laborer, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the armpits, and bare-breasted, red with liquor and rage, had entered by the lower door, and was striding back and forth

* The household escaped as by a miracle. An eye-witness thus describes it:

"At the sound of the bell, the long line of terrified little children filed quietly down-stairs and through the halls into the very body of the mob, who literally filled the enclosure, and whose savage yells and inhuman threats thrilled like a death-note on every heart. . . . The human mass swayed back, as though impelled by an unseen power; not a hand was raised to molest them, and without sustaining the slightest injury, children and care-takers reached the station house in Thirty-fifth Street, where for three days they were crowded in the halls and cells of the building, with the bleeding, dying ruffians who had been taken by the police."—*Charities of New York*.

the long hall, bellowing over and over these words. Dr. Muhlenberg and some of the gentle-women of the house tried in turn to pacify him, but they might as well have attempted to hush the roaring tempest. After awhile he left, and it was with a blank, helpless look that one face met another.

Dr. Muhlenberg quietly directed that his papers and whatever documents of value there were in the house should be at once put together and sent in a carriage to the Sisters' House for safety, and some measures were considered for the removal of the little children and sickest women in the event of an assault. There was an ominous provision of weapons for such a purpose, close at hand just then. The area surrounding the building was strewn with spiked iron rods by the hundred, prepared for guarding the windows of the entire basement story, and in mid-road, were piled at intervals, heaps of stone cubes for paving the streets, —convenient, easily-hurled missiles for stalwart men. The Pastor moved amongst it all like the man of God that he was. There were young men in the house, loyal and high spirited, who could not help remonstrating respectfully with Dr. Muhlenberg at his passiveness—"Doctor, you're not going to have us stand still and see this beautiful Hospital destroyed like the Orphan Asylum yonder, are you? Let us send to General Wool for a piece of ordnance and some soldiers." The Pastor had no confidence in any such measures of defence, disapproved of them indeed, but he was almost alone in his opinion, and when, as with

the Prophet Elisha, "they urged him till he was ashamed, he said, Go."

Some time before this the city cars had ceased running, the telegraph wires were cut, and St. Luke's was almost isolated. A horse for the messenger to General Wool was borrowed of a plain, timid neighbor not far distant, who, to protect himself, had affixed a huge sign on his house of "Opposition to the Draft." He came over to the Hospital, kindly, but as half afraid of being seen so doing, to warn the authorities that it was a serious thing to have taken in those injured policemen, the rioters threatened to come down upon the Institution for it, and that being the fact, he could not endanger himself by assisting beyond lending the horse. After a long delay, the messenger sent in quest of military protection returned. There were neither troops nor artillery unoccupied, but if matters came to an extremity, they could come down again. Dr. Muhlenberg was relieved. There was only one kind of defence he cared to lean on.

There was a stifling oppressive stillness in the suspended traffic of the street, and now and again from the window could be seen men and women assailing the few carriages that passed up or down Fifth Avenue. The sultry afternoon wore away; what would six o'clock bring? Knots of ill-looking men were seen standing about the neighborhood, and a low tavern about twenty rods to the north of St. Luke's on the Fifth Avenue seemed to be a *rendezvous* for orders, and between the two, long low whistles were from time to time ex-

changed. All things moved on in a kind of breathless order in the house. Six o'clock came, and at half past the Chapel bell rang as usual, and the household gathered for their evening worship. The patients had been carefully guarded from alarm, but to the rest of the family the service occupied a period of surpassingly intense emotion. The Pastor's voice, in place of its usual flexibility and richness, had an almost sepulchral sound as he turned to St. Peter's second epistle, third chapter, and read of the coming of the day of the Lord as a thief in the night; a suitable hymn and prayers followed. The hour passed. A few ill-looking men had stepped over the low wooden fence that then enclosed the grounds, and a woman, occupying a basement room at the eastern end, overheard two of them, who sat on the grass close under her window, talking together as though surprised no attack were in progress.

"Wasn't it to be at that hour?"

Again: "Have they been warned?"

"Yes," said the others, and they moved off.

Night came on, a night of horrors. Yells and shrieks, at no great distance, with now and again the report of a street howitzer, or the rattle of musketry, filled the darkness. Only the patients and the subordinates of the household thought of going to bed, neither that night, nor on the night following. Early the next morning Dr. Muhlenberg sent two trusty, intelligent men as scouts, to mingle among the leaders of the mob and learn if possible what was proposed for St. Luke's. They succeeded in worming out of the rioters that the

Hospital was on their list for destruction, but that "another place had to be attended to first."

Before these wicked men found themselves at leisure for the attack, the current of feeling was entirely turned. It came about somewhat remarkably.

On the afternoon of the second day, a young rioter, who had been shot by a soldier, was brought by a posse of the mob to the Hospital gate, with a request for admission. Dr. Muhlenberg went immediately out and received the patient. His mates carried him into the ward. He was dangerously hurt, and the surgeons were quickly about him. His miserable old mother followed to the bedside, bewailing piteously that her son was shot down like a wild beast, and he so innocent.

"What was he doing?" asked Dr. Muhlenberg.

"Nothing at all, at all, your riverence, but just standing on the doorstep with a bit of a brick-bat in his hand."

The man attended to, the Pastor returned to the crowd, and going among them in his simple dignity, said that the doors of the Hospital were freely opened to every wounded man needing help, whoever or whatever he might be, but that in doing such charity it was not expected that the house should be threatened with fire and storm. He was interrupted by cries of "No, no, certainly not. Long live St. Luke's Hospital! God bless Dr. Muhlenberg! Not a hair of his head shall be hurt. We'll stand by him," etc., etc. "Thank you, thank you," the venerable man replied, and then rais-

ing his hand, brought them to silence again. They listened respectfully, as, in his own clear, kindly way, he told them that what they were doing was altogether wrong. There might be two opinions about the draft. They were not obliged to think it good, but it was their duty, if they disliked it, to use peaceable measures to get it changed, etc., etc. It is impossible to do justice to the sensible, forcible address he made them, standing bare-headed in their midst, for they seemed drawn to him and gathered around him. Then, whether by the force of his personal influence upon them, or through the proverbial fickleness of a mob, an entire revulsion took place. They renewed their *vivas* for St. Luke's and its Pastor, and offered to get re-inforcements and form themselves into a vigilance committee for the protection of the Institution—which, under an official personage of the vicinity, they did. In considerable force they patrolled the neighborhood all night, and once every hour halted on the Hospital grounds with a terrifying hurrah to assure the inmates of their safety, and also to regale themselves with ale and other stimulants. It was not a very comfortable guard, but there was infinite relief in the vastly changed situation, and on the third day the tumult was beginning to ebb out.

During the months immediately succeeding these events, prospects so greatly brightened for the North that the president was encouraged to issue a proclamation recommending a General Thanksgiving on the 26th of November (1863), as an expression of national gratitude for so much of success. The proclamation

touched a responsive chord in Dr. Muhlenberg's muse, and a Thanksgiving Hymn with accompanying music soon came into being. As the piece was suggested by Mr. Lincoln's call upon the nation to give thanks, Dr. Muhlenberg instinctively spoke of it as "the President's Hymn" but would not permanently affix such a title without Mr. Lincoln's approbation. Mr. Minturn saw the piece, was greatly pleased with it, and sent a copy to the president, with whom he was personally acquainted, telling him Dr. Muhlenberg's involuntary thought as to its title, and asking on his own account, if it should be thus called. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed back: "So let it be," and therefore so it was.

The President's Hymn completed happily Dr. Muhlenberg's music and verse of the war period. The stirring joyous song with its refrain,

"Give thanks all ye people; give thanks to the LORD,
Alleluia's of freedom, let freemen accord,"

is familiar to many. The hymn was very generally sung on the occasion for which it was prepared, in the Episcopal and other churches. The proceeds of the sale of the piece with its music, such as they were, went to the widows and orphans of soldiers.



CHAPTER XXI.

1865-1866.

Benevolent Activities during War.—The selfish Landlord.—Central Park Splendor.—An unrepining Spirit.—Evening Hours.—Soldier Patients.—Favoring the Poorest.—A Riddle.—Keeping Lent.—Efforts for general Observance of Good Friday.—Co-operation of Ministers of various Denominations.—Sermon in Dr. Adams's Church.—Bishop Potter's Pastoral.—Letters to a Friend.—Dr. Schaff's Service in Church of the Holy Communion.—Restoration of Church of Augustus.—Growth of exclusive Sentiment.—Death of Dr. Crusé.—A Pair of Saints.—Anecdotes.—An Olive Branch.—Act of General Convention of 1865.

THE unhappy years of the war, in the sufferings direct and indirect which it entailed, opened a vast field both for public and private benevolence throughout the land. Dr. Muhlenberg's humane and Christian sympathies were never in more active exercise. There seemed an almost unremitting demand upon his time and attention. "I hope the way to the kingdom of heaven for you and me lies through these corridors," he said one day to a fellow-worker, "for we spend very much of our time in traversing them."

Besides his ardent, pains-taking interest in the soldiers themselves, he often found occasion for out-of-door errands of mercy in the service of their families; the following is an example. The wife of a volunteer,

then in the army, had failed to receive her usual remittances, and came in great distress to Dr. Muhlenberg under a threat of ejection for not paying her rent.

"Who is your landlord?" he inquired.

"Mr. ——. He has a good many houses."

"Oh, I know him well. Be comforted. I will see to it."

Forthwith he repaired to the poor woman's landlord, who was engaged, at the time, in his private office, but, being intimate with the Doctor, admitted him there. The rich man was counting a quantity of gold into little piles at the moment. Dr. Muhlenberg described the poor tenant's distress, and asked him to give her a quit-claim for a quarter's rent.

"Impossible. I have nothing at all to do with it. My agent attends to all such matters. Business would be quite demoralized by such interference."

"Nay, but," remonstrated Dr. Muhlenberg, "the good woman occupies your house, and you receive her money for it. She has paid regularly till now, when she is ordered to leave."

"Yes, yes, that may be all true, but the thing can't be done; it is not business."

"Well, then," said the faithful pleader for the poor, "just give me one or two of those gold pieces for her."

"By no means," rejoined the rich man. "I want every one of them to make up a sum I'm going to put into the bank."

"Well, sir," said Dr. Muhlenberg, rising with some indignation to go, "I would rather take my chance

for the kingdom of heaven, with the poorest, meanest, dirtiest beggar in the streets of New York than with you."

Full of the softest humanities, and merciful after the heavenly pattern, to "publicans and sinners," there were two things that always roused his ire—greed and hypocrisy. Further, he enjoyed, now and then, a strong word when it fitted. Here is a similar reflection, made after a somewhat like occurrence. "I am no apologist for Mariolatry, but I would rather fare with Bridget saying her 'Hail Mary,' than with Old Rent Roll, her master, groaning over her idolatry—himself a worshipper of Mammon. Granting the idolatry, hers may be venial, compared with his, in the eye of the Discerner of Spirits."

In these days, his main recreation was a brisk walk in Central Park, so conveniently at hand, where he frequently noted the throng of gay equipages bowling along the carriage ways. "Little sign of the unparalleled disaster of the land," he would say, and then recollected that those newly set up handsome establishments were too often the very product of the war, acquired by those who made money out of it, but took not the slightest share in its hardships. Gazing one day at such a scene, he said to a poor shivering fellow who asked for something to buy him a morsel to eat, "I suppose you think it rather hard to see these streams of merry sleigh-riders dashing along so gayly while you are starving in the cold?" "Oh! no," he replied, "they are enjoying themselves. I like to

see them. I would do the same if I had a chance." Dr. Muhlenberg did not fail to reward the man's unrepining spirit, and recorded the incident to the credit of human nature.

A common occupation of the evenings of his Hospital life consisted in private interviews with the patients in his own room. When the rush of business from outside was suspended, and he was at leisure from other interruptions, the lights in his study turned low, one might hear, in passing along the corridors, his voice in deep, subdued tones of earnest persuasion, or fervent prayer, with one or another forlorn patient who had crept down to that hallowed place for the fatherly counsel and spiritual help never sought in vain. Very often, at night, before he lay down to sleep, he would mount even to the third-story ward, and at the bedside of those whom he knew to be in especial danger or distress, speak such words of heavenly help and cheer, that the poor souls felt as though an angel of God had visited them. And with the morning dawn, before sitting down to his early breakfast, he would constantly again look in for a moment upon such sufferers, to learn how the night had passed.

On Sunday evenings he would have his melodeon carried into the wards most remote from the Chapel, and make a bright service of praise and prayer for those excluded by their ailments from attending church with the rest. And so passed his happy, thrice blessed days.

By the close of the year 1863, the government had removed the sick and wounded men from all the civil

institutions to military hospitals. Dr. Muhlenberg had found great pleasure in ministering to his soldier patients. "It is a satisfaction," he said, "to see how much they enjoy their accommodation here. Used to the forms and strictness of military regimen, some very few of them abused the mild, paternal order of the house, but with these exceptions, they have been as orderly and obedient as could be desired. . . . Very generally they are pleased to attend the religious services, both in the wards and in the Chapel. Scarcely any of them are Episcopalians, but after a few directions they take to the Prayer Book and make responses worthy of a regular church congregation. It is pleasant to have them gathered every evening, as well as on Sundays, for worship, which they can do so easily by means of the central Chapel communicating with the wards. Some of them have expressed much pleasure in it. We may hope that they will carry from the Hospital more than they came for. . . ."

There was a great preponderance of chronic patients in the earlier years of the Institution, and the prolonged occupation of beds sometimes rendered it difficult to entertain all the applications made for admission. One day, when only one vacant bed remained on the men's side, two men applied at the same moment to be taken in. One was a respectable-looking man, able to pay his board, the other a poor consumptive, without a shilling in the world. The well-to-do man was so eager to be admitted, and the poor man so needy, that Dr. Muhlenberg was referred to for a decision. "Why, of

course, take in the man that has no means; the other can procure a shelter somewhere." This was not a solitary instance of the principle governing admissions; any other decision would have been a disgrace to the Christianity of the house; but Dr. Muhlenberg always congratulated himself on an opportunity of favoring the poorest, and often called the Hospital, "Lazarus's Palace." On one such occasion he improvised a riddle, thus: "Why is St. Luke's like the kingdom of heaven?" Answer: "Because 'they that have riches shall hardly enter therein.'"

In the spring of 1864, it occurred to him to make an effort for the observance of the coming Good Friday, by all Evangelical Christians in the city of New York. He always made much of Lent, not in the way of minute rules, as to this or that article of diet, or other matters of "mint, anise and cummin," but as an especial time for self-searching, true self-denial, and humiliation for sin. He would speak of the season as "an annual returning to the law, which might be made very salutary if used for evangelical repentance." "Our Lord," he said "was forty days in the wilderness alone; we may profitably follow him there, by making this appointment of the church, a time for putting ourselves more frequently and solemnly in the presence of God, in spiritual reflection and prayer. . . ."

Passion Week was eminently a Holy Week to him to his life's end, and with regard to the observance of Good Friday, as was his earliest desire, so was his latest—that all who named themselves Christians

should, with one accord, keep the day of their common redemption.

This year (1864) there were some especial grounds whereon to urge his Evangelical Catholic principles to such an end. These were, in his own words, "the fearful moral aspect of the city of New York, the revelling in luxury and wanton extravagance; the squanderings of newly-gotten wealth in fashion and display; the triumphant successes of places of amusement, while new horrors of the necessities of war form the daily items of news; while the moans of suffering and bereavement from agonized hearts almost sound in our ears."

In a brief paper entitled "A Word for Good Friday," he expatiates upon the history and principle of the solemn observance of the day, thus: "There are traces of it in the earliest centuries. It is impossible to assign the date of its beginning, but naturally it might have been the first anniversary of the Crucifixion. . . . It was adhered to in Protestant countries as strictly after, as it had been before, the Reformation. They never thought of giving it up as a papal custom, nor do they at the present day. Good Friday belongs to the religion of continental Europe everywhere; prevailing also, though not so universally, in the British dominions. In our own country, likewise, many of the Protestant churches, the Lutheran and the Reformed, the Moravian Brethren, with a large number of the Wesleyan Methodists, and others, are of one mind on the subject, which, without any violence to conscience, it would seem might be the mind of all. If hallowed associations, if

ancient and world-wide precedent be required for an institution, this may claim them abundantly.

“Of all holy days, it is the least likely to be abused. It is a fast, not a feast, like Christmas, which men may and often do prostitute to riot and excess. Merry Christmas the world is willing to keep; Good Friday it would leave undisturbed, and on no day might devout Christians more realize that they are not of the world.

“True, the great theme then dwelt upon is not for our thoughts on that day alone. We remember the death of Christ every day of our lives, but it does not thence follow that we may not more especially remember it on one day in the year. We are to pray without ceasing, but we have certain times for prayer. We are to hallow all our days, yet we are to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. The Christian is to be always humble and penitent, yet the profit of special days for humiliation and penitence has always been recognized. We receive our daily blessings from the hand of God with lively gratitude, but no one would make this a reason for dispensing with the annual Thanksgiving. The principle involved is the same in the observance before us. It assumes the expediency of there being one marked, fixed, and devoted period in the cycle of the year to call us away from earth, to bring us closer to the cross, to study more deeply its awful mystery, to perceive more clearly the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and thus to renew our repentance, to quicken our faith, and to see the whole price of our

redemption paid when the Redeemer cried: 'It is finished.' Nothing but further sanctification, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, could flow from a day thus used.

"Hence there are countless believers to whom Good Friday is inestimably precious, and who would not for the world spend it in secular pursuits; while it is equally true of countless others that while the dying Saviour is never absent from their spiritual gaze, they know nothing of the day, and would even shrink from keeping it as carnal and popish; just again as there are still others who keep it with the utmost scrupulousness, who, nevertheless, may have every thing yet to learn of the power of the cross to salvation. But any thing of that kind does not touch the question of the edification of the observance in the manner in which alone it is here commended.

"But, further, do not the times call upon all who believe in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, for some special demonstration on their part which shall declare their unanimity in that belief? Now, when multifarious and subtle errors are undermining this vital doctrine of the Gospel, when unbelief insinuates itself under the guise of rational belief, when Christ is preached, but not Christ crucified, does it not behoove all who are steadfast in the faith to stand up together and announce that in whatever else they are apart, on this ground truth they are one? And would it not be an easy, a natural and edifying way to set apart and give up a day for this

purpose, and further to take that which always has been kept as the *Atonement-day*, and so testify that it is the ancient catholic as well as the scriptural faith which they maintain in confessing 'Christ Jesus dying, the just for the unjust to bring us unto God'? A general return to Good Friday would be emphatic, would have a positive meaning, would tell upon the world as a proclamation that, despite of divisions and differences, Christians do see 'eye to eye' when they turn to the central object of their faith and hope and love.

"Such a union service in our several churches could only be profitable, and also most animating in thought, when we consider the vast company of Christians with whom we would be in sympathy. The millions in all quarters of Christendom, all called by the day to their respective sanctuaries, all turning their eyes to the one object on Calvary; some, indeed, less understandingly or with a more mixed faith than others, but all naming the only Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; all pouring forth one litany: 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us;' an innumerable brotherhood of ransomed sinners, each claiming his share in the salvation of their great Elder Brother, the God-man, the Peacemaker between God and man, all in virtue of the blood of the everlasting covenant, crying, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' What a time for universal charity, for those who are blessed with the clear knowledge of redemption to pray for the illumination of many of their brethren, looking also to the cross, but with a

darkened faith; what a time for supplicating the great Head of the church that he would purge out her errors, heal her divisions, and give her peace! Shall we not bear our part in the congregation of all nations, and languages, and tongues? Shall we not in solemn worship, special and appropriate to the day, manifest our union, so far forth, at least, with the 'holy church throughout all the world'?"

This paper was followed by a circular very widely disseminated, and to which he succeeded in obtaining the signatures of the pastors of all the more prominent churches of the city, of every party and denomination, proposing respectfully to their Christian brethren of the city a general agreement to observe the day in their congregations. In the list of signers, we find the rectors of Trinity, Grace Church, Calvary, (then Dr. A. C. Coxe, now Bishop of Western New York) of St. George's Church, of St. Bartholomew's, with those of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, the Fourth Ave. Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Dutch Church, the Fifth Ave. Baptist Church, the German Reformed Church, etc., and very many more of differing communions. The effort was an eminently successful one, and from that time forth the observance of the day by Christians generally has been steadily extending.

Dr. Muhlenberg preached, by invitation, at the second service held in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. He simply preached, leaving the conduct of the worship to the pastor of the congregation. He

was afterwards censured for this, and in vindicating himself said:

“For a fortnight previous I had spent much time in obtaining the signatures of a large number of the clergy of various denominations, to a circular recommending the observance of that day, both for its commemoration and for the purpose of manifesting the unity of Christians in the doctrines of the Cross. Nearly everywhere I met with the most cordial welcome. A few days before the fast, Dr. Adams, who had taken a lead in furthering the movement, said to me: ‘Will you not now come and finish your work by preaching in my church on Good Friday afternoon, when a number of clergy and people of other congregations will be present?’ A small reply would it not have been, had I said, ‘Yes, on condition that you allow me to conduct all the worship myself, and according to the forms of my own church.’ I shall never forget that solemnized and thronged assembly. Never did I so feel the reality of my office as a preacher of the Crucified. It was the happiest Good Friday of my life.”

Mention has been heretofore made of the tenacity with which Dr. Muhlenberg held to his principles of Evangelic Brotherhood. In season and out of season he pressed them, and it is doubtful if he ever passed by an opportunity of discussing the subject with his Episcopal superiors. Items in his journal constantly glance at conversations upon the theme with one or another bishop with whom he came casually in contact.

He had an unfeigned reverence for, and appreciation of, their office, with a vision so grand of the possibilities of the Episcopate for the advancement of the church of Christ that he longed to bring every individual member of the same to see what he saw.

In the year 1865 he published a pamphlet in answer to Bishop Potter's Pastoral, making serious charges against himself and some brother clergymen for practising what were deemed canonical irregularities, the preaching in Dr. Adams's church on this Good Friday, being one of them; and lending the Church of the Holy Communion to the Rev. Dr. Schaff for a German service, the other. Dr. Muhlenberg felt there was an unfairness in the allusion of the Pastoral to this last particular, under the circumstances through which Dr. Schaff's use of the church came to pass; and an injustice also in the objection made to it, in the face of the liberty allowed about the same time in Trinity Chapel, of the celebration of the Holy Communion in the Greek tongue after the formulas of the Russian Church.

The facts regarding Dr. Schaff's preaching, are thus stated by Dr. Muhlenberg:

"In regard to the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Schaff, in the Church of the Holy Communion, it (the Pastoral) says: 'Certainly the specious plea urged on that occasion will never be admitted again by the present bishop.' The specious plea was this: For some time I had thought it would be a good thing to give our churches, when not otherwise used, on Sunday evenings, for sermons by native German preachers, with the view of in-

ducing the attendance of some of that large portion of our German population neglecting public worship altogether. Many who send their children to our Sunday schools, will not themselves come to church. I believed that if special efforts were made to bring them, not just to mission halls, with which their foreign feelings won't associate the ideas of worship, but to our goodly sanctuaries, giving them a cordial American welcome there, putting our organs in the hands of their countrymen to lead them in chorals of their fatherland—by such means I believed something might be done in bringing them to hear earnest preachers of their own, not as of any one denomination, but as evangelists declaring to them the Gospel, the same in Germany and America. Full of my scheme for a German lecture, I went to the bishop for his approval of it, proposing to make a beginning in the Church of the Holy Communion. He assented to it, without any pressing on my part, or hesitation on his. I left him, gratified with his readiness in the matter. As he now says he 'gave a bare assent,' I must suppose that he did, but that he was urged by any specious plea, I can not admit. He knows how careful I was to adhere to the understanding that the church should be considered as loaned for the occasion, for I afterward informed him that I had declined the offer of one of our clergymen to read the evening prayer in German, before Dr. Schaff's sermon, that there might be none of the intermingling of services to which he objected. I made use of no pretext; I was open and straightforward throughout.

"Some three months afterward, the bishop, at my request, allowed the use of the same church, for a sermon by a German Lutheran divine, who then thought of coming into our church. The purpose, a special one, was approved by the bishop, but no specious plea was urged."

For a full understanding of the matter the reader is referred to the pamphlet itself, entitled "Letters to a Friend." * Dr. Muhlenberg used much deliberation in making this reply to the bishop. On simply personal grounds he might have been content to let it pass, as more than one of his brethren entreated him to, but he thought the Pastoral "calculated to do harm to our church." "It sets her," he said, "in a false attitude toward surrounding Christians. It attributes an exclusiveness which does not belong to her, and puts her ministers in an ecclesiastical bondage foreign to her spirit, and not imposed by her laws."

He never ceased to be jealous for the honor,—the true character, full usefulness, and fair adornment,—of the Episcopal Church; which had not, in all her borders, a more loyal and loving son; and the same spirit that, before he was even ordained, stirred him to reform the organ loft of St. James's, Phila., and to remove from the sanctuary service the incongruous office of clerk, impelled him, as life went on, to put forth his best efforts for the eradication of more important evil growths. The hallowed structure, if of heavenly foun-

* *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series.*

dation, was built up of earthly elements, and hence liable to injury, to unwholesome accretions, and to decay. He would not have us—in the imagery of a delegate to the General Convention, succeeding his decease,—“refrain from repairing the old building till the timbers fall about our ears.”

“Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord’s,” he said might be enjoined of the prohibitory canons. Speaking of the interpretation of the twentieth canon which makes it enforce absolute uniformity of worship to the exclusion of a breath of free prayer, under whatsoever circumstances, he writes:

“In vain do we look for any of these severe provisions in the Prayer Book. That keeps within the limit of its prerogative. It dictates what shall be said, and there stops. It prescribes, but does not proscribe. It does not forbid the utterance of any words whatever beyond its own. But that, you answer, is implied. Not so. When our Lord said, ‘When ye pray, say Our Father,’ we do not understand him as enjoining exclusively that prayer, which, from its perfection, might, if any prayer might, be our sole liturgy. The church, then surely would not go beyond her Lord, and say of *her* ‘form of sound words,’ thus, and thus alone, shall ye pray. No, no. It is the canon, in its hard sense, not the dear old Prayer Book, which knows the Bible too well to abridge our Bible rights.”

. “When the whole country reeled as the lightning flashed through it the terrific word of the murder of the president, and we bowed in our sanctu-

aries before the Sovereign Disposer of events, should we have stifled our hearts and uttered no supplications dictated by that event in his providence, crushing the heart of millions, and changing, for aught we knew, the whole current of our nation's fortunes? No earnest cries, that out of that darkness he would bring light; no litany, that the people might learn what he would teach them by that undreamed of reverse of his hand? No prayer extraordinary for the magistrate suddenly lifted to supreme command, that he might be endowed with wisdom extraordinary for his new and tremendous responsibilities, and that he might call to him counselors seeking counsel of God? Nothing—nothing at all out of the ordinary routine, but the ‘Prayer for Persons in Affliction,’ commended to us on that occasion by our Diocesan!”

The above occurred thus: On the day following the Good Friday of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, there was a confirmation in Dr. Muhlenberg's Church of the Holy Communion, when he read the service. He asked the bishop's consent to a prayer suitable to the appalling circumstances, the thought of which filled every heart. The result was the direction stated, namely, to read the “Prayer for Persons in Affliction.” Nevertheless, his sanguine, upright heart comforted itself that “the church as well as the earth does move. Evangelical Catholicism will be understood some of these days.”

In the year 1860, on the occasion of the restoration of the old Church of Augustus, at The Trappe, Pa.,

founded by the Lutheran Patriarch Muhlenberg, Dr. Muhlenberg as great grandson to the latter, took part by invitation on the occasion. He delivered a sermon on the words, "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," but did not conduct the worship; circumstances closely parallel to those of the Good Friday service in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Muhlenberg mentioned this fact in a note* to his "Letters," adding that both "Bishop Alonzo Potter, and Bishop Bowman had approved of his accepting the invitation, aware of the devotional services of the occasion being conducted by Lutheran clergymen." At the same time, to show, by a retrospective comparison, the striking growth of exclusive sentiment in our church, he makes an opportune quotation from an old record of the consecration of Zion, another Lutheran Church of the Patriarch Muhlenberg's founding in 1769. This ancient church stood in the neighborhood of Fifth and Cherry Streets, Phila., and has only within a very few years been pulled down. The record to which Dr. Muhlenberg refers says: "On the second day of the solemnities, the services were according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Peters, a clergyman of that church, (one of the three ministers of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia). Several other Episcopal ministers were present on the occasion, at the conclusion of which the Rector Muhlenberg, who had delivered

* *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series.*

the sermon the first day, addressed the congregation, and, in the name of the corporation of Zion Church, adverted to the many kind proofs of sympathy they had received during the three years in which they had worshipped in a building belonging to the Episcopalians, and the additional gratification they had just experienced in the services conducted by their Episcopal brethren."

The sermon preached by Dr. Muhlenberg, at the restoration of the Church of Augustus, was an extended and carefully written Evangelical Catholic discourse from Rev. xix. 10. It was inscribed to his "dear brother in the ministry, and former college classmate, Christian Frederick Crusé, in memory of countless hours of sweet converse on 'things pertaining to the Kingdom,' and in testimony of wisdom and learning, alike meek and profound, disclosed only in such hours.'"

In the month of October, 1865, death parted these bosom friends. Dr. Muhlenberg's journal has the following entry:

"*Thursday, October 5th, 11½ p. m.* I have just come from the death-bed of my beloved friend, Dr. Crusé. He has fallen asleep. So gently did he at last breathe his life away that we could not tell the moment he left us."

In another place he says: "About three years ago I induced him, in consequence of his declining health, after much persuasion, to make his home with me. Since when we have been daily companions. We read together, we thought together, we conversed together

—each knowing each, more than men are wont to know one another. . . . He was my living commentator, better than any dead one on my shelves. I always found him at home in the most difficult texts, often original, yet strikingly natural in their interpretation. . . . He was profound in his affection for the truth of God, but impatient of the traditions of men. . . . Simply and entirely a disciple of Christ. . . . Alas! for these hours of sweet communion no more on earth! what a blank has his departure made in my life. . . . None of the associations of the Hospital are dearer to me than that here was the last tarrying place of the scholar, the saint, and the sage, the beloved friend of more than fifty years, who, in the fulness of age, without the least decay of mind, here glided in heavenly slumber, to his rest among the beatified within the veil.”

Dr. Muhlenberg and Dr. Crusé were a pair of saints. They were very differently constituted, mentally and physically, but alike in unworldly simplicity, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and habitual communion with God. It was interesting to see them together, so opposite, yet so harmonious: one so vivacious, the other so quiet, and mutually so frank and confiding. Sometimes Dr. Muhlenberg would call Dr. Crusé his *cruse*, out of which he got much oil. The Doctor was a learned linguist as well as theologian; the master of seven or eight languages. Again, the former would rally the old scholar on the advantage the college boys used to take of his absent-mindedness, when

"keeping the study," with some huge parchment tome before him. This was during his association with Dr. M. as a professor at St. Paul's College, and "keeping the study" was sitting in the large room to maintain general order while the students prepared their lessons.

On one of these occasions, the boys perceiving that their guardian was very far off, possibly on some Arabic or Coptic exploration, dared one of their number to ask the most preposterous thing they could think of. Some unimportant preliminary requests being made by one and another scholar, and all receiving the invariable, "Yes, sir," the test question was put:

"Dr. Crusé?"

"Sir?"

"If you please, may I cut your head off?"

"Yes, sir," with the most innocently respectful bow.

The room was in a roar, and the story ever after was a standing joke in the college.

"You shouldn't tell tales out of school, Doctor," his friend added in the mildest manner; the Sisters, at whose table the story was told, meanwhile, laughing heartily at the fun.

Each of the friends had a gold watch stolen from him while in the Hospital: not a solitary instance of such sacrilege practised upon Dr. Mulilenberg, who could never be withheld from taking strange young men for prayer and counsel into his private room, nor from leaving them there if intermediately called

off; so making an easy opportunity for the ill-disposed, and which, in several notable instances, was taken advantage of. Besides, both these excellent doctors had a habit of hanging their watches on a nail in the room, instead of carrying them on their persons. Close together, within a week perhaps, the two watches were taken, undoubtedly by the same hand. Dr. Muhlenberg, when he found his gone, said, "And it was my brother's. Ah, well!" and then went on to expatiate on his grief that the young man in whom he had felt so interested should have so disappointed him. Dr. Crusé had tender associations with his gold watch also. "Well, well! it was given by my wife to our son,"—both long dead,—“but ‘*Sic transit gloria mundi.*’” The two friends were well paired in such matters.

In the September preceding Dr. Crusé's death (1865), Dr. Muhlenberg wrote and circulated anonymously a paper of some four pages, entitled "An Olive Branch," pleading for the church in the South in view of the approaching General Convention. Widely as this fly-leaf was scattered the distribution was accomplished with such studious secrecy that its authorship was never known. As illustrative both of its author, and of the interesting times in which it was written, the paper is subjoined:

"AN OLIVE BRANCH.

"All Christians in the Northern and prosperous States of the Union, must sympathize in the sufferings at

the South occasioned by the recent war. As a war between brethren, between fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians, while we knew it to be as righteous as it was inevitable, we yet felt it to be so unnatural that at times we almost wished for peace on any terms. We dared not surrender the very being of the Nation and the dearest interests of humanity, and that reconciled us to what our souls abhorred. Of malice or hatred towards our self-made foes we were conscious we were entirely free. We resisted all rising feelings of revengefulness towards them, contending simply for the right and only because it was the right.

“And now how shall we prove that we were thus single-hearted? How shall we prove that in our hostility there was no malignity—that in our antagonists we had no personal enemies? Obviously one, among other ways, is, to be forward in acts of good-will towards them, generously to succor them in the distress of which they compelled us to be the cause, to help them all we can to repair the ravages of our armies bound on their work of death for the country’s life; and especially to promote all the agencies and appliances for making their former race of bondmen a race of industrious freedmen. By these means let us show that our Christianity has survived the terrible ordeal; that the war, with all its enormities, has not depraved or hardened us; and that if we fought with the persistence of men who welcomed their own rather than their country’s death, it was all the while with the charity of Christian men. So, indeed, to a great ex-

tent we *are* doing. Liberality in no stinted measures is flowing Southward. Let it flow on still more copiously. Next to providing for the brave men and their families, among ourselves, who have been disabled or bereaved by the war, this ministry to our brethren no longer in arms against us, might well be for the time a leading charity of the day. It requires more than the munificence of individuals, noble as that has already been. It requires co-operation and concert of action, which also it largely has—but to be thoroughly done it must have more of such action, especially in the religious and ecclesiastical field. This brings us to our present object, which is to suggest that the approaching General Convention of our church take early action in the matter, and adopt measures for interesting the congregations generally in the Northern States in behalf of the wasted churches at the South. Why might there not be a Southern Church Aid Commission, with its branches north and west? Why should not the contribution of liberal funds to such a commission, enabling it to act extensively, be set forth as a paramount obligation of loyal churchmen, whose means the war has scarcely touched, and many of whom it has enriched? Why should not the bishops make this one of the topics of their triennial pastoral? Some formal action of the kind proposed by the Convention would demonstrate that we are in earnest in desiring to heal the breach in Israel. It would do more than any thing else actually to heal that breach. In fact, it would be the right prelim-

inary measure towards a restoration of our ecclesiastical unity. It would be a practical advance on our part towards that 'consummation devoutly to be wished for'; and, further, what a worthy accompaniment would it be of the thanksgivings of the Convention for the return of peace in the suppression of the rebellion, in the reunion of the States, and in the end of that which awhile rent them asunder. Nor let our zeal in so Christian a movement be dampened by such sentiments as appear in the recent letter of one of the Southern bishops. From his official position he may be regarded as the spokesman of the Southern Church. That would be a mistake. He does not, in all he says, utter the unanimous voice of the Clergy and Laity in the recently Confederate States.*

* "They would not all so confront us with the memory 'especially of' their 'beloved Polk.' To the question, 'whether he did right in again drawing the sword which he once had laid sheathed on the altar,' they would not all answer (as Bishop Elliott says he still does, by telling us that he is glad that his sermon on the death of Bishop Polk was republished in the *Christian Witness*), '*Yes—a thousand times, yes—in defence of the sacred trust of Slavery.*' Leaving it to our own Christian delicacy not to 'disturb the ashes of the dead,' they would not so peremptorily lay down the terms of fraternizing with us: 'not a word of obloquy or dispraise.' Nor do all our Southern brethren feel that returning to the Union is to 'submit to the yoke prepared' for them, coolly telling us that 'the struggle was forced upon' them, and that they did '*not* rejoice' in the result. For the most part, however, Bishop Elliott's letter is sensible and just. Both sides will yet see eye to eye. In the meanwhile let us dwell on what, in due time, will bring us together, rather than on what would keep us apart."

Letters have been received from Southern churchmen, breathing a very different spirit. However that may be, let us do our part. Let us stretch forth our hands with substantial peace-offerings; and that with no air of conscious magnanimity, but in Christian meekness and love, confessing it a privilege and a duty. By gracious and conciliatory words; none, however, which would compromise our sense of the arch-heresy and schism of secession, or of our abomination of that which lay at the root of secession—by all kindly overtures consistent with self-respect and conscious rectitude, and yet in the spirit of our religion, let us show that we long to meet our separated brothers again, and with them once more to ‘take sweet counsel together and walk in the house of God as friends.’ Thus let not the war be prolonged by war in the church. Thus let the world see that if we had to do battle even with those of the same household of faith, it was not in the spirit of the world; and thus let *them* also be convinced that in the hottest of the fight, we had no bitterness towards them in our hearts. If Christendom has been shocked by fratricidal carnage within its borders, as wide and as dreadful as any on record, let it now see the compensation in a consequent and unparalleled out-pouring of fraternal benevolence; its waters, for being awhile dammed up, all the more rushing forth to fertilize the regions which from dreadful necessity the fire and sword had laid waste. Be it that the war, considered in itself, has been one of the darkest pages in the history of the world; then

let this sequel of the war, on our part, be one of the brightest and loveliest pages in the annals of the Church.

“A UNION MAN IN CHURCH AND STATE.

“*Sept.*, 1865.”

The General Convention to which this missive was anticipatory met in St. Andrew's Church, Phila., and was in session from Oct. 4th to Oct. 24th (1865). “The crowning event of the Convention,” says its official chronicler, “was the reunion of the church, which had been, in fact, separated by the independent action of the Southern dioceses during the civil war.”* Possibly Dr. Muhlenberg's loving “Olive Branch,” by influencing the general sentiment, indirectly did its part towards this happy issue; but to what extent, supposing that a fact, must be judged by those familiar with the working of men's minds at the time.

* Perry's “Hand-book of the General Convention of the Prot. Epis. Church.”

CHAPTER XXII.

1865-1866.

Keeps up with the Christian Thought of the Day.—Literary Ability.—“Christ and the Bible.”—“The Woman and Her Accusers.”—Ten years without Verse-making.—Later Compositions in Music and Poetry.—Talent for Improvising.—Muhlenbergianæ.—Satire and Mimicry.—Old Quin.—Tact in Reproving.—“Deliver us from Evil.”—Permission to go to the Theatre.—Ingenious Argument.—The Requiem Mass.—Fluctuations of Temper.—Portrait by Huntingdon.—Mr. Minturn’s Death.—“The Poor Man’s Friend and Mine.”—Mr. Minturn’s Distinguishing Traits.—Anecdote by Bishop Potter.—A Short Funeral Sermon.—The Hospital Burial Plot.

WHILE Dr. Muhlenberg’s sympathies were thus keenly and practically alive to every issue of the time, vital to his fellow-men, his mind and intellect kept thoroughly up with the Christian thought of the day. The personal cares and duties with which he burdened himself in developing his benevolent enterprises, allowed him nothing of the scholar’s seclusion and literary absorption. Nor, if he had possessed the leisure, was such his bent. Yet he read much and rapidly; not passing by probably any new publication worth reading on the subjects dearest to his heart, that is to say, which touched “the faith, the manhood, the freedom, the charity, of Christ’s kingdom.” He read very quickly,

possessing himself almost intuitively of the mind of his author, and marking numerous passages for re-perusal, before it would seem possible he could have glanced at them. The activity of his pen through the busy years of the Church of the Holy Communion and St. Luke's Hospital is also striking, though he never elaborated continuous volumes. His prose writings throughout consist of thoughtful essays, or discourses bearing upon the religious, moral, or social questions of the day; and more particularly those comprehended in the Memorial to the House of Bishops. A lighter production was his "Retro-prospectus," or, as it is sometimes called, "Dream of St. Johnland," in 1864, wherein his latent graphic and dramatic power has, in a simple way, a very congenial field, admirably and charmingly occupied.

"As an accomplished man of letters," writes one, whose beautiful portraiture of his revered friend has been more than once referred to in these pages,* "he stands in the best ranks of our clergy. His writings show a clearness of thought, as well as a simple grace of style, rarely surpassed. Yet his was not properly the mind of the theologian or the scholar. He had, indeed, a living interest in the scriptural and doctrinal inquiries which employ the intellect of our time. I can give no better example than his essay on inspiration, published under the title "Christ and the Bible," where he maintained what has been called the dy-

* Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, in his sermon after Dr. Muhlenberg's decease.

namic view, instead of the mechanical one of our past theology. His position is abreast of the most scientific thought on that hard question; but the practical tone of his reasoning, clear as a brook, so that the simplest can read it, and yet more, his glowing faith in Christ, show his mental quality. There was, as in all such minds, a wonderful insight . . . a moral vision that grasped at once the conclusions which the logician reaches by long marches. . . . His intellect was bathed in the love of Christ; and withal so honest, so straightforward, so free from sophistry or dogmatic narrowness, that his listeners rose always with enlarged thought and with a sweeter spirit. Nor was he, again, a giant in the pulpit, like a Bossuet or Lacordaire. He had the inspiration that is greater than art, and often rises to eloquence. Many will recall his sermons, brimming with fresh thought, with the tenderness of Christ's heart, and that quaint yet reverent humor so akin to his cheerful nature. What better model have we of chaste power than his discourse on the woman amid the Pharisees?"

This last, a remarkable sermon entitled "The Woman and her Accusers," was originally preached to a congregation of *men* only, in the Church of the Holy Communion, to aid, by means of a subsequent collection, the pioneer efforts of the late Mrs. Sarah Richmond for the rescue of fallen women. It was afterwards modified somewhat, and delivered to the usual mixed congregations of several of the churches of New York and Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Midnight

Mission, to which it brought considerable revenue. A lecture on Congregational Singing, "a specimen of his delightful humor and delicate irony," wherein he expresses his abhorrence of a quartette, did not accomplish as much as he hoped for, in that towards which it was directed.*

In the Christmas Ballad to his school-sons on the occasion of their gift of the picture, described in a previous chapter, he tells them that he had scarcely penned a rhyme since they were boys at school; and it is rather a remarkable fact that, from his surrender of St. Paul's College to the opening of St. Luke's Hospital, an interval of more than ten years, there was an almost entire suspension of his accustomed verse-making, and of the correspondent musical compositions; but in the year 1859, the gift seemed to possess him anew, and with superior force, both as to poesy and music, some of his strongest verses and best musical productions being composed within the next decade.

In a little published collection of his verses, there are five pieces in succession dated 1859. The most interesting of these are: "Lines to a dear friend recently deprived of her sight," "Come follow me," and a "Letter paternal to two school-sons about to become church fathers," that is, to Bishop Bedell and Bishop Odenheimer, who were consecrated on the same day.† About the

* See "Ev. Cath. Papers, Second Series."

† See, "I would not live away, and other Verses." A. D. F. Randolph and Co., N. Y.

same time he composed his fine congregational *Te Deum*; and a sweet tune which he called "St. Bernard," designing it for the words "Jesus, the very thought of thee." Of his compositions of this period, of music and words combined, the following are the chief: "The Republican Battle Hymn and Choral March," the "President's Hymn," the "Advent Choral," the "St. Johnland Vespers, or Shades of Evening," and the "Christmas Choral, or Glorious Birthday."

Next, in the order of time, to this last, was his evangelized version of "I would not live away," described in the history of the original hymn.* It was written in the year 1871. The first three verses of this are given in fac-simile, on the opposite page.

He was always addicted to impromptu rhyming. Verses and couplets, epigrammatic or proverbial, were constantly improvised on some passing occurrence, or in connection with the subject of conversation at the moment. Here is one penned for a brother clergyman, in a conversation on the opposition of Science to Revelation.

"IMPROMPTU TO A PHILOSOPH.

"Jesus Christ was here below.

He died—he rose—and that to know,

Tho' nothing more, would be enow

For faith to live upon and grow—

Our Gospel *minimum* doth so

More than your *maximum* bestow."

* See page 71.

The various circumstances giving rise to the following are easily imagined:

“O take thee heed, and never say,
I have too much to do to pray,
Lest half thy work be thrown away,
And thou at last lose all thy pay.”

“Poverty’s mite
With the Lord is all right,
For ’tis poverty’s might;
But when wealth gives a mite,
It is vile in his sight.”

“When an editor’s shears
Clip bits from another,
And no credit appears,
Sheer theft, ain’t it, brother?”

“I guess it will all come right;
Remember we don’t walk by sight;
In small things as well as in great
With the patience of faith we must wait.”

“Gathered round the plenteous table,
While we own how blest we are,
Make us glad, as we are able,
With the poor our loaves to share.”

“Saith Pauper to Dives, ‘I fear that too great
Is the bulk of your gold for the needle-eyed gate.’
Said Dives to Pauper, ‘And you, with your pride,
Tho’ ragged, too swollen for getting inside.’”

“As straight to her harbor the steam vessel glides,
Tho’ dead in her face beat the winds and the tides;
So, duty-ward bound, in yourself have the force,
(’Gainst all forces without), for your right onward course.”

“In seeking favor, Lord, with thee,
This is my only, only plea:
Thou art well pleaséd with thy Son,
And I, by faith, with him am one.”

Many pages might be filled with these *disjecta membra*. Dr. Muhlenberg used to laugh at the friend who, when she could catch them, never failed to jot them down for future application, calling them her *Muhlenbergiance*. The matter so preserved often proved useful in filling chinks in the columns of the *Evangelical Catholic*, and *Brotherly Words*.

His mirthful nature and bright, sportive ways added many a charm to the intrinsic value of his companionship. He had, also, no small power for satire and mimicry; the first of these he kept in severe control, carefully avoiding every use of it that might wound or irritate; and constantly chiding himself when he found he had fallen into too sarcastic a vein; the latter, mimicry, he never deliberately indulged in. Occasionally an exhibition would involuntarily flash out, revealing the hidden talent. One day, at a meeting in his house, of a benevolent society of the Church of the Holy Communion, some one asked about “Old Quin.” Said “Quin” was a curious, wizen-faced old pensioner, with ragged hair, shaggy eyebrows, and a strange dactyl and spondee gait that threw first one shoulder up to his ears and then the other. “He was here this morning,” said Dr. M——, and in an instant “Old Quin” crossed the floor in front of the company—“Old Quin” to the life,—nothing of Dr. Muhlenberg

remained. It was a complete metamorphosis, and, appreciating the physical contrast between the personifier and the personified, marvellous. "A loud smile" from those present and "Old Quin" vanished. The pastor, with unusual gravity, resumed business, adding something possibly to the old man's next gratuity by way of atonement.

He had much delicate tact in the difficult duty of Christian reproof, though he invariably dreaded the exercise of it. Sometimes the interview with one, whom he had desired to see for this purpose, would be so interesting and pleasant that none but agreeable emotions were excited while in his presence. Afterwards, and revolving what had passed, as few would find themselves able to avoid doing after such a conversation, the other party would see plainly that he had been helped to sift himself thoroughly, and was unmistakably rebuked.

A little farther on than the time of which we are speaking, that is, on the day when the arrest of the arch-peculator Tweed, at Vigo, was cabled to New York, while seated at tea with the Sisters, one of the family entered, who told the rest of the capture. A ripple of laughter went round the table and was followed by more of talk about certain mal-feasances than was at all common to that company.

He looked uneasy, and hurrying the conclusion of the meal, added emphatically, after the usual thanks for the repast: "And may the Lord deliver *us* from evil!"

Not another word was said, but every Sister present understood and heeded the reproof.

Again: one of the young men employed in the Hospital, asking permission of Dr. Muhlenberg to go to Booth's Theatre, received rather a stern refusal. Some time later, probably after informing himself what the performance of the evening was to be, Dr. Muhlenberg said to him, "You can go and see Booth to-night, but say nothing about it in the house."

"Returning towards midnight," said the young man, "the Doctor himself opened the door to me. He had waited up two hours beyond his usual time of retiring that the circumstance might not be known, and this so impressed me, that I never again wished for the theatre."

He had an innocently artful way of pushing home an argument, sometimes without any discussion of it. An old friend and much respected brother clergyman, whose exclusive church views had in past times been the subject of many a friendly brush between the two, after visiting a parishioner at the Hospital, stopped to say good-by to the Pastor. The latter, with a cordial grasp of the hand, referring to a conversation of some time back, said, "Doctor, what is your idea now of our church's place in the great gathering above?"

"Why," replied the good man, "I believe it will be this way: Episcopalians in the first circle around the throne, and Presbyterians next, and so on."

"Then you do expect other Christians to be there too, only not in so much honor."

“Yes.”

“Well, then, since after all there’s a possibility of so much closeness in heaven, wouldn’t it be well to become a little acquainted on earth?”

Again: one of his former pupils, seceding to Rome, had joined the Paulist Fathers. He was a lovely, saintly man, and for some time the regular visitor to St. Luke’s when Roman Catholic patients desired the ministrations of their church. At his death, the fraternity invited Dr. Muhlenberg, as an old friend, to attend a requiem mass for the repose of his soul. Dr. Muhlenberg, in declining the invitation, assured the superior of the house that he was so satisfied the soul of the departed was in repose in Paradise that there would be no meaning in his uniting with them on the occasion named.

With such a temperament as Dr. Muhlenberg’s, some fluctuation of spirits was unavoidable. A high-tide of feeling one day, inevitably brought an ebb-tide later, and sometimes he disappointed people by a certain variability of humor, or perhaps simply that he was not so delightful in a certain interview as on some previous occasion. He had his moods of abstraction too. Pre-occupation with some nascent scheme might occasionally have explained them, particularly as regarded his manner to strangers, but not always. Like other sons of Adam, the dust of his native clod would now and again settle on the sunshiny sweetness of his ordinary temper.

This change of mood or gathering up within himself,

so to name it, was, whether an infirmity or not, often a help and protection to him, in his intercourse with the vast number and variety of persons with whom, in the course of his Christian and benevolent enterprises, he was brought in contact. His sympathetic and enthusiastic nature, would, not unfrequently, throw itself into the wishes and feelings of one seeking his aid or counsel, to a degree, which, on after reflection, seemed unwise. At the next interview there would be a cloudiness or distance, perhaps, and the other party, thrown back upon himself, would feel some disappointment; but wherever there were earnestness, reality, and strength of purpose enough to prompt an endurance of his apparent coolness, and to persevere in the genuine purpose for which the interview was sought, there would come a reaction, unlimited in its kind encouragement. On the other hand, if there was nothing stable in the person who at first so interested him, it thus became apparent. Thus, whether voluntary or involuntary on Dr. Muhlenberg's part, this "way" of his was often very serviceable; notwithstanding he was, by reason of it, sometimes charged with changeableness.

In the year 1865, Mr. Cyrus Curtiss, one of the Vice Presidents of St. Luke's, proposed to Mr. Minturn, to present a portrait of Dr. Muhlenberg, by Huntingdon, to the Trustees for the Hospital. Mr. Minturn, in the name of his peers, accepted the agreeable and valuable gift, and Dr. Muhlenberg was prevailed upon to sit for his likeness, but stipulated that during his lifetime Mr. Curtiss should keep the painting in his own house;

an arrangement which was not set aside until the Pastor reached his eightieth birthday. A few months after this negotiation respecting Dr. Muhlenberg's portrait, Mr. Minturn was taken suddenly away. On the 9th of January, 1866, he was seized with apoplexy, and expired in a few hours. Dr. Muhlenberg did not know of his illness until he was dead. It was a great shock, for the two men loved each other. There were many sympathies in common between the Evangelical Catholic Doctor and the princely Christian merchant, and the essential tie that bound them to each other was beautifully indicated in the dedicatory words of the first St. Johnland pamphlet (1864) thus: "To Robert B. Minturn, the Poor Man's Friend and Mine."

The death of Mr. Minturn took a joy out of the Hospital Pastor's life. In the initiation of St. Luke's the two had grown closer together, and Dr. Muhlenberg often found it a refreshment, after his earliest morning duties, to "run down," as he would phrase it, to Twelfth St. and Fifth Avenue, for a word with his friend on some of those many schemes for the good of their fellow-men, in which they were mutually interested. Mr. Minturn, though actively engaged in commercial business, never wearied in works of practical benevolence. His thoughtful head and large heart were given to such, with the greatest earnestness and sincerity, even in his hours of relaxation from the counting-house, and he was extensively occupied in helping forward or governing a vast variety of agencies for the benefit of the poor and afflicted.

"The loss," wrote Dr. Muhlenberg, "seems irreparable. Who *can* repair it? Who now will be our foremost man in enterprises of good? To whom now shall we go first in any new project of humanity? Who now shall be the head to grace the Hospital (St. Luke's), to which his munificence was the first pledge of its success, and of which he has ever been the potential friend? Who now will see that the funds never fail of that vast organization, 'The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor,' spreading its network of discriminating charity over the whole of the metropolis? Who will be his successor, with his adamant integrity, in places where, alas, such virtue is rare?"

There was a brimming-over pitifulness in Mr. Minturn's nature. Dr. Muhlenberg related that, on one occasion, walking "down town" with him, in earnest conversation, he said abruptly, in his rapid, eager manner, "Stop, Doctor! Stop a minute." At a short distance, was a poor little calf, apparently but a day or two old, tottering and staggering between the vehicles that thronged the street in the vain attempt to keep up with its mother; she, poor thing, being also urged beyond her natural speed by a cruel driver. Dr. Muhlenberg watched Mr. Minturn cross to the corner of the street where stood a wagon fit to carry the little animal. The good man had it gently lifted in, put some money into the cartman's hand, and then returning, without comment to Dr. Muhlenberg, resumed their talk.

Dr. Muhlenberg would sometimes descant warmly on Mr. Minturn's remarkable, even painful, sense of the responsibility of wealth, largely and munificently as he gave of his, in all benevolent ways. "'How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven' he thought a fearful text."

Again: "Bishop Potter related to me," said Dr. Muhlenberg, "as we rode home together from the funeral, that on one occasion when he was on a visit at Mr. Minturn's house in the country, he happened, at family prayer, to open the Bible at the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which he accordingly read. 'After dinner on that day,' said the bishop, 'when we were alone, Mr. Minturn recurred to it, observing it was a passage of Scripture which often alarmed him. "A very solemn one, indeed," I replied, and in explaining the true import of it, remarked that it was not a terror to the rich who give as they should of their riches. "Ah," he at once rejoined, "what *do* any of us give but '*the crumbs*,' bishop?"'"

Dr. Muhlenberg, who took part with the bishop in the funeral of his friend, gave out as his text for a sermon on the occasion, these words from the Prophet Micah (vi. 8)—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The sermon was doubtless one of the shortest on record, consisting of simply three words, emphatically uttered, "SO DID HE." Nothing more.

Mr. Minturn had lived to see St. Luke's an acknowl-

edged success. It stood eminently before the church and the world, and in virtue of the high medical and surgical talent sedulously secured for it, achieved, in its main office and capacity, distinguished results. But among the thousands upon thousands sheltered and succored by its charities, have been hundreds who were taken in, only that they might have a comfortable and Christian place to die in; and a "God's acre" for the burial of such was from the beginning an appendage of the Institution.

There remain some striking reflections of Dr. Muhlenberg's with regard to this. He writes: "Some time ago I had occasion to visit St. Michael's graveyard, the cemetery beyond Astoria, where the remains of some two hundred of our departed lie interred. As I stood on the Hospital plot, it was a time for searchings of heart; all here in these rows of hillocks had been under my ministerial charge. Conscience asked—How had I fulfilled it? And did conscience answer as my heart then wished? There were whispers within of reproach for opportunities always at hand but not always used. They were accusations of the spirit not to be silenced. What could they awaken but humility and regrets, painful, yet I hope not unfruitful, and the same prayer for pardon that had come from the lips of the poorest sinner, whose dust and ashes were beneath my feet? Still—still there was the consolation that every one of these had heard the Gospel message as clearly as I knew how to utter it. In the Scripture readings and exhortations, in words that all could

understand, and be heard by all in their beds as well as by those before me, morning after morning, in the wards, besides the familiar sermons in the Chapel, in the texts constantly before their eyes, and in the books at their side, in the words of evangelic love from their Sister attendants—if in these they did not learn the way of salvation, and lay hold of the hope set before them, it was because their instructed ears were not the avenues to their hearts. With all the short-comings of its ministers, St. Luke's has been a Bethesda, not to the outer man alone. While I feel, my Master knows, far more of humiliation at what I have left undone in the Hospital than of complacency at aught I have done for it or in it; while I am sure this is the feeling, more or less, of all my associates in spiritual labor, it would be wronging the grace of God, not to acknowledge the many signs of his blessing, and thankfully to rejoice in what he has enabled us to do. The Hospital has not ignored its motto: '*Corpus Sanare Animam Salvare.*'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

1866-1869.

St. Johnland Begun.—The Benjamin of his Works.—The “Retro-prospectus.”—Christian Fatalism.—Purchase of Farm.—Asks ten more Years.—A valued Birthday Gift.—His Golden Wedding.—Letter Congratulatory and Retrospective.—Funds for St. Johnland.—Tact and Principle in Money Matters.—The Spencer and Wolfe Home.—Three Thousand a Year.—St. Johnland’s Gaudy Day.—“Glorious Birthday.”—“Brotherly Words.”—Foundation of St. John’s Inn.—The Boys’ House.—Church of the Testimony of Jesus.—Munificent Friends.—Laying Corner-Stone of Church.—Declaration of Evangelical Catholic Principles.—Verses.

DR. MÜHLENBERG was in his seventieth year when he began St. Johnland, but “his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.” His hair had become snowy white, and there was a slight stoop at the shoulders, but he retained remarkably his freshness of spirits and general alertness of bearing. A friend commenting about this time, on the rapidity with which he went from his study on the entrance floor of the Hospital to the upper wards of the great house, he said, “It will be all over with me, when I can’t run upstairs;” and he still took his walk of a mile before his half-past six o’clock breakfast. He had ascertained how many circuits of the Hospital grounds made a mile, and would make the necessary number of rounds for this amount

of exercise, marking the count with a stroke of his stick upon the stone abutment of the portico. This was long his habit.

St. Johnland was the Benjamin of his numerous works, and had a Benjamin's portion of his affections. The idea of some such embodiment of Evangelical Brotherhood was in his mind long before it took substantial form, dating almost as far back as the Declaration of the House of Bishops upon the Memorial (1856).

There was the same spontaneity and naturalness in the origin of this Church Village, that we have seen in his other creations. As the thought of St. Luke's Hospital was inspired at the beginning of the Church of the Holy Communion, by his contact with the sick poor in their miserable lodging-places, so his conception of a St. Johnland grew out of his daily observation, as a clergyman and philanthropist, of the sore disadvantages of the city poor, in their tenement-house abodes; and, concomitant with this, of his desire to present to the church a living exemplification of the principles of the Memorial, or Evangelical Catholicism.

The embryo thought clothed itself in divers visions more or less akin to the picturing of the "Retro-prospectus,"* years before he resorted to that pleasing and ingenious method of presenting his ideal in print. He found it difficult to make even those nearest to him fully apprehend what he had in his mind. Clearly as he wrote, he was not always equally clear in conveying

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series.*

by word of mouth the scope and bearing of a new conception. His habit of uttering half sentences, and of abruptly breaking into gestures, induced by some eager thought, reaching far beyond what he was saying, was not favorable to explicitness in such cases. Besides, unique and without precedent as was his St. Johnland scheme, it might well demand some such graphic pre-representation as he drew with artistic pen in the pamphlet alluded to.

The "Retro-prospectus" consists of two letters supposed to be written by one visiting the place ten years after its foundation, and in them is presented to the reader, in the most natural and life-like manner, a living, breathing, ideal St. Johnland, full of healthful activity and Christian beneficence, such as he conceived the actual would be when thoroughly established. The pamphlet is pleasant reading, if only as a fresh, beautifully drawn picture of Christian socialism.

"Oh, Doctor, you are a dreamer in this thing," had been said, in substance to him, over and over again, by friends and brethren, as he tried to tell them what he meant to do. So he quaintly took as the motto of his "Retro-prospectus," "Your old men shall dream dreams," 'Acts ii. 17. And when so much of a portraiture, as he thought it necessary to anticipate his work with, was completed, he added naively: "I have told my dream." Then, from these words, he proceeds, urgently and eloquently, to plead through terrible facts in the social condition of our city poor for means for its realization:

“Shall it be no more than a dream?”

“Before answering the question, my Christian reader, to whom I beg to address it, allow me to ask you to look at that which is no dream. Let me turn your eyes to that which exists in no aerial regions of the brain, but in regions earthly enough and not miles away from your own doors. Look at those quarters of your city where the people herd by fifties and hundreds in a house, street after street. Look at them huddled together in narrow rooms with surroundings and effluvia where a half-hour's stay would sicken you. See places which might rather be stalls or sties than human abodes. Look at the swarms of children in the streets, on the stoops, at the windows, half-naked or in unwashed rags. See the crowds of rough, half-grown boys in knots at the corners, quick at all sorts of wickedness, loud in foulness and blasphemy, the ready and the worst element of your riots. Mark the looks and the talk of the populace of the dram-shops, and then the exhibitions of godlessness, drunkenness, and licentiousness on the Lord's day, turning it, I had almost said, into Satan's day. And why do I ask you to look at such a revolting state of things among those thousands of your neighbors? In the hope that aught which you or I can do will better it? To propose any scheme for its material improvement? Alas, no. The evil is too gigantic for any grasp of reform at all conceivable. It calls for legislative interference; and that, could any practicable mode of melioration be shown, would call for more public virtue

than exists. This massing of human beings, prolific of those vices and miseries, is profitable to too many pockets. The exorbitant rents of the smallest dens or of the larger tenements swell the gains of landlords, who have the plea for any amount of rapacity, that they only meet a demand. Their receptacles overflow with those who must have stopping-places where they can get their bread. The insular city can not be expanded into space for any fit or healthful housing of the poor in those quarters of it where they must consort.* This stowage of souls and bodies—our municipal disgrace—is, I fear, a necessity—in view of its terrible evils, a dire necessity—how dire we have not yet seen.

“Our benevolent, reformatory, and religious agencies do not stand aloof. They work on with a persistent zeal, encouraged by the least success; but any thing like the elevation of a whole locality is beyond their hopes. They can not change circumstances and their inevitable consequences. They can not remove causes, and, of course, not effects. What they do to-day is undone to-morrow, to be done again the next day, and then again undone. The good seed is perseveringly sown, but the field is already rank with tares. The means of salvation are proffered and urged, but amid overpowering means of destruction. The noxious physical and moral are ever acting and reacting

* Unlike Philadelphia, with innumerable separate domiciles for its laboring and mechanic population—the chief beauty of that beautiful city.

with cumulative force. The cleanliness which is next to godliness, among the degraded poor finds no place. In filth sin is in its element, and has its most disgusting outgrowths.

“Again, then, why do I ask you to look at a state of things confessedly so hopeless? Hopeless in the aggregate, but not in the particulars. It would be sad, indeed, if in our dark delineation it was all dark; dreadful, if in those masses of humanity it was all vile. But it is not. There are green spots even in those deserts, and doubtless far more than we see. The forbidding aspects do not indicate universally corresponding facts. There are exceptions, and often most interesting ones. Every here and there are individuals and families having a keen sense of the wretchedness of their condition, but powerless to escape it. Many of them once used to other modes of life, while they submit to their lot, yet for its worse than temporal ills can not be reconciled to it. Strangers to aught of domestic comfort, they are unrepining yet not without longings for the sweets and decencies of home. They are parents, and can not be indifferent to the perils of their offspring. They are hard workers. They are above begging, and to keep above it they must live as and where they do. For the sake of these it is I show you those hapless multitudes—these among them, yet not of them; these toiling, suffering poor; these Christians steadfast amid unchristian influences and antichristian forces which would try a more enlightened faith than theirs; these fellow-mem-

bers of the household of faith, perchance of your own particular communion. To the rescue of these and theirs, whom they love as you love yours, I invoke you. For these I beg Christian homes and privileges, and some little share of family enjoyments, to which you can not think they have forfeited every right. You will not say that their poverty is their righteous excommunication. To show how they may be rescued, I have dreamed of them, transplanted by your bounty, to where they can live, and not merely exist. I have pictured their colony, with its accessories, such as I have long pleased myself with imagining, and as time might bring forth. Whether it is *all* likely to be realized, whether some of the forms of the vision are not fond fancies rather than probable future facts, matters not. Set down as much as you please to the score of imagination; amend, change, curtail as you will, only saving the one main idea—a Christian industrial community, a rural settlement in which the worthy, diligent poor may have becoming abodes, with the means and rewards of diligence, together with the provisions of the Gospel—will that be dismissed as a dream?

“It can not be. It is not to be conceived of Christians who are in the midst of plenty, encompassed by a gracious and bountiful Providence, having scarce a wish within the wide limits of their means ungratified, and acknowledging their responsibility for the use of their manifold gifts and opportunities, that they will turn aside from a practical philanthropy com-

mending itself, so entirely as this must, to their minds and hearts: a scheme not to increase, but to lessen the numbers of dependents upon alms-giving; not to encourage and so multiply the indolent poor, but to help them to help themselves; to lift them up to an honest independence; to give them what on any scale of Christian justice is their due; to save them from ever struggling in vain; to extricate them from necessities binding them hand and foot, a prey to wretchedness, sorely tempting them to seek relief in sin; to give a brotherly hand to them, amid all their homeliness, as to brothers and sisters in Christ. A scheme not for to-day or to-morrow, but to make virtuous and happy generations of those who else would swell the generations of vice and misery in this metropolis, where they are already so frightfully augmenting."

The foregoing suffices to show the impulse and aim of his project. He scattered the pamphlet far and wide, and awaited the result. Some friends in sympathy with him, interested themselves in drawing his attention to places they deemed suitable in the way of a site for his village. He visited such in New Jersey, Connecticut, and elsewhere, but none of them met his quest. No direct effort was made by means of advertisement or real estate agents to find what he sought. He used to say that for none of his undertakings had he prayed so much, from first to last, as for St. Johnland, and that no one of them had he offered to God with more singleness of aim or in more confident faith. So he waited.

He manifested always a most devout recognition of Divine Providence, yet was, withal, something of a Christian fatalist. This would reveal itself in many little ways. If two signal events of a kind occurred in quick succession, he would predict another, for "things go by threes"; and to a friend suffering under an extraordinary personal trial, he said: "Some great favor is coming to you." One day, towards the close of the year 1865, he observed: "I am impressed that I am going to hear something good for St. Johnland," and within a very little while it followed that his attention was directed to the beautifully diversified and secluded domain which makes the present settlement.

The estate now comprises an area of between five and six hundred acres. The original farm consisted of four hundred and twenty-five acres. Two thirds of this was woodland and salt meadow, and the remainder arable land, but in so exhausted a condition as to be useless for tillage without much outlay.

It chanced that all Dr. Muhlenberg's greater works, as to locality, were begun in a region of desolate waste, leaving room for his Christianity, literally as well as spiritually, to make the wilderness "blossom as the rose." In the present instance, the fields were wholly bare for want of fertilization, the few farm buildings were dilapidated, fences there were none, and the noblest trees in the grove were chalk-marked for felling. Dr. Muhlenberg was only just in time to save these ancient forest oaks and elms, the pride of the domain, from the woodman's axe. His observant eye at

once took in the adaptability of the place for his purpose, and a single glance from the wood-crowned bluff, northward of the estate, to the Sound washing up at its foot, settled the question definitively. It happened to be high-tide when he first visited this point, a material circumstance in the picturesqueness of the scene. The view, always pleasing, is at this state of the tide, and under a mid-day sun, nothing less than entrancing—the blue waters flashing into beryl, topaz, and amethyst, like a very sea of jewels, and then, in rich contrast, leading the eye to the sombre green of the thick cedars that mantle the jutting slope from summit to base.

The beauty-loving mind and fatherly heart of Dr. Muhlenberg was enraptured. Here were all sorts of pleasures and delights for his coming St. Johnlanders. To the west the waters set in between a long narrow peninsula and the shore, and made a safe, sheltered, and commodious creek for bathing, swimming, and other water sports; and what opportunities for healthful enjoyments of many kinds did not the rare old grove, a mile or more in stretch, offer for young and old of his anticipated colony. So, nothing daunted by the brier-grown, neglected aspect of the farm, nor its remoteness from any centre—at that time it was ten miles distant from the nearest railroad terminus—nor by the task before him of raising funds for the whole enterprise, he at once negotiated for the purchase.

The terms of this were very easy, owing to the wasted condition of the land and the eagerness of the

owners to sell; and a number of gentlemen readily subscribed in equal shares to meet the cost,* and thus St. Johnland had, at last, an existence upon *terra firma*.

Co-incident with the acquisition of the estate, Dr. Muhlenberg entered into relations with an intelligent Christian man, a superior proof-reader and master printer, who had been benevolently attracted by the scheme of a church industrial community, and was ready for an engagement to teach poor children the art of type-setting and to help generally in the work. Thus was providentially opened the way for an important industry from the beginning, and together with this was supplied the services of a business agent and local superintendent for the first three years of the enterprise. In the spring of 1866 the work of renovation began. Some fields were put under cultivation, and within a few months a suitable printing-office was erected by a contribution from one of the purchasers of the farm† which was followed later by two cottages from two other friends.‡

A circumstance occurred at St. Johnland in the spring of 1867, which was remembered later with some emotion. Dr. Muhlenberg walking about the place one

* These were Robert B. Minturn, Adam Norrie, William H. Aspinwall, John H. Caswell, Franklin F. Randolph, J. Fisher Sheafe, Percy R. Pyne, and John H. Swift; while for general purposes Mr. John David Wolfe, and Mr. John P. Williams gave respectively five thousand dollars each.

† The late Mr. F. F. Randolph.

‡ Mr. John H. Caswell, Mr. E. P. Fabbri.

April day, with the wife of a brother clergyman, paused at the entrance of the grove on the grassy knoll, now the centre of the little cemetery, though then not set apart for such use. The elevation commands an excellent view of the settlement, and after silently surveying the then unoccupied site, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ten years more, oh! my Father, if it please thee to set forward this work, and then"—spreading his hands expressively towards the turf, and a moment afterwards stretching them eagerly upwards, as his eye gazed into the heavens. He said no other word. Precisely ten years, to a month, and his mortal remains were laid beneath the sod on the summit of the knoll where he was then standing.

His deep interest in St. Johnland gave him, at this time, new desires, if God so willed, that he should be well and strong. On his seventieth birthday, a consumptive girl in the Hospital made him a book-mark on which was worked the text, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Throughout his life, he set great value on any such simple gift from his humbler friends, while perchance a costly personal present from some wealthy parishioner or others, would be received with a sort of bewilderment. He was not ungrateful for the attention, but would ask in a puzzled way, "What am I to do with this?" commonly ending by transferring the gift to his sister, Mrs. Rogers.

But poor young Ellen's love-token delighted him extremely, and he kept it in his Bible always. The promise coming to him in this wise, and in connection

with his anxiety for St. Johnland, was especially sweet to him, and so filled his mind that, as common with him, it ran out in verse. The little piece was published in "Brotherly Words," a monthly periodical, issued from St. Johnland at that time.

A single stanza is subjoined. He had been asking for strength for his last work for the Lord, and concludes:

"Howe'er, in that thou shalt ordain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain:
Only thy work, in me fulfil,
All mine I leave to thy dear will!"

In the year 1867 Dr. Muhlenberg celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, his "jubilee" and "golden wedding" he called it. An affectionate and intelligent friend sent him, with some warm congratulations, the following interesting thoughts on the occasion:

"It certainly is a long stretch of time to look back upon. You have seen wonderful changes in the world and in the church; more, I think, in the church than in the world. You were ordained just after the Congress of Vienna had made a *map of Europe* to suit dynasties without the slightest regard to peoples or languages; and you have lived to see Europe tear in pieces the Vienna parchments, and to assert the *principles* of Nationality! This is an enormous revolution, not yet completed, but in the process of triumphant completion.

"You were ordained just after the last war with

Great Britain; we had acquired distinction, but we were feeble and few enough contrasted with our powers and numbers of to-day.

“You have seen and felt the shock of civil war; you have felt the Republic quiver in every fibre as she girded herself for a life and death battle. You have seen her emerge victorious and strong—yet not so fresh, so free, so inspired as her heroic endeavor would have led you to prophesy.

“But what have you seen in the church? You have seen what you never could have dreamed of. You have seen Protestantism becoming weaker and Romanism becoming proportionably stronger; you have seen the English Church convulsed by efforts in the Roman direction, and the German Church paralyzed by a learned unbelief, and the American Church reproducing feebly the robustness and the more serious controversies of the older church. You have seen good things done in the American Church. You have yourself done much in awakening this church to *educational* works and to works of *beneficence*. You have been felt in a great deal that has been best in this church—we thank God for your example; and I remember, moreover, now in writing, that you are a link connecting the church of Bishop White with the church whose bishops to-day are in England upon the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a long, long journey. The old things have passed away—all things have become new. Old theologies, old modes of conducting public worship, old quarrels between Calvinist and Arminian are

hushed. Men are divided upon new issues; they are interested in new themes. They read the Bible differently; they interpret it more thoroughly. We have more scholarship, more philanthropy. We have parted with an old simplicity; we are in the garish light when fashion will hold its revels at high noon.

"These things must come to your mind often and often, my beloved friend, and you wonder whither we are all drifting. But St. Luke's Hospital will long stand, I hope and believe, an evidence of the Christian charity and forethought of one man at least, whose name will be held long in remembrance. Our thoughts and feelings may drift but *a thing done*, stands. . . ."

His continued health and activity often induced in those around him a forgetfulness of his age. "It is difficult," wrote one, a year or two later, "to realize that Dr. Muhlenberg has been in harness so long. Dining with him, in company with a brother clergyman (1871), the conversation turned on the action of the House of Bishops just fifty years before, and his guest expressed a regret that the secretary of that body was not living to enlighten the public on a point connected with its action, concerning which, opinion was divided. 'Why,' Dr. M—— said, 'I was secretary to the House of Bishops then.'" "Dr. Muhlenberg," the writer concludes, "was a venerable representative of what we might call a primeval age,—a living epitome of our church's history."

It could not be expected that a work so out of sight, so multiform, and to most, so incomprehensible, as St.

Johnland, should command any thing like the remarkable pecuniary support recorded of the initiation of St. Luke's Hospital. A few generous personal friends, as we have seen, met the cost of the land, and cheered the Founder with gifts of different amounts, which he expended in extensive repairs and improvements. The cost of maintaining the place, such as provisions, salaries, and other incidental expenses, he assumed personally. Some private means of his own remained at this time, inuring to him through his family, and only unexpended, probably, because for a long while so placed as to be, in their bulk, unavailable. The requirements of St. Johnland now constrained their being put at his own disposal, and he spent them, to the last dollar, on that work. He preferred that while the undertaking was esteemed so much of an experiment, whatever loss there might be, should be his own. The farm, with the improvements constantly in progress, was soon worth much more than its first cost, and so in the event of failure the original contributors could easily be reimbursed, and no one the worse pecuniarily for the venture.

Dr. Muhlenberg could not be called "a business man," but his high principles and perfect integrity were coupled with so fine a tact and wise circumspection in monetary matters, that, costly as were his undertakings, their finance always did him credit.

He designed that his labors for St. Luke's Hospital should always be free from all pecuniary considerations, and for the first ten years they were so. His

only sister, like his good mother before her, provided his clothing; some Christian friend would now and again send a "hundred dollars for the Pastor's private use;" he had his living at St. Luke's without cost; "What more did a prophet of the Lord require as to this world's goods?" But towards autumn of the year 1868, St. Johnland funds were running low, and his own bank was exhausted.

By this time a House for crippled children, "The Spencer and Wolfe Home," built by the ladies whose name it bears, was in operation, and its first inmates were a band of little helpless convalescents from St. Luke's Hospital. Dr. Muhlenberg saw here room for a claim of the younger upon the older of the affiliated institutions, and proposed that an annual subsidy of two or three thousand dollars should be paid by St. Luke's for the maintenance of such poor little children at St. Johnland. The "powers that be" in the Hospital Board thought an appropriation on such grounds was not within their prerogative, but it would be entirely legitimate for Dr. Muhlenberg to draw three thousand a year as his salary, which, of course, he could expend as he pleased. The word "salary" grated upon the saint's ears in connection with his consecrated service, but he yielded. St. Johnland had to be supported, and after all, what did the name of the thing matter? And so it went for the remainder of his life.

Early in the year 1867 he resorted to the means he had used in the Church of the Holy Communion for

making his Church Village better understood. His twelve numbers of *Brotherly Words*, published monthly, did for St. Johnland similar service to that rendered by the *Evangelical Catholic* to the Church, Hospital, and Sisterhood, and, at the same time, enforced many and beautiful Christian lessons on a diversity of subjects consonant with its name. Its motto, was the great St. Johnland text—"THIS IS HIS COMMANDMENT, THAT YE BELIEVE ON THE NAME OF HIS SON JESUS CHRIST, AND LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS HE GAVE US COMMANDMENT."

During Dr. Muhlenberg's life the two works were very intimately connected, and St. Johnland must always be essential to St. Luke's for sheltering and educating the discharged little convalescents of its orthopedic department, who, too often, have no home suitable to their impaired physical condition.

The opening of the Home for crippled and destitute children brought new life and interest to the undertaking, and the year 1868 closed with encouraging foreshadowings of yet more substantial advance. The Founder's birthday, from the beginning, has been observed in St. Johnland as a fête or "gaudy day," and in the year of which we are speaking, that day was a delightful occasion. Several gentlemen, friends of Dr. Muhlenberg's, were invited by the St. Johnlanders, through their representative, to come and help make merry with them; and a subsequent letter from one of these guests, as printed in a contemporary periodical, will show something of the genius of the place, as well as of the manner of celebrating its high anniversary.

After an interesting description of the territory, and some exposition of the design of the enterprise the writer says:

“The morning after our arrival was a fête day in St. Johnland. It was the birthday of its Founder and had been looked forward to with eagerness. While seated at the breakfast table, we heard a little stir outside the windows, and then a chorus of sweet voices breaking out into song. We looked up in surprise, and found a group of dear children, with others, including, I believe, every resident of the place, in an excited cluster, chanting an address of congratulation to their venerable Pastor, whose long life began that day its seventy-third year of usefulness. I can not picture this graceful and touching scene, followed by the presentation of a birthday gift and of the birthday song handsomely printed on card-board; the words, the music, and the printing being all of St. Johnland origin. The children are accustomed to commit to memory a daily text of Scripture, which they call the ‘word for the day.’ For this day their selection was, ‘The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.’ Not a little one there but made a personal application of the text to the ‘hallowed crown of silver hairs,’ to which they looked up with such filial and reverent love.

“Behind the buildings, which front toward the south, rises a range of hills, covered with oak and cedar forests, sheltering this ‘happy valley’ from the intrusion of northern winds. On the farther side, the ridge breaks down abruptly to the waters of the Sound, affording

from its edge a beautiful view of blue waters, dotted with the sails of commerce, the receding bays and capes of Long Island, and the opposite shores of Connecticut, some fifteen miles distant. Inviting paths meander along this shady and undulating ridge. A rounded summit, overlooking all the rest, has been christened 'Mount St. John.'

"In the grove, near Mount St. John, the children enjoyed a pleasant little picnic, with swings and romping games, and an abundant feast, including a veritable clam-bake without the savor of politics. The occasion was to all a source of innocent hilarity, and called together the whole tribe of St. Johnland, from its silver crowned patriarch to its youngest citizen born upon the soil but a few months since.

"A painter should have sketched the group, a poet would have done it better justice. My pen rests here. We do not live in patriarchal days. The Arcadia of dreamland is undiscovered yet. But if Peace has her dwelling anywhere upon this footstool, the St. Johnlanders are resting under the shadow of her wings.

"May the choicest blessing descend upon this heavenly charity, and twice bless their unbought, self-denying toil.

" 'From whom such deeds of week-day holiness
Fall noiseless as the snow.' "

There was just one little shadow of a cloud over the brightness of that day. The Pastor's humility shrank from the St. Johnland-made birthday song. Somewhat

too laudatory he thought it. A slight air of depression passed over his strong yet gentle face, as the people, *con amore* carolled it forth, though he tried to be pleased with every thing. He was not at all prepared for such an ovation. Perhaps, had he been quite alone with his St. Johnlanders—his own children—it might have seemed different, but in the presence of his city guests his natural shyness winced under the loving honor done him. And before Christmas of that year came round, he had taken the refrain of the little birthday lyric and wedded to it a joyous choral, in honor of the Birthday of birthdays, composing a suitable praiseful tune to accompany this. There was something holily ingenious in thus converting the tribute to himself on his own birthday altogether into a hymn of adoration at the Nativity of his Lord and Master.

The following extract will serve to illustrate the incident:

“Glorious Birthday !
Glorious Birthday !
Promised since the world began;
With the dawning,
Of this morning,
Born the Lord the Son of Man.

“Glorious Birthday !
Angel hosts say,
Highest praise their notes employ;
Glory singing,
Good-will bringing,
Coming down to wish us joy.

"Glorious Birthday!
 Doth the Church say,
 In the mystery triumphing;
 Mary keepeth,
 While He sleepeth,
 Her own Babe, and Heaven's own King." *

In the fall of the year 1869, the foundations were successively laid of the "Boys' House, or Johnny's Memorial," "St. John's Inn, or the Old Man's Home," and the "Church of the Testimony of Jesus."

The first of these was built by Dr. Muhlenberg's niece, in memory of her eldest son, a lovely boy, taken away very unexpectedly in his tenth year.† Next came "St. John's Inn, or the Old Man's Home"—the most costly and extensive structure on the place; consisting in fact of three large houses connected by enclosed passages, and forming a handsome front of a hundred and seventy-five feet. This building was erected by the munificence of Mr. John David Wolfe.

Dr. Muhlenberg—himself an old man—had had greatly at heart the establishment of an Old Man's Home for the entertainment of a certain number of wayworn old pilgrims, through the last days and years

* The little home song annihilated by the above ran thus:

"Happy Birthday!
 Happy Birthday!
 Ring it out with sweet acclaim;
 Blessings breathing,
 Honors wreathing
 For the well-belovéd name."

† John Rogers Chisolm.

of their earthly tarrying, and the laying of the cornerstone of this building was to him no insignificant occasion. His birthday was by request appointed for the purpose. He arrived at noon of that day from the city, with a number of chosen friends, and found all the houses in holiday trim, decked with wreaths and flowers, and the whole place astir with pleased expectation. After the usual sports, with picnic and clam-bake in the grove, had been fully enjoyed by the people of the settlement, towards sunset came the event of the day—purposely left till that hour, as symbolizing the work, and the advancing years both of the Father of St. Johnland, and of his friend Mr. Wolfe. The surroundings were in full harmony with the occasion. Nothing broke the repose of the service but the woodland hum of the insects. The gathered company, in number about a hundred and thirty, and consisting of young and old, lame children and sturdy workmen, country neighbors, black and white, farm hands and gentry, clergymen and laymen, stood reverently and bare-headed around the excavated area prepared for the middle building, standing within which was the central figure of the picture, the venerable Father and Pastor, who, after performing the simple ceremony, led them in his own way, from what they were doing here, to “the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The little crippled children chanted, “The Lord is my Shepherd,” and the whole congregation in chorus the “Gloria in Excelsis,” while the western sky, growing momentarily richer in beauty, illumined the scene,

not with the gorgeous splendor of a midsummer sunset, but with that soft, crystalline light, flecked with brilliant bars of azure and gold, not unfrequent on cool autumnal evenings. It was a sweet hallowed time. And before night closed in, the event of the day led indirectly to the more precious gift of a Village Church. St. Johnland as yet had no appropriate sanctuary, though it was never without an officiating minister. The services were held in a room of one of the houses, too small for the purpose, and a church proper was very earnestly desired by the people at large.

Mr. Adam Norrie, immediately on Mr. Wolfe's assuming the entire cost of St. John's Inn, undertook himself, in a very generous manner, the erection of the Church, the corner-stone of which was laid with appropriate services the month following that of the Old Man's Home.

St. Johnland, while an organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is not a diocesan institution; a distinction existing in numerous benevolent and educational societies amongst us. But Dr. Muhlenberg would not begin his Church of the Testimony without courteously communicating his intention to the bishop, territorially the nearest, who met him with equal kindness and courtesy in the matter. Within the corner-stone was deposited a declaration of the Evangelical Catholic principles upon which the entire work is founded, and a copy of the same was subsequently put in print as a preface to the St. Johnland Directory.

"The Church of the Testimony of Jesus" Dr. Muhlenberg named his village sanctuary. Mr. Norrie's gift

included the furniture of the Church, and his daughter enriched the latter by a beautiful silver communion service and a church bell for the open belfry.

Mr. Adam Norrie was, next to Mr. Minturn, Dr. Muhlenberg's oldest and dearest friend in St. Luke's Hospital, his long service of which, as Treasurer, dates back to the earliest days of the Institution. There remain some lines written in 1871, and inscribed "To A. N. on his birthday, from W. A. M." which indicate gracefully the friendship existing between these two, as well as the continued facility of Dr. Muhlenberg's muse:

"My fellow traveller on life's way,
So near our footsteps are—
'Twere strange if on thy natal day
My heart could be afar.

"Thy seventy years and six now fled,
With mind and body strong—
Thy green old age unwitheréd,
May the good Lord prolong.

"Prolong—that it be thine to know
Long joy in deeds of love;
A treasurer for the poor below
And for thyself above.

"True to thy trust, dear friend, live on,
With grace thy wealth to crown:
Grace still increasing, till thy sun
Undimmed by cloud go down.

“One favor yet, and that to pray
I’ve chiefly spun my rhyme:
Let genius thy loved form portray
In art defying time.

“For this thy patience we invoke,
With next to children’s zeal,
Thy friends, St. Luke’s, St. Johnland folk,
All join in warm appeal.”

The purpose in writing the foregoing, was to induce his friend to sit to the artist Huntington for his portrait; an end which the bright little poem achieved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1869-1872.

Incorporation of St. Johnland.—Diversified Objects of the Society.—Capabilities of the Place.—Not ready for Cottages at first.—Family Life fostered in another Form.—St. Johnland Children.—Evangelical Brotherhood.—Church Services.—“Directory for the Use of the Book of Common Prayer.”—Illustration from Supplement.—Dedication of the Church.—St. John’s Inn has its House-warming.—A Cottage Tenantry.—Who and What they are to be.—Mistakes Corrected.—Educational as to Family Life.—The Great St. Johnland Text.—An Original Charity.—Transfer of Property to Trustees.—Mr. John D. Wolfe’s Benefactions.—Anecdotes.—Influence of Dr. Muhlenberg in enlarged Gifts of Benevolence.

ST. JOHNLAND did not become an Incorporation in law, until the year 1870. Among its Trustees were a number of the contributors to the original purchase of the farm, but some had before this passed hence.*

An abstract of the Act of Incorporation states the objects of the organization as follows:

“*First*: To provide cheap and comfortable homes, together with the means of social and moral improvement, for deserving families from among the working classes, particularly of the city of New York, and such as can carry on their work at St. Johnland; but this

* Its first officers were, John David Wolfe, President; Adam Norrie, Vice President; Howard Potter, Treasurer; and Wm. Alex. Smith, Secretary.

provision shall never be used for pecuniary emolument, either to the Society or to any of the Agents in its employ. *Second:* To maintain a home for aged men in destitute circumstances, especially Communicants, who are deemed entitled to it by the churches to which they belong; to care for friendless children and youth, and especially cripples, by giving them home, schooling, Christian training, and some trade or occupation by which they can earn their future livelihood; and generally to do such other Christian offices as shall from time to time be required, and are practicable by the Society, consistently with its benevolent designs. *Third:* To assist indigent boys and young men who desire literary education, with a view to the Gospel Ministry, by affording them the opportunity for such education, and, at the same time, means of self-support by some useful employment. An Evangelical School, or College, chiefly for training for the Ministry, would come within the scope of the Society. *Lastly,* and as embracing its whole, to give form and practical application to the principles of Brotherhood in Christ, in an organized congregation or parish, constituted by settled residents of St. Johnland."

The territory, in its diversified range of hill and dale, of wood and water, in the tilth of its broad acres, in its fine garden land, and its general eligibility for a variety of industries, is a place of unlimited capabilities. The measure of its possible usefulness can not be estimated, granting reasonable supplies of material aid for its development. Dr. Muhlenberg's wise and prophetic

mind apprehended all this, and his faith in the principles of Evangelical Brotherhood, upon which the whole is founded, gave him a confident hope as to the future of the work, even though his eye should see little more than the first feeble steps of its infancy.

Enthusiastic, eager of heart, in all that he undertook, there was, at the same time, a grand underlaying power of patient waiting, which kept out of the inception of all his enterprises every least approach to the rushing methods of this nineteenth century. "*Festina lente*" was a favorite maxim, and well carried out in his different foundations. Not that with regard to any one of these he, of choice, waited so long for the development of his ideal in the actual, but he was wise and prudent as to opportunities, and, moreover, ruled himself always by the indication of God's will in the position of affairs and the circumstances of the time.

It would have been a great joy to him to see while yet he lived, a colony of some fifty happy cottage homes, thriving under the benefits provided for them, in the peaceful, wholesome, moral and religious influences of his St. Johnland. And a first thought in buying the farm was to press for the erection of these cottages. Three were put up and occupied, but it soon became apparent that progress of another kind must precede a thorough readiness for carrying out this fundamental idea. He had thought of homes for the aged, for crippled children, for destitute boys and girls, etc., as humane accessories to the leading object of the enterprise, which inherently they are, but in God's

Providence they were to come about first, as to the order of time.

It is easily seen now that it could not have been otherwise. When the place was bought, there were neither houses, church, school buildings, railroad proximity, a convenient provision mart, nor post office—agencies indispensable to a Christian industrial settlement, deriving its employment mainly from the city. But this notwithstanding, the place was quickly turned to good account.

In the readiness of generous friends to erect suitable houses for the purpose, and in the natural advantages of the place, there has been, almost from the beginning, much opportunity for benefiting the young of the families contemplated in Dr. Muhlenberg's idea. The large households of children successively cared for at St. Johnland, not including the youthful convalescents from St. Luke's, have been for the most part neither stray waifs, nor little street Arabs, nor juvenile reprobates needing the good offices of a reformatory, but the orphans or half orphans of decent poor parents, valuing nothing so much as the moral and physical well-being of their little ones.

This Church Village was created to elevate family life among the poor, and much care is taken to this end. The children are not huddled together in one vast building, like so many pieces of a great machine, knowing nothing, each one, beyond its own groove or niche. They are divided, according to circumstances, into households numbering from thirty to forty each.

Their houses are not alike, and the children are not dressed alike, nor in any other manner ground into an artificial uniformity by unnecessary routine or cold repression. They have room for spontaneity.

"Your children all look as though they had mothers," said an intelligent visitor to the place. The work is one of manifold benevolence, yet it is no *mere* combination of institutions, but already, in its measure, a living exemplification of that Gospel Brotherhood which its Founder has so yearned to see permeating the church. "Brotherhood in Christ" was the foundation and corner-stone of the ideal, and Brotherhood in Christ is, it may be affirmed, the keynote of the daily life of the actual St. Johnland.

All the residents, whatever their previous religious associations, unite cordially in the worship of the Church of the Testimony; and thus not a few, older and younger, have been led naturally into "the green pastures and still waters" of the old historic church, hitherto unknown to them, and have found it all so sweet and wholesome, as not to be content ever again to do without the beautiful ritual, its responsive Liturgy, its animating *Te Deums* and *Glorias*, and the comprehensive teachings of the Church Year. It has always been thus wherever Dr. Muhlenberg's ministry was exercised. The reserved rights and privileges of this Church of the Testimony, are "the liberty of conscience," "the liberty of prayer," and the liberty of "ministerial fellowship." When he prepared his "Directory for the Use of the Book of

Common Prayer," he was too far on in years to do what he otherwise might have done for its acceptableness, by a personal illustration of its value. It is one of his works yet to be appreciated. Leaving the Prayer Book reverently untouched by so much as a "jot or tittle," that they who find all that they want in its venerable forms may not be hurt by the, to them, sacrilegiousness of any change, he shows, in this Directory, how, by some such authorized *Supplement* to the Book, a widely felt need of more flexibility of the service might be allowed, without the least confusion or disarrangement of the stately order of the worship. This is secured by appointing the places in the service, at which the liberty of free prayer, or the choice of an alternative in a prescribed form, may be used.

"The Prayer Book," he writes, "is not undervalued as to its treasures in asserting its wants. The latter can not be denied. Witness the meagre amount of New Testament prayer and praise for the round of festivals and fasts; the absence of any forms suited to the peculiar circumstances of our own church and country, and to the times we live in; or for our benevolent and educational institutions. There are no prayers for the increase of ministers, for missions or missionaries; for the Christian teaching of the young; for sponsors on the occasion of baptism; for persons setting out on long journeys by land, quite as perilous as voyages by sea; for the sick desiring the prayers of the church, when there is no prospect of or desire for recovery; for the bereaved at funerals; and many

other occasions for which there might as well be provision, as for those few for which we already have in the 'occasional prayers'—not to speak of the endless subjects for which there can be no liturgical prescriptions, and which necessitate the exercise of free prayer. Perhaps it is only in such prayer that due supplication can be made for that which we are most enjoined to pray for, but which has so little place, beside a passing versicle, in the ordinary offices of the church—the influence and manifold gifts of the Holy Spirit.

“With respect to the following forms, let it be remembered that they are meant for comparatively private use, and not proposed as worthy additions to the Liturgy. Imperfect as they are, they may yet serve as exemplifications of what a Supplement to the Prayer Book might become, if to furnish it with materials were made an object by the church, or of some of her members acting together for the purpose. In that event, the effect would be similar to what has happened in regard to our Hymnody. Contributions would be forthcoming, when once combined piety and genius were encouraged to make such offerings for the sanctuary; while, from sources new and old, treasures would be gathered worthy of being incorporated with the Liturgy; gems would be found, fit for setting in its ‘wrought gold.’” The subjoined, provided to be added to the usual church service on the Festival of the Nativity, will serve to illustrate what has been quoted above, and may incidentally show how near he came in chaste and reverent utterance to the ancient formulas:

"CHRISTMAS LAUDS, AND PRAYER.

"All glory be to thee, O God, for that thou didst so love the world as to give thine only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. All praise and thanks be unto thee for this thine unspeakable gift. All blessing and honor, that unto us is born, as on this day, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Glory to thee in the highest. To thee we lift up anew our praises, with all the assemblies of thy saints, now rejoicing again in this manifestation of thy love. As, when thou didst bring thy first-begotten into the world, thou gavest thine angels to worship him, give unto us, to whom he has joined himself nearer than to the angels, to worship him with all the homage of our souls, and, together with all things in heaven and things on earth, to confess that he is Lord, to the glory of thee, the Father."

"All glory be unto thee, thou eternal Son, for the marvellous mystery of thine Incarnation, wherein thou didst lay aside thy majesty on high, and clothe thyself with humanity, for us men and our salvation. The brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, we adore thee that thou didst stoop to sojourn in our world, and acquaint thyself with its woes, that thou might raise us to thy heavenly kingdom. Fulfil in us, we beseech thee, all the purposes of thine ineffable humiliation. Emmanuel, God with us, draw us unto thee in the new life which is begotten of thyself. Thou who wast born of a woman, deign, by thy indwelling in us, to be born in our hearts, and to reign there until every thought be brought into captivity to thy will. Purify us, that, following thee in thy humility and thy charity, we may bear thine image, and be ready for thy second coming, in the glory of the Father, with all the holy angels.

"O Saviour of sinners, give us to know the fulness of thy salvation, in deliverance from the power of sin now in this time of our present life, that we may be delivered from the dread of its consequences in the life to come.

"O Divine Brother of our race, shed abroad thy love, that those whom thou hast redeemed may become an holy brotherhood, knit together in thee, gathering unto thee all the kindreds of the earth.

"O Prince of peace, govern in our hearts, dispelling all angry pas-

sions and ill-will, and all that is discordant with the harmony of thy rule. Sway the nations of the earth. Put an end to their enmities and strifes. Hasten the time when they shall prepare for war no more, and rest secure in thine empire of peace, to the glory of thee, and of the Father, and of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

"GLORIA CHRISTI.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song; let the congregation of saints praise him.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him; and let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

In him the First and the Last, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The Angel of the Covenant, the Ancient of days.

The Desire of all Nations, the Glory of his people Israel.

The Root and Offspring of David, The Bright and Morning Star.

The Son of Mary: The Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The Day Spring from on High: The Sun of Righteousness risen with healing in his wings.

The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.

The Crown of Glory, The Diadem of Beauty unto His people.

The Author and Finisher of our Faith, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world: High Priest forever, after the order of Melchizedec.

The Propitiation for the Sins of the world: the Only Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

The Prophet, Priest, and King: The Lord our Righteousness.

The Judge of the Quick and the Dead: he that hath the keys of Death and Hell.

God manifest in the Flesh: Image of the Invisible God.

The Brightness of the Father's Glory: The express Image of his Person.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords: God over all blessed for evermore."

This last, as a Cantate for Christmas, has been known and used in St. Luke's Hospital for some years. "What is that you are singing?" was asked of the sick children there one day, as they chanted it heartily in their ward. "All the beautiful names of our Lord Jesus Christ," was the reply of the little ones. "Yes," returned the Rev. Dr. —, "engraft those words on their minds, and they will never fall into false doctrine."

The Church of the Testimony was dedicated on the 8th of October, 1870. It was a 'white day' for Dr. Muhlenberg and for St. Johnland. The weather was enjoyable, and all present evinced warm sympathy and appreciation. The guests of the occasion, clerical and lay, numerous for the accommodations of the place, came down from town the day before, in readiness for the event, and St. John's Inn, being then just completed and newly fitted up for its expected aged beneficiaries, received its house-warming in lodging many of the visitors. More than one distinguished city clergyman slept that night in an old man's alcove. This was the opening service of the Church. The following Sunday the unwonted sound of its bell broke the sabbath stillness of the neighborhood for the first regular morning and afternoon worship, and from that day forth the pretty rural sanctuary has always had, in goodly number, its bands of reverent worshippers, whose hearty responses and full congregational singing as initiated by the Founder have been well kept up and might do credit to many a larger parish.

Thus St. Johnland, at every step, if somewhat slow of movement, has made sure and substantial progress. The original hindrances to the establishment of a cottage tenantry doing work from the city, have been one by one removed. The railroad with its St. Johnland Station and Post Office within a mile and a half of the village, followed quickly upon the opening of the Church until at length nothing is wanting for the development of the place after the pattern so beautifully laid down by Dr. Muhlenberg but contributions in sufficient amount for the purpose.

An advance towards the realization of the principal feature of the plan is started. The cottages now in erection are the gifts of individual friends of the work. Each one has five or six rooms and a garden of its own. No profit is to be made by any one out of the rent, which is therefore far less than would be paid for half the space in a crowded city tenement; but the collective rents are expected ultimately to pay the expenses of the business agent, and cost of transportation of work, and to keep the houses in repair.

With the living work thus at last unfolding itself, and its projector no longer here, the following additional exposition of what it is and what it is not, from his own pen, is of value:

“The primary objects of the foundation,” he says, “are, in the first place, to afford to certain classes of the deserving and industrious poor, a comfortable home in the country, in place of the wretched abodes to which they are doomed in the city. By certain

classes of such poor, is meant those who get their living in branches of industry which they carry on at their own apartments—for example, tailors, cap-makers, clear-starchers, shoemakers, umbrella-stitchers, seamstresses, and the many other operatives who are employed in large establishments, where they get the material of their work and return it when it is done. This they could do out of town as well as in it, an agency being established for carriage between them and their employers.”

He refutes, with characteristic naïveté, various errors with regard to the scope and aim of his design into which certain persons have fallen, and so doing contributes to the fuller elucidation of the enterprise.

Thus: “‘I have come to inform you,’ said —, ‘of a most worthy family, just the kind for your St. Johnland—an old man and his wife, too infirm to do any thing for themselves, dependent upon an only daughter who is in poor health herself. They are living in a wretched hole, and I was thinking what a mercy it would be if they could exchange it for one of your places in the country.’

“‘Certainly, it would; but how would they support themselves?’

“‘They could not do much at that; the daughter makes something at sewing.’

“‘Which would not be enough to pay the rent.’

“‘Rent! Why, must your people pay rent? I thought they would have their dwelling free and then do what they could to eke out a living.’

“‘That would be to make country-seats for the poor, which for some of them indeed would be a very good thing; but it is not the object of St. Johnland, nor is the place designed for the poor generally.’

“‘For whom, then?’

“‘For working people who can maintain themselves by their industry in an honest independence.’

“‘How can people, who have been earning their living in the city, do so in the country?’

“‘Not all, of course; but those who work at trades under their own roofs, such as tailors, shoemakers, shirtmakers and many others.’

“‘Your plan, then, is not so comprehensive as I imagined.’

“‘It is still more limited. It is for well-disposed working people, who value Christian privileges; and especially those who have children to bring up, to do which as they desire, is a thing impossible in their present circumstances.’

“‘This, I fear, is rather a limited class of the poor.’

“‘Not by any means as limited as you fancy. Amid those masses, as we call them, who, for the most part seem well content with their condition, there are scattered families of our Protestant faith, and adorning it too, who are far from being content, chiefly on account of their children, exposed as they are to demoralizing influences, and often to the vilest associations. I could show you decent and pious families of whom you would say it is a shame they should be left immured in those heaps of physical and moral corrup-

tion. Such as these, you must allow, have a pre-eminent claim on our consideration. They are our fellow Christians. Our charity of course should be withheld from none to whom we can extend it, but "charity begins at home." And surely our kinsmen in Christ are at home . . ."

Again, he says: "To some minds the scheme has this defect. The tenants of the cottages can never own them; whatever be their industry, they can never become independent proprietors of their own houses. They would thus lack one powerful motive to exertion and good conduct. Why not supply them with this motive? Because it would not consist with the permanent welfare of the place. The first proprietors might continue all right, but there would be no security for such continuance in their heirs. In a generation or two the community might be infested with the ordinary nuisances of country towns. No. When any of the tenants shall have saved enough to purchase property, let them do it somewhere else, and leave their St. Johnland homes for others in their turn to do likewise.

"This brings into view a very important feature of the whole project; its being educational, not of the young alone, but of families, and in their capacity as families, with husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters under teachings and influences training them in their respective and relative duties. St. Johnland may be viewed as a college for education in the domestic virtues, for the elevation of the family-ship of

its members. To preserve as much as possible its primitive social and moral character, it should never become a large town. Limits should be set to it by law. . . .”

“‘After all, will not the good done be very small?’ Yes, in comparison with the amount of the same kind of good which would still be left undone, but not small in itself. Suppose the settlement to become in the course of a few years, a well-ordered rural parish, with an industrious population of some four or five hundred (he contemplated about one hundred homes) taken from the tenement dens of the city; it would be no very small thing, nor cost more than it would be worth—yet that would be only a beginning. As sure as the present enterprise succeeds it will be followed by others, and many a St. Johnland will spring up as little ‘cities of refuge’ from the moral devastations of the great city, for the saving of thousands to the Church and State in generations to come. Nay, looking further, we are sanguine enough to see it no uncommon thing for benevolent gentlemen to have these industrial communities on their own country estates. Why not? Why should it be a strange thing for large-hearted men, with ample means, to be such Christian lords of the manor going in and out among them as fathers and brothers? This is to be one of the forms of Evangelical Brotherhood in the Johannean Church to come.”

One more explanation must not be omitted, as it concerns the “great St. Johnland text” which makes the motto of the seal of the Corporation. It is also

the legend of the chancel window of the Church, and the continually iterated, fundamental law of the settlement.

“‘THIS IS HIS COMMANDMENT THAT WE SHOULD BELIEVE ON THE NAME OF HIS SON JESUS CHRIST, AND LOVE ONE ANOTHER, AS HE GAVE US COMMANDMENT.’ He, in the second instance referring to Jesus Christ, we have here”—explained Dr. Muhlenberg—“the whole Gospel Law: the Father commanding us to believe in the Son, and the Son, commanding us to love one another. Would that this might be our sovereign and living law, and so make the place really a St. Johnland, not St. John’s land as some would have it. We have not dedicated it to St. John, but use his name attributively. Johannean, as expressing his characteristic spirit, in the hope that that spirit of brotherly love flowing from faith in Christ will make ours a St. Johannean Land, or, as we abridge it, St. Johnland. Happy shall we be if so blessed of the Lord. . . .”

Some intelligent and travelled persons, in speaking of St. Johnland, and with the hereditary affinities of its Founder in their minds, have hastily pronounced it, “one of those rural institutions dotting everywhere the suburban districts of Germany.” This is altogether erroneous. What resemblance they find is simply in the superficial aspect of the place, its simplicity, unworldliness, and evident Christian rule. Those German Protestant foundations are *primarily* eleemosynary, reformatory, or protectionary institutions; conducted indeed by devoted, large-hearted men and women of like

spirit with the Founder of St. Johnland, but having, with the same aim for the glory of God, a very different object and field of labor.

Dr. Wichern of the Rauhe Haus of Hamburg was perhaps the nearest to Dr. Muhlenberg of all these devoted workers. Through mutual friends, these two brother philanthropists knew something of each other, and at one time there was a prospect that Dr. Wichern would be the guest of Dr. Muhlenberg at St. Luke's, during a visit which he proposed making to this country, but did not accomplish. His colony of cottages for the neglected little outcasts of the streets of Hamburg is a most self-denying and admirable undertaking, but not at all analogous to Dr. Muhlenberg's conception of elevating *family life*, in certain classes of our city poor, by means of the cottage homes of his rural and Industrial Church Village.

In the second year of the Incorporation of the Society, its first President, Mr. John David Wolfe, was taken hence. His death on the 17th of May, 1872, was both a loss and a grief to Dr. Muhlenberg. Mr. Wolfe's goodness and benevolence had, during his last years, been warmly thrown into Dr. Muhlenberg's Christian labors, and of some, as for instance St. Johnland, he was a very generous supporter. An ever-ready and liberal hand he had also in the multitude of demands made upon Dr. Muhlenberg's sympathy from all parts of the church. Dr. Muhlenberg had a fine generosity in pleading the cause of charities not his own, and his brother clergymen far and near, deacons,

priests, and even bishops, as well as lay people came to him for aid in their need. He never turned to them a deaf or selfish ear, nor could he be happy until he had done all in his power to serve them.

His frequent resort in such cases, at this period, was Mr. Wolfe's house, where, after a facetious passage-at-arms between the two, he always obtained what he went for, and sometimes much more. An instance of the latter kind is remembered. Greeting Dr. Muhlenberg merrily, at one of the latter's usual morning calls in Madison Square, Mr. Wolfe inquired,

"Well! what's the matter now? Somebody's church burned down, eh!"

"Not quite so bad as that," said Dr. Muhlenberg; and then told his story.

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Oh, a hundred dollars."

Mr. Wolfe laughingly put into his hand twice the amount, saying,

"Will that do for you?"

Something similar, though on a vastly larger scale transpired in relation to the building of St. John's Inn, or the Old Man's Home at St. Johnland. After Dr. Muhlenberg had laid before Mr. Wolfe the plan of this charity the latter sent him ten thousand dollars, a subscription it was supposed to be towards the work, in which others would share. Mr. Adam Norrie, learning what had been initiated, said he would give five thousand to the same object, and Dr. Muhlenberg, greatly encouraged, went to Mr. Wolfe to communicate the

good news. He was at once drolly met with feigned displeasure, thus: "Pray, what business has Norrie interfering with my work? When the ten thousand was gone, couldn't you ask me for more? Did I say that was all you were to have?" And so, as stated in a previous chapter, St. John's Inn is the sole gift of Mr. John David Wolfe. He designed, had he survived, to complete his work by the beginning of an endowment; a purpose faithfully carried out, later, by the filial piety of his daughter, in the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

It has been justly said of Mr. Wolfe that "he never did any thing penuriously, but, at the same time, his range was almost boundless. If he had 'pet' charities, they did not shut others less engaging or less romantic from his vision. He saw, with as vivid a discernment, the claims of the cross of Christ on the coast of Cape Palmas, as he saw the needs of neglected and untaught children in the streets of his own city." The loss to Dr. Muhlenberg of such a friend is easily appreciated.

Frequent comment has been made upon the peculiar faculty of Dr. Muhlenberg in obtaining money for his many and costly charitable undertakings. The expression "he knew how to get at people's pockets" is a very common one, more common than properly applicable. He did not consciously possess any knowledge as to the best means to such an end; and no one, perhaps, having a work of charity on hand, has been less of a special pleader for it than he, at least as to personal and individual solicitation for the support of his own projects.

His remarkable power in this particular, is better expressed in the words of a venerable lady whose generous and systematic benefactions in all directions are constantly accompanied by an outspoken acknowledgment of indebtedness to Dr. Muhlenberg for the joy she finds in such deeds: "We owe it all to him. You know, he *taught* us to give." This was it. His unfeigned faith, his deep conviction and forcible enunciation of Christian responsibility in the matter of wealth, together with his simple life, singular unselfishness, and genius for opening up new and large channels of true benevolence, have, it must be allowed, been powerful influences in moving "the honest and good hearts" of his day and generation to a nobler and more Christian giving.

"It would be interesting," said one, "to know the entire sum which, from first to last, passed through Dr. Muhlenberg's hands for purposes of charity." Secretly and delicately as he did much of this part of his work, an approach to such an aggregate would be impossible. The question probably never entered his mind. He never made "looking glasses" for his good deeds. He rejoiced when the people gave generously for a good object, whether of his own proposing or not, would talk gayly about the amount, and, if of great personal interest, would be exhilarated by it; but those who knew him best, never heard him so much as glance at the probable total of money influenced by himself towards works of beneficence.

CHAPTER XXV.

1872-1873.

A summer Holiday.—The Peasantry of Europe and St. Johnland.—London.—Essay on Potentiality of the English Bishops.—A Birthday abroad.—Home.—A Sea-Song.—The Bells of St. Thomas's Church.—Unimpaired Sensibility and Sportiveness.—Characteristics of early Manhood unchanged.—Extract from Letter.—The freshest of the Party.

THE summer months of the year 1872 were spent in Europe, in company with two friends, and a young man as an attendant. The venerable head of the party proved himself fresh enough thoroughly to enjoy the holiday, and to be a most amiable and accommodating travelling companion.

He carried his dear St. Johnland in his thoughts throughout the trip, longing to transport thither many of the ill-fed and oppressed peasant families of the Continent, with whom he sought and made acquaintance. Sometimes he went a little farther with them in talks to this end than there was a probability of being able so to serve them.

He always enjoyed London. Besides its inexhaustible objects of interest, the repose of the vast city, notwithstanding its many millions of inhabitants, was very agreeable to him, and, at this time, seemed to

invite him anew to the use of his pen. During his stay of some three weeks there, he sketched his Essay on the Potentiality of the English Bishops, mentioned in describing the Memorial Movement. It was his design to re-write this paper, and to put it in proper shape for presentation to the archbishop of Canterbury, but the pressure of engagements on his return home, and various subsequent hindrances, prevented any further attention to the manuscript.

The essay, though crude and incomplete, contains much that should not be lost, and written thus, when entering his seventy-seventh year, is an interesting witness of the grand old hero's unceasing battle for unity, and equally of his genuine reverence for the historic episcopate.

The argument of the paper is very much that of one part of the Memorial to the House of Bishops, offered nearly twenty years before, or of his "Hints on Catholic Union," nearly twice as far back (1835); but with a special application to the English episcopate, and the peculiar vantage-ground that it occupies in the premises.

The following extract will serve as an example of the leading thought, which he carried out with his usual clearness, making many strong points:

". . . . The Bishops of the Church of England from their ecclesiastical position—the historic prestige of their office; the moral weight of their character; their influence as the chief pastors of the church of Christ in a mighty nation, the centre of civilization;

their diversity of theological sentiment, consistent with the orthodox faith; and other like advantages, have more power to turn the essential oneness of Evangelic Protestantism to practical account, than any other body of men in the world.

“Suppose that they saw this themselves,—that their disposition was equal to their ability in the matter; and, consequently, that they, or any number of them, however small, would combine to use that power, no one could suppose it would be only an impotent attempt. . . . Some of the different ways in which the bishops could use their power for the desired end would be, for example: By making more a reality than it now is their office as bishops of their respective dioceses; by looking upon all the Christian congregations, of whatever names therein, as, more or less, having a claim upon their care as shepherds of the flock of Christ, and accordingly visiting those who, though not owning their official jurisdiction, would kindly receive them—they not coming to assert their authority, but to speak to fellow Christians of the Common Salvation; thus taking opportunity to exercise the highest primary function of their office (for church commission to the first bishops was to preach the Gospel; government later fell into their hands), they might even be glad, as apostolic bishops, so far to acquit themselves of their duty, in preaching Christ to whoever would hear, whether those hearers acknowledged their jurisdiction or not. . . . Or again, the bishops might encourage their clergy to distinguish

among 'Dissenting' ministers between the sound and the unsound in the faith; to hold fellowship with the former as preachers of the Gospel, though deeming them wanting in valid orders for the Christian priesthood, if such priesthood there be. . . ."

His birthday, this year, was spent in London. He attended morning service at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he enjoyed particularly the anthem, "Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end." The last words, his spiritual and poetic mind accepted as a personal promise. As the congregation dispersed, he had the pleasure to meet Bishop Whittingham, and two other clerical friends accompanying the bishop as chaplain and secretary for his attendance, by special invitation, at the conference of the "Old Catholics" at Cologne, whither they were on their way. A visit of Christian sympathy to some of the poorest patients in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a dinner at his lodgings, gladdened by the presence of two of his "boys," accidentally in London, carried him happily past another mile-stone in his life's journey.

He sailed for New York on the 10th of October, in the steamer which had brought him out. The principal incident of the voyage was subsequently made the subject of a communication by one of the passengers, which we borrow.

"Most persons who have traversed the 'great deep,' know something of the dreariness of a Sunday at sea—the religious services, if there are any, often dull and

tame, from their want of adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of the worshippers. But a delightful exception to the common experience fell to the lot of us, of the steamship *Cuba*, last Sunday morning. It was our good fortune to have as a fellow-passenger, the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, who, with an energy and freshness of feeling, remarkable at his age and under the disadvantages of a sea voyage, made the day one to be long remembered by those who spent it with him.

“During the week we had had a good deal of heavy sea, and some rather rough going; most of us were sighing for land and home. Possibly the minister was too, for he took this home-longing as the keynote of the day, and a very beautiful use he made of it. After an impressive reading of the lessons, and the grand old prayers of our church, he preached a sermon, written on board, from the words: ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you;’ dwelling, first, on the love of home, as a world-wide instinct of our social nature, and thence leading our aspirations to the home everlasting, with a power and unction which found a warm response in the hearers, as shown in the hearty singing of the concluding hymn, an original composition, written by himself for the purpose. It was an ocean-born ‘Sweet Home,’ having for its chorus:

“‘Home, sweet home,
Earth’s holiest love,
Then, the one Home above!’

"It afterwards appeared that during one of the previous days of discomfort, the good Doctor had occupied himself in writing this Christian 'Home, sweet Home,' and three or four friends among the passengers had made a score or so of copies for the Sunday service. Nothing of the kind could have been more successful, —the tender, encouraging words, the old tune, the time and circumstances, were all in happiest accord. Many eyes moistened, many hearts were touched, every one feeling a proprietorship in the piece. In the after part of the day, little groups might be seen in different parts of the ship, making copies for themselves or their friends, as mementoes of the occasion. . . ."

His facility for rhyming increased rather than diminished with years. The next summer, when a chime of bells was under consideration for St. Thomas's Church (Fifty-third St. and Fifth Ave., N. Y.), some correspondence on the subject passed between the rector of the same and the Pastor of the Hospital, the latter strenuously urging the disturbing effect, which, from their close proximity, the chime was likely to have upon the sicker patients. His deep sympathy with his suffering charge made him unusually tenacious in his objections, so much so, that some one in the parish intimated to him that if St. Luke's Hospital did not like St. Thomas's bells, perhaps she had better betake herself elsewhere. A suggestion indeed had before this been made more than once in other quarters, that so magnificent a location as Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Ave. (a rude enough one when St. Luke's

was founded, however) should not be occupied by a Hospital for the sick poor, and fabulous amounts were talked of as likely to be offered for the removal of the Institution into a less aristocratic neighborhood. But the good Pastor never lent his mind for a moment to the thought, always assuring himself the building would remain where, with so much faith and prayer, it was originally planted. Still he felt the intimation in connection with the forthcoming bells of St. Thomas's, and having occasion to reply to a friendly note of the rector's (July 12, 1873), wherein the bells were touched upon, he appended, by way of postscript, and as the conclusion of his argument, the following lines to the bell-founder.

“TO MR. MENEELY.

“Master-workman, ply your skill,
Never mind how large the bill,
Bells for hallowed use alone
Metal need of choicest tone—
Silvery notes so clear and sweet
As the ear may love to greet,
With no clanging, deafening sound
Let them peal the air around;
Soft ethereal harmonies
Raising spirits to the skies,
And when fullest, still so mellow
That our sickest, on his pillow,
Of the peal will ne'er complain—
Lulling, not increasing pain.

“Dear Meneely, heed my rhyme,
Do your best in loveliest chime,
Then St. Thomas from St. Luke,

Ne'er shall hear a cross rebuke;
Nor St. Thomas ever say,
'Good St. Luke, prithee away—
Since my noise disturbs your ear
Better go, where you'll not hear;
For, in fact, with all your grace
Not, exactly, you're in place'—
Thus, on you how much depends,
Neighbors, still to keep us friends."—W. A. M.

It is given to few to retain, in prolonged age, the sensibility, tenderness, and sportiveness, which, to the last, distinguished Dr. Muhlenberg. His heart never grew chill under the accumulated snows of his many winters. At seventy-seven he thus gracefully begins a birthday letter to the friend and handmaid of his labors:—"A dismal atmosphere for your birthday, my dear,—but it would have to be a thousand times *dismaller*, to keep me from gladness in it. . . ."

Possibly rarely any have continued as much the same in ways and manners from the beginning to the end of life as he. His individuality is marked throughout. In most youthful diaries, one sees very little of the essential future man, but in Dr. Muhlenberg's boy journals, however immature, the personality is unmistakable. Take a few pages written at fifteen, and another few at fifty, and the identity of the writer could not be mistaken. A pleasing and more direct illustration of this particular, exists in a recent letter from a venerable gentleman,* who was his Sunday scholar,

* Mr. James Aertsen, Germantown, Pa., to the writer, Oct. 12th, 1878.

as far back as the days of his early diaconate in St. James's Church, Philadelphia (1816).

"Dr. Muhlenberg was my friend," he writes, "and a very dear one, in early boyhood. His first sermon, I shall never forget, impressed me most deeply, and I well remember the firm resolve then made that I should follow him into the ministry—a resolve made, I suppose, by hundreds of other lads, to be broken or frustrated as mine was in after years. We were then all at St. James's, and he undertook the task of training some boys in church music, intending them for the choir. . . . However, this effort of our dear Doctor's did not avail much. His prophetic mind, no doubt, then conceived what a boy choir would be, at some future day, but the time had not come. Perhaps he had poor material—at least, in one case I know he had. . . . The impress of his character was never wholly effaced. We met often in after years, and it was always a joy to me that he had not forgotten the past. . . . Clouds and showers, and storm and sunshine following each other, have left only the feeling which has never been lost, that Dr. Muhlenberg was the friend of my boyhood. Those who, like yourself, knew him in his green old age, found him the same genial, loving friend, whose cheery voice attracted our young hearts so long ago. I never knew one who seemed to change so little. The last time I met him, a few years before his death, I thought I saw in him almost all those traits of his very early manhood which captivated me at first."

Dr. Muhlenberg's wonderful buoyancy of spirit possibly made him, not unfrequently, the younger in such meetings with his "boys," younger as to feeling. Somewhere in the fall of this year or early spring of the year following, it occurred to him, circumstances furthering the thought, to invite to a little reunion at St. Luke's Hospital, his two first boys, now themselves fathers and grandfathers, together with a German youth who was his last boy, or "grace-son," as he then phrased it. The meeting took place, but was not attended with the pleasurable excitement he had anticipated. Lapse of years and the cares of life had greatly erased early memories, except in his own large heart, and whatever of sentiment or enthusiasm illumined the reminiscences of the hour, was all from himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1873-1874.

One more Effort for Unity.—Address before Evangelical Alliance.—Representative United Communion.—Hedging in the Lord's Table.—Anticipation.—“Veni Creator.”—The Dean of Canterbury, Bishop Cummins, and the Archbishop's Chaplain commune in Presbyterian Churches.—A Word going to the Root of the Matter.—Liberality of the Episcopal Church as to Communion.—An Evangelical Catholic Union.—Bishop Cummins's Secession deplored.—A published Disapproval.—Reformed Episcopal Church.—Not an earnest religious Movement.—Illness.—Mental Depression.—Spiritual Communion.—A last Writing in Journal.

It remained for Dr. Muhlenberg to make one more public effort in the cause of unity. He was among the appointed speakers of the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York in Oct. 1873, and his mind being at the time intensely occupied with the consideration of the Lord's Supper in its relation to Christian Union, he waived the topic laid down for his address in the programme of the Conference, and read a paper that he had prepared on the above theme.

This last has been pronounced the least wise of all his writings. That is yet to be proven. Time must show whether the principle lying at the core of this essay is a seed to perish in the planting, or haply a

true mustard seed of the kingdom, growing up by and by into a great brooding tree of holy love and peace. It would seem quite possible that a man of Dr. Muhlenberg's experience, so full of the mind of Christ, and withal so signally endued with originating power, might lead in a plan for genuine church fellowship, where some, at first, are not prepared to follow. "The highest mountains first catch the morning sunbeams."

The address is an ardent plea for Representative United Communions. What is meant by this can only be thoroughly understood by an attentive perusal of the published treatise.* Dr. Muhlenberg is careful to explain that he is not suggesting any interference with the accustomed order of administering the Holy Communion. "We all have," he says, "a strong attachment to our own eucharistic modes. Nothing here said would in the least disturb it. It is a pious attachment which it would be well-nigh *impious* to violate. Communicating within our own ecclesiastical households we should be disorderly if we did not conform to their established order. Never, in the main, could I part with that of the Liturgy, enshrined in my heart, as it enshrines all catholic and evangelic truth."

He glances at the strange fact that the Lord's Supper, in its origin essentially a bond of brotherhood, is an actual wall of separation between the different hosts of Christendom. Not to speak of "the wrathful controversies, the bitter theological strifes, the mutual ex-

* See *Ev. Cath. Papers, First Series*, pp. 462, *et. seq.*

communications of which this blessed ordinance has been the occasion—the centre of peace the very centre of war; there is the singular exclusiveness in the matter common among all Protestant Christians. . . .”

In a note referring to the general indisposition of Christians to communicate outside of their respective churches, he says allowance is to be made for it, “in their fears that in departing from the ways to which they have always been used in their communions, the solemnity of the ordinance in their minds would be impaired. . . . So of some of the sectarian terms of admission to the communion—they are designed to protect its sanctity.” “Once,” he adds “when I was inviting the communicants of different denominations, in a ward of St. Luke’s Hospital, a devout old Scotchman wondered I could be so loose. I told him that in my church all who desired to come, unless they were openly unworthy, were welcome to her Board; and that, I added, I thought was to her peculiar credit and in the spirit of her Master. ‘Nay,’ he rejoined, ‘for the honor of the Lord, we must hedge in the Table of the Lord.’ When we remember how much excommunicating there has been by the wise and learned for ‘the honor of the Lord,’ and in defence of human dogmas decreed to be his truth, we can excuse the old Scotchman. With growing light, let us hope there will be less and less of mistaken zeal. It is only among enlightened Christians, to be found among the lowly as well as among the high, that we can expect much affection for united communions.

These occasions, let me finally observe, would of course be extraordinary occasions, and should not be lacking in any thing of order or circumstance that would increase their solemnity and make it proportionate to their solemn object."

After carrying the mind back to the New Testament exhibition of the origin of the sacrament, and to the Pentecostal Christians whom "we find keeping the feast in their private houses, where the apostles, who as yet were the only ministers of the New Dispensation, could not always have been present to give their authoritative benediction," he suggests that the especial representative united communions which he has in view, would have, for their particular purpose, to be like those of the pre-ecclesiastical days wherein the Eucharist was ordained. He draws a glowing picture of the blessed effect upon the world, of Christendom fulfilling her prophetic type, "Jerusalem built as a city, at unity with herself," and concludes his address thus: "But all nothing,—communions, Alliances, hospitalities,—all nothing without larger outpourings of the Holy Ghost, in the love of Christ constraining us, in unselfishness, in the Spirit of conciliation and forbearance, in self-sacrifice, in the affection of hearty Brotherhood in Christ. Who will not pray for that in the invocation of the church for more than a thousand years,—*Veni Creator.*"

During the conference of the Evangelical Alliance, the action of the Dean of Canterbury, and of another English clergyman, a chaplain of the archbishop's, as

also that of the then assistant Bishop of Kentucky, in partaking of the communion in three several Presbyterian churches, was pointedly criticised in one of the daily journals. With his heart full of the subject of Intercommunion, Dr. Muhlenberg could not resist "putting in a word," going to the root of the matter, viz., the origin and essential nature of the Lord's Supper. In concluding his note, he says of the instance of communicating under review: "What was there to hinder it? of course nothing in the Bible, nor in the law of the Episcopal Church. She prescribes a certain order of Holy Communion for her members communicating within her pale; but there are baptized Christians outside her pale. Does she forbid her members ever to commune with them? I have never heard of any of her ministers being disciplined for inviting non-Episcopalians to their chancels, which is not an uncommon thing with them. Indeed it is claimed as an instance of her liberal spirit. Thus recognizing Christians beyond her jurisdiction as worthy of a place, side by side with her members, in the highest act of Christian fellowship; how can she teach her members to eschew like fellowships when invited to it by Christians of the same faith with themselves anywhere? She does not. She dare not. Intercommunion among Christians, to be exercised on their own private judgment, is one of their inalienable rights."

From this time forward he loved to dwell on what he named "the ministry of the fellowship," often saying, "I would rather be called 'a minister of the fellowship

of Jesus, the Christ,' than by the proudest title Church or State has to confer." At the same time, these sympathies and labors for unity, not uniformity, in no degree impaired his steadfast affection for his own communion. As a true son he spared no pains to open the eyes of the venerable mother to her urgent need of greater flexibility and adaptiveness to the times, but he never dreamed of voluntarily separating himself from the primitive household. The secession of Bishop Cummins at this time, and other circumstances relating to the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Society, brought this out very distinctly.

He had not been ignorant of the growing discontent of some of the best minds of the church, at the increasing bias in ecclesiastical legislation, and the correspondent growth of exclusiveness, both in theory and practice. A few years back (1869) he had met a number of such in an Evangelical Catholic Conference at Philadelphia, where his presence and counsels were enthusiastically spoken of as "oil poured upon the troubled waters." It is remembered that then, as well as later, he would frequently express himself to this effect:

"Let us have a good courage. Let us maintain what we know to be the fundamental principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church, prayerfully act up to our convictions and our inherent rights as her members and ministers of the Gospel, and leave the rest to God." Again: "If a hundred clergymen of good repute for godly living united in this 'Evangelical

Catholic Union,' we should be listened to, and room would be made for us—or, if not, and we are 'cast out of the synagogue,' why then we should be martyrs in a good cause, and might glory in it. But this last is not to be supposed."

The resignation of Bishop Cummins in the winter of 1873, with its sequences, was both a surprise and a pain to him. He deplored the creation of "another sect." And when in the early days of the new organization, presuming upon his sympathy in their church principles, and his well-known liberality of Christian sentiment, they indirectly claimed him as of their party,—allusions to this effect appearing more than once in print,—he felt constrained to disclaim all connection with them, as publicly as the contrary had been implied. In his note of explanation to the editors of the journal* who had thus brought him forward, he says, in relation to the bishop's grievances, "I have constantly maintained that they could have been relieved by another than the sad alternative which he has adopted."

A more distinct expression of his sentiments on this subject is given in the following extracts from the copy of a letter addressed to a brother clergyman, in reply to one from him in which he earnestly desired Dr. Muhlenberg's approval of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

It is an affectionate letter of some length. Dr. Muhl-

* *New York Tribune*, May 15th, 1874.

enberg, says, among other things, "Bishop Cummins had no necessity to take this step. He might have remained in the exercise of his episcopate, and have done what he thought right—or, if not, it was time enough for him to go when his liberty was restrained. So I told him before his resignation. I deplore his secession. I lament his forming another denomination so much identified with himself. It is not an earnest religious movement, not to be mentioned aside of Luther's or Wesley's or that of the Old Catholics. . . . I have written Bishop — before of my strong disapprobation of Bishop Cummins's course. . . ."

In the spring of the year 1874, an unwonted shadow fell across Dr. Muhlenberg's path, and was not removed for several months. Though not of robust physical organization, he had hitherto enjoyed almost unvarying health. Sometimes, while compassionating the Hospital patients, he would say, "What do *I* know of sickness?" Now his turn came. He was visited with severe malarial illness, caused, the physicians thought, by the upturning, in the next street, of a great extent of new ground for the purpose of building.

The malady did not effectually give way until late in the autumn, and, at its imminence, it seemed as though his life would succumb. The most sorrowful part of the visitation was the mental depression which attended the earlier stage of the disease, amounting, at times, almost to religious despondency. Friends and lovers mourned over the strange shrouding of his bright nature, and it may be that his excessive phys-

ical weakness was taken advantage of by our great adversary for extraordinary buffetings. So it seemed to some tenderly observing him. Like Bunyan's Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the saint could not distinguish the utterances of the fiend from his own voice. But at the worst period of this conflict, it may be said of him as of another of God's workers, "His doubts were better than most men's certainties." Nor was the darkness of extended duration. It passed off long before his recovery from the bodily disease, and the clouds never returned again.

In the summer of this year of illness, and when he was beginning to feel a little more like himself than he had done for many previous weeks, he made a single, and, as it proved, final entry in his journal. There is a pictorialness and pathos in this last of his written communings with himself, covering in its large and feeble characters six pages and more of the book that claims for it a place in the story of his life:

"St. Luke's Hospital, Sunday, July 12th, 1874. Thermometer 80. In my chamber. Too weak to be with them in the Holy Communion. Dr. C——, my present assistant, conducting the services. I expected to be strong enough to take part only in the administration. But the oppressiveness of the weather and my debility makes me content with spiritual communion. The Sisters and M——, the good women of the female staff of the house, are there in true sisterly love. Be with them, O Lord. Give them abundantly of thy

Spirit, uniting them, more and more, in the fellowship of Jesus Christ. My dear ——, whom thou dost wonderfully bless with unusual health and strength, O still uphold her with thine especial grace for her soul. . . . Shall I ever be at the communion in the Chapel again? Feeling as I do, I hardly hope it. ‘God’s will be done,’ I can say with perfect resignation. If I pray—‘O spare me a little that I may recover my strength,’—it is not so much for the pleasure of doing more work, as that what I have done may be purified by my repenting of all there has been wrong in it, that I may be fitter for my change, ‘More washed in the fountain that cleanseth from sin.’ Day by day, not anxious for the morrow, may I patiently wait on the Lord, bearing or doing, as he shall graciously appoint. . . . Now they are receiving—I am with them. May our bodies be made clean by his body and our souls washed through his precious blood, that we may ever dwell in him, and he in us. Now they are singing the ‘Gloria in Excelsis.’ The rain pouring and the thunder rolling its bass in the heavens.

“‘Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.’”

Immediately after this came the following, in the same trembling hand: “The last time I discoursed in public was in my address before the Evangelical Alliance, in October 1873. I don’t expect ever to appear in the pulpit again, and I rejoice that my last subject was what it was,—United Representative Com-

munion. I am happy that such were the farewell words of my public ministry. I was enabled to deliver them with more force than had been usual with me for some time. I hoped to conduct the first of the projected communions, which was to have been this spring."

CHAPTER XXVII.

1874-1876.

Gradual Convalescence.—Never resumed his Pen.—Gleanings from his Friend's Diary.—“Is it not legitimate?”—Visions of St. Johnland.—People asking his Blessing.—Shrinking from Compliment.—Fear of human Praise.—What People asked of him.—Esteeming others better than himself.—“Christ is all.”—A Conscience Void of Offence.—Last Use of his private Journals.—A Visit to the General Convention.—Improved Health.—Could Enjoy a Trip to Europe.—Counts his Residence in St. Luke's a Favor.—Never such another Christian within those Walls.—Delight in small Services for the Poor.—“Don't be too sharp in finding them out.”—Notably Victimized.—Nothing more to take care of.

AFTER a summer of oppressive weakness he recovered, by almost imperceptible degrees, a measure of strength, so that on Thanksgiving Day, for the first time in seven months, he was able to assist in the Chapel services and other ministries of the house. But he never took up his pen again, except for a brief note, or to write down some of the many rhymes with which, to the end, he amused himself. A diary of his remaining days was kept by a constant companion, without his knowledge, and from its pages is derived what further insight is afforded of his inner life, as well as of the current of circumstances in which he was concerned.

From the beginning of his illness he took much comfort in being at St. Luke's. One of the doctors kindly

expressed regret that he should be sick in his own Hospital.

He immediately rejoined, "Is it not legitimate?" adding later, "Thanks be to God that I am here—in this House of Mercy, this Lazarus's Palace, which I was allowed to build for poor sufferers, and now have for a home to die in. It's poetry!"

As he began to amend, used as he was to work, the enforced idleness of utter debility oppressed him. "The dear Sundays go by," he said, "but I'm not sick in soul."

St. Johnland was his most frequent topic of conversation, and supplied many a happy reverie that helped beguile the hours when he was "loaded down with weakness." "I have great joy in the thought of St. Johnland," he said one morning. "I have visions of its future which would make another Retro-prospectus. I see hundreds and hundreds of children, particularly poor girls who so much need protection, employed in different industries, especially horticulture—St. Johnland the centre of Evangelical Catholicism—a church in a garden—'Evangelical Catholic' is too good a name to be lost—Tracts, catechisms, must be published there—That will be work for the children. The principles of the Church of the Testimony must be kept up. The historic episcopacy must be preserved, but other evangelists must not be ignored. Sisters of St. Johnland must be simple deaconesses, part and parcel of the congregation. I rejoice to think of the Evangelical Catholic principles to be disseminated through St. Johnland,

etc., etc. . . ." He continued in this strain so long, his breakfast, meanwhile spoiling, that the friend to whom he addressed himself thought best to call his attention to the fact. "Yes, yes," he said, "I must stop. I'm fairly on one of my excursions. Sometimes, you know, I want to go; yet when I think of St. Johnland, I would like to live a little longer. But as the Lord will. The great thing is to be wholly consecrated to Jesus Christ."

At another time he said: "St. Johnland is a great pleasure to me. I have unusual comfort in thinking about it. As this joy does not come from the old Adam in me, it must come from the Lord. And he, who has brought it into being will, I trust, carry it forward. I should like to have seen it a little farther on—but Moses had to climb Pisgah to see Canaan, and I must climb the hill of faith to see the future of St. Johnland—Accept St. Johnland, O Lord, let the foundation of it be for thy glory, which it may be the more that I shall be gone and have no glory in it."

His merry humor did not fail to relieve the tedium of his sick room, occasionally. A visitor one day remarked that he was looking much better. "Oh, an old clock goes well, now and then," he replied. Again:

I stay too long. I ought to make my bow, but God knows best." One day feeling an access of strength, he said:

"Lord build us up, that we may build for thee,
And to thy glory all the building be."

Gentleness, sweetness, and considerateness pervaded all he said and did. To those nearest and dearest to him, every little attention brought some pleasant acknowledgment, and the grace at each meal was a fresh and original giving of thanks. For example: A tray with some refreshment being brought to him, he said, "Thanks, O Lord, for this food, and for the friend who brings it. Grant that our friendship may be more and more consecrated here, and then consummated above." There seemed always to be present with him that "hungering and thirsting after righteousness whose very longings are bliss."

Many came to ask his blessing in these days. Strong men would bow themselves in tears beside the couch of "the best friend they ever had," that his hands might be laid upon their head, and mothers brought their young children. One of these said, "My little daughter has never seen Dr. Muhlenberg, and I wish so much that she should remember him; if he would but speak just a word to her." Such requests, when he was well enough, were never denied; but if any attempted afterwards to speak of his goodness, etc., he would, at once, interrupt them, very commonly by joining his hands with theirs and proposing to say the Lord's Prayer together.

At another time, when in his ordinary health, a rather grand lady asked in flattering words for his benediction on her two children, whom she presented a little ostentatiously as having been blessed by the Pope of Rome, and the Emperor of some other place. Without

any departure from his habitual courtesy, but with a look of pained humility, he drew back, saying, "Excuse me, madam. I possess no such power."

He shrank instinctively from any unreality, and with this, from effusive compliment. He could enjoy honest appreciation, but usually seemed afraid of all human praise.

To an acquaintance visiting at St. Johnland, who was sincerely expressing herself with some warmth in commendation of his undertaking, he said:

"Stop! or else when I get there," pointing upward, "they'll shut the door on me saying, 'You've had your reward.'"

When his health broke down, the friend, upon whom devolved the burden of his private correspondence, could not but marvel at the extent and variety of the demands made upon his sympathy and benevolence from all quarters. A minute of certain instances occurring within a very brief period gives the following: "A lay reader in the West wants a commentary, selected, donated, and sent out to him—A missionary wants Dr. Muhlenberg's endorsement and introduction to a certain lady of wealth and benevolence—A grandfather wants sympathy and advice for a young grandson—An editor wants the history of a beneficiary—A country minister wants board found for, and visits paid to, a parishioner of his in the neighborhood of St. Luke's—A stranger wants the Doctor's autograph, and a few words besides—A poor woman and eight children, newly from Ireland, want help; their minister

at the moment of departure, told them to find out a clergyman of New York named Muhlenberg, and they would be all right—The librarian of a literary institution in a distant town wants a valuable work, loaned by Dr. Muhlenberg, to be converted into a gift;" and so on.

He used to take such demands as a matter of course, and, in his unfeigned humility, always esteemed the charitable labors of others as far exceeding his own. "What is my offering to the Lord," he would say, "compared to that of those poor-living, hard-working city missionaries?" Again, in bidding a loving farewell to a young brother bound for missionary service in Africa, he said: "You are going to the gold coast, but we shall meet again in the golden streets. Perhaps yours is the shorter way. Nothing that I have ever done is as great a token of love to Christ, as your going to Africa." *

It was this generous spirit of appreciation, and the encouragement he was ever ready to give to another in doing good, that made him so great an inspirer of work. "Thy gentleness hath made me great," we all have to say to the Heavenly Master in any success, and Dr. Muhlenberg's large, unselfish sympathy with his under workers, his "gentleness," like his Lord's, often made such, wonder at their capabilities of usefulness.

While reading the Life of Gordon, by Newman Hall, he condemned himself that the love of God had not

* The Rev. W. Allan Fair.

been more directly the motive of his works of benevolence—"Still," he added, "I can claim that love to man, flowing from love to God, has been their impulse." Again: "Thanks be to God that I have done what I have. It would not be for the glory of God for me to say that the church and the world are nothing the better for my having lived. That would be to look at it as all from myself, instead of from God working in me. By his grace I am what I am, and to him be all the praise; I have enough to ask pardon for. We can not be justified by our works, but our works prove our faith. . . . It is Christ or nothing! I have always felt this."

At another time: "If I am called away now, I know whom I have believed. I am a miserable sinner, but Christ is all-sufficient. He is my all in all. . . . We are partakers of Christ, if we hold fast our confidence What great things we have to live upon! I do not say we live up to them, but we do live upon them. . . . Think of the future—the future is every thing or nothing. It can't be nothing, therefore it must be every thing. And so it is, and Christ is All. Day by day, I am surrendered to his will whether living or dying."

Later, and as though he had been searching himself through and through, he expressed devout thankfulness that he had "a conscience void of offence towards God and man." ". . . . I have no secrets to burden me. I have never said in the ear of man or woman that which might not be proclaimed on the

house-top. . . . I never knowingly wronged a creature of a farthing."

Frequent illustrations have been given of Dr. Muhlenberg's habitual serious observance of the anniversary of his birth. The recurrence of the day this year (1874) was marked by turning back for the last time to the leaves of his earlier journals. Possibly he found himself no longer able to use these records according to his design in keeping them; for during the two succeeding days, he gave what strength he could command to an oversight of his private papers, and collecting the manuscript journals into a pile, said to the friend to whom he bequeathed the priceless treasures: "These are yours—They are mine no longer. Take them, but see they fall into no one else's hands. I hope you will find some grains of gold in the sands of my life."

He had so far recovered at this time as to enjoy a daily drive. On one of these occasions (Oct. 31, 1874), when the General Convention was in session in New York, a gentleman who was in the carriage with him, proposed, as they passed St. John's Chapel, that he should step in for a moment. He did so, attended by his friend, and received a warm welcome. The house suspended its business, and he was conducted in a sort of triumph to the President's seat. He remained but a few minutes. Bishop Whipple, whom he met on leaving the church, urged him to lunch with the bishops, but owing to his feebleness he dared not comply.

This passing contact with his brethren, and their

spontaneous kindness, cheered him much and disposed him to other pleasant exertions beyond the precincts of the Hospital, to which he had been so long confined. He even talked of the probable benefit of another trip to Europe. "I could enjoy it, if it were right,"—then, suddenly checking himself—"Dear Lord, forgive me. After a long life of favors, my cup running over, here am I planning fresh pleasure for the brief remnant of my days." It was never spoken of again.

He gradually threw off most of his invalid habits, and resumed his meals with the Sisters, excepting only the early breakfast. In his disability for the exercise, bodily and mental, of more vigorous days, he found increased delight in personal ministrations to the poor, whether patients of the Hospital or supplicants from outside. He spent daily some hours in this way, with constant ascriptions of praise for so convenient opportunities of usefulness. "Thanks be to God," he would say, "for my residence here, where I can so easily speak the word in season to some poor sufferer."

Again: "I consider it the highest privilege to spend my old age under this roof. This ministering to the sick is to me a means of special nearness to Christ. . . . I would not exchange my home here for any other, how excellent soever. . . . I am repaid manifold any toil I have ever had for St. Luke's."

With his venerable and saintly mien, he made a striking picture as he went about the Hospital in those days. His habitual in-door dress was a long black wrapper, broadly bordered with purple, which, fitting

close to the spare figure, set off handsomely his abundant white hair, or harmonized quaintly with the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, familiar to all who knew him, which he was accustomed to wear along the passages in colder weather. His presence was a benediction throughout the house, and his ministrations in the wards more and more tender and spiritual. "There will never be such another Christian within these walls," sobbed a poor woman, as she took grateful leave on her recovery—

"True prophet, gentlest priest, for offering
The service of his own great soul of love
On altars not of human hands, but woes,
Consecrate ever by his Lord's own woes."

The lowliest offices of love were welcomed as choice opportunities of ministering to Christ. After giving a dinner to a poor purblind man, just discharged from the Charity Hospital, and which he made the latter eat in his own study, the maid-servant met him carrying the tray and empty plates back to the dining-room—

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor," she exclaimed, "why did you not call me to get these?"

"No, no," was the reply, "I am a servant in the Lord's Hotel."

Often he would take out of a Sister's hand the bowl of soup or plate of food—"the cup of cold water" so often asked at the Hospital door by one and another hungry wayfarer, saying, "Let me carry it. It is my joy to wait upon them." Thus were his days filled

with a multitude of small services, sweet with divine affection.

It required a little vigilance on the part of those around him to prevent a complete spoliation of his wardrobe, in his unwillingness to retain a garment for himself that would serve some poor needy brother. Occasionally, it was thought, these gifts did not go to the most deserving recipients, and the liberty was taken of gently intimating that, in one or two cases, he had been imposed upon. He answered meekly, "I am not so much imposed upon as you think; but, it is the *goodness* of God that leads men to repentance, and I hope by being kind to these people to do their souls good." He probably never gave temporal aid without a word of spiritual counsel.

"But if you give away so bountifully," a friend remarked, "you will have nothing at all for yourself."

"Then I shall be the more like my Master!"

At length, these outside applicants growing too numerous for his personal attention, he was persuaded to accept the assistance of the chaplain of the Hospital in sifting some of the stories. The latter, being on one occasion summoned from his company to see some poor persons, Dr. Muhlenberg called him back for a moment and naïvely said, "Don't be too sharp, J——, in finding them out;" adding solemnly, "if thou, Lord, should'st be extreme to mark what is done amiss—O Lord, who may abide it?"

In a certain instance, however, he was notably victimized, and his bearing throughout was so charac-

teristic, the story must not be left untold. Returning from his drive on a wintry afternoon, he found that a young man, whom, on the recommendation of a certain benevolent association, he had two days before taken into the house as office boy, had absconded while he was absent, carrying with him Dr. Muhlenberg's gold watch, a recent birthday gift, an antique silver snuff-box brought by a friend from abroad, and a pair of gold spectacles which had belonged to his mother. . . . It was a robbery of peculiar aggravation. The youth had told a most piteous story of his misfortunes; and Dr. Muhlenberg, taking him into his study, talked long and earnestly with him, seeking to comfort him, and treating him lovingly as a father. He even gave him his own over-shoes, lest, being from a warm climate—he was a Virginian—the snow that then lay thick on the ground should give him cold in doing his errands. It was this care and kindness which enabled the fellow to see the little valuables, and so strip his benefactor of every thing of the sort which he possessed. Dr. Muhlenberg's treatment of the theft was striking. First he expressed his grief that the boy should be so wicked, then his satisfaction that it was so clear who was the culprit, next, with the utmost sweetness, he put on a very common pair of iron-rimmed glasses that were found for him, saying: "Well! now I haven't another earthly thing to take care of," adjusting them with smiling satisfaction, as though he had come into a possession.

Later he said with a sigh: "As I talked with the

lad, the words, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in,' came to my mind, and as a boy was wanted in the office, in the name of the Lord I took him in. I hope some of the things I said may yet come back to him and do him good." In all like occurrences he ever showed himself that rare and noble sort of Christian who, while hating the sin, loves the poor sinner, and would pour himself out to save him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1876-1877.

Seldom at St. Johnland.—Delight in sheltering Children there.—Dr. Adams's Lunch Party.—Another "I would not live alway."—Fourscore not Labor and Sorrow.—The Youth of the Angels.—The right Side of Seventy.—Does not expect to lie down in the Dust.—The Festival of the Ascension.—Happy Gathering at St. Johnland.—The Chapel Service.—The Founder's Well.—Muhlenberg Endowment.—Eightieth Birthday.—"Let me die in my Nest."

IN these latter years he saw his dear St. Johnland very seldom. Many months intervened between his visits; its local affairs being administered mainly through his assistants. But he kept himself well informed as to all that was going on, and took great interest in sending down poor children for a share in the benefits of the place. Two instances of the kind occurred at this time in quick succession. A poor consumptive widow in the Hospital was near her end, and wanted to see her little boys. They were brought late one evening, by their uncle, the poor mother's brother and only relative, who was so intoxicated that Dr. Muhlenberg encountering him as he was about to take back the children, and fearing for their safety—they were but four and six years old—bade him leave them at the Hospital, and come back in the morning

to take care of them. The man was arrested and sent to the Penitentiary, and the poor mother died. Then the little orphans were tenderly gathered to the good Pastor's breast, and laying a hand on either flaxen head, he told them, as if it were a kingdom he was promising them, "You shall go to *St. Johnland*, my dear children!" The others were a family of four, deprived in a single day of both parents; healthy, well-reared little ones, but being recent immigrants, without a friend to shelter them in their sudden orphanage, until Dr. Muhlenberg took them in. Opportunities such as these would enliven his spirits for hours.

In the month of February (1876) he accepted an invitation to a rather remarkable lunch party. The Rev. Dr. Adams of the Presbyterian Church invited him, with a few other octogenarian friends, to meet a venerable gentleman who, bright and well in his ninetyeth year, was then expected on a visit. Among those present, were the poet Bryant, Mr. Peter Cooper, Mr. James Brown, the Rev. Dr. Calhoun of Syria, and others. As Dr. Muhlenberg exchanged greetings with Mr. Bryant, he playfully quoted with mock ruefulness two lines from the poet's "Death of the Flowers:"

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Mr. Bryant laughed, enjoying the application.

"Coming to the table," wrote Dr. Adams in his mention of the occasion, "I requested Dr. Muhlenberg to ask a blessing, and taking from his pocket a slip of pa-

per, which at this moment lies before me in his own handwriting, he read these lines:

“‘Solemn thanks be our grace, for the years that are past,
With their blessings untold, and though this be our last,
Yet, joyful our trust that thro’ Christ ’twill be given,
All here meet again, at his table in heaven.’

“‘Amen,’ ‘Amen,’ was the hearty response from that bright, beautiful, and cheerful group.”

Dr. Muhlenberg and Dr. Adams loved each other. “More than once,” said the latter, “I have said to my family, when returning from some interview with him, in which he had honored me with a kiss, that I felt as if the Apostle John had embraced me, and repeated in my ear some words which had been whispered to him by the Master on whose bosom he had leaned at the supper.”

In the same month with the lunch party at Dr. Adams’s, Dr. Muhlenberg completed another “I would not live away,” which is thus inscribed: “‘I would not live away’—A version written in illness in 1874. Revised at this time and dedicated to my beloved friend, Adam Norrie, for his eightieth birthday.

“I would not live away—I ask not to stay,
For nought but to lengthen the term of the way;
Nay, fondly I’ve hoped, when my work days were done,
Then, soon and undim’d, would go down my life’s sun.

“But, if other my lot, and I’m destined to wait
Thro’ suffering and weakness in useless estate,
Till I gain my release, gracious Lord keep me still,
Unmurmuring, resigned, to thy Fatherly will.

“Yea, thus let it be, so that thereby I grow
More meet for his presence to whom I would go,
More patient, more loving, more quiet within,
Thoroughly washed in the Fountain that cleanseth from sin.

“So the days of my tarrying on to their end,
Bringing forth what they may, all in praise I would spend—
Then, no cloud on my faith, when called for I'd leave,
Calm in prayer, ‘Lord Jesus, my spirit receive.’

“But *inside* the veil—How, how is it there?
Dare we ask for some sight, or some sound to declare,
What the blessed are doing—afar or anear?
Oh! but for a whisper, the darkness to cheer!

“Yet, why aught of darkness? Light, light enough this,
The Paradise life—it can be only bliss—
And whatever its kind, or where'er its realm lies,
The Saviour its glory, the Sun of its skies.”

He would never allow that there was any thing woeful or forlorn in Christian old age. “My fourscore years are not labor and sorrow, I am sure, I can thankfully say;” alluding to the Psalm in the burial service. On Easter Day, discoursing on the words, “And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment,” he broke into one of those instant, natural applications of the Gospel, so common with him, and so impressive. “A *young* man—an angel—and who ever heard of an *old* angel? No, nor (looking at the wan, pale faces of the patients around him) a sick or paralyzed angel. The angels have perpetual youth and health, that belongs to life and immortality, and

righteousness is immortal. Our Lord Jesus Christ says of us in the resurrection kingdom, 'Neither can they die any more, but are equal to the angels.' . . ."

"Did you ever hear any thing so *beautiful*?" said a poor, aged, trembling one, after the Chapel service. "And how happy Dr. Muhlenberg looked—just like an angel himself."

"We're both a good way on the wrong side of seventy," a worthy old friend observed to him one day as they exchanged greetings.

"The *wrong* side!" exclaimed Dr. Muhlenberg, "surely it is the right side, for it is the side nearest heaven."

He manifestly enjoyed what one has called "The gran' delight o' seein' auld age rin hirplin awa' frae the face o' the Ancient o' Days."* A brother clergyman read at evening service the formula for Family Prayer in the Prayer Book where the petition occurs, "make us mindful of the time when we shall lie down in the dust." "A——, do *you* ever expect to lie down in the dust?" he inquired of his friend afterwards. "I know *I* do not." He occasionally used these morning and evening prayers in the family, but invariably changed the petition alluded to, and also one in the morning prayer, regarding the remembrance of "the strict account to be given of our thoughts, words, and actions, at the last day, when, according to the deeds done in the body, we shall be eternally rewarded or punished by him who is appointed," etc.—He always

* MacDonald.

substituted the latter by these words: "May we so know our Lord Jesus Christ now, as our Saviour, that we may not then fear to meet him as our Judge."

The Festival of the Ascension this year was a marked day. He spent it at St. Johnland, where about a hundred ladies and gentlemen from the city met him by special invitation of the Trustees, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the work; thus far, owing to its remoteness, little personally known. Few who were present will forget the hallowed charm of that day. The picture of the venerable Founder seated under the trees in the midst of the groups of children provided for by his care, as he led them in singing a Centennial song, an adaptation by his own hand of his President's Hymn; or, better still, the glowing Ascension Day service in the little cross-surmounted Church, which followed after, when for a few moments he held all hearts as he spoke on what to him was the theme of themes—"Brotherhood in Christ," from the words of our Lord, "Go tell my brethren, I ascend to my Father and your Father, my God and your God." He was not feeling as strong as usual, but there was a pathos in his somewhat broken earnestness, and in the meekness with which he asked that, if he had said aught amiss or omitted aught that he should have said they would pardon him, which was more eloquent, under the circumstances, than any grander discourse. He himself was very happy. It cheered him that his guests were so evidently impressed with his St. Johnland. It was a young child to have so aged

a father, and he did what he could that day to bespeak friends and helpers against he should leave it. This tender anxiety gave a deepened interest to every expression of appreciation that met his ear, and he watched, with pure and grateful pleasure, the impression made upon the company at large, by the primitive simplicity and rural beauty of the place. The weather was perfect; the atmosphere fresh and pearly, and the great St. Johnland flag, never, in those days, raised except when the Founder was in residence, floated its Johannean symbols as a consecration of the whole.

It was during this visit that the Founder's Well came into being. Dr. Muhlenberg, as if under an inspiration, suddenly said, "Come, let us dig a well for the cottages." Reaching the place, he chose the spot where, eventually, excellent water was found, and having driven in a stake to guide the diggers, and uttered a text from St. John's Gospel, he uncovered his head and breathed a fervent prayer, and a father's blessing on the place. The well has since been very handsomely housed as a Tribute of Respect to the Founder; the legend he chose, heavily engraved in brass, forming the frieze, thus: "Jesus said, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

In the month of September following, he was persuaded, though reluctantly, to go again to St. Johnland. For some time previous, a measure had been

on foot for signalizing his eightieth birthday, by the presentation of a substantial sum (\$20,000), as the beginning of a "Muhlenberg Endowment" for that work. It was well understood that no expensive gift to himself would be acceptable to his disinterestedness and humility, but such an advancement of his latest work could be only a joy. The subscriptions were made with the utmost privacy, and only among choice personal friends. As the time drew near for the offering, more than one thoughtful contributor, fearing the effect of any sudden surprise on one so feeble, suggested that he should receive some intimation of what was in prospect.

There was much talk at the time about the Bryant vase, recently presented to the poet at his fourthscore anniversary, and it was easy to lead Dr. Muhlenberg's mind to his own approaching fête.

"Your eightieth birthday must be honored too."

"Well," he replied simply, "people might give me a thousand dollars for St. Johnland. I should like that."

"What would you say to five or ten thousand dollars for St. Johnland?"

"Ah!" he said, turning away, "that is not to be thought of;" and although the intimation was repeated later, he did not accept the possibility.

It was desired that the offering should be presented at St. Johnland, and he was induced to make the journey the evening before, so that he might be rested for the demands of the morrow. He rose bright and well the next morning at an early hour, and the first

event of the day was his acceptance, while yet in his chamber, of this grateful tribute. He was left alone with his emotions for a while, then a choir of voices broke out in song on the green sward northward of the house. Young and old had gathered below his windows at break of day, to wish him joy of his eighty years, in the native birthday lyric sacred to his anniversary. He threw up the sash and looked out. It was a beautiful sight. Every upturned face standing a little aslant that they might see him the better, was illumined by the newly risen sun, and beaming also with the pleasure of his presence.

Leaning forward a little, that he might take in the whole, his countenance irradiated with holy love, and his arms stretched out and over them in unspoken benediction, he stood there awaiting the termination of their singing. Scarcely had the last word died upon their lips, when his own voice, strong and sonorous led them in "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," then came the Lord's Prayer in heartiest accord, followed by a fervent, soul-breathing benediction, after which they dispersed for breakfast in the several families; and every household later had a brief, sweet visit from him.

Dinner-time brought a gathering of another kind. About a dozen sons of an earlier day came down from the city to wish their dear father joy, between the morning and afternoon trains. Three of them were organists, and it being Saturday they had to return for the next day's duties. It was a genial, joyous

company. There were rich, well-trained voices among them, and for "grace before meat," they chanted beautifully the "Gloria in Excelsis." Dr. Muhlenberg was in his element, thus surrounded by his boys. His spirits rose unusually.

He said this was one of his happiest birthdays, and told them at length the story of the earlier part of the day, of "the Muhlenberg Endowment," and of the "Founder's Well." It was an enjoyable, if not very orderly, meal. In the midst of it the little ones of the "Children's Home" came pattering along the piazza under the dining-room windows, and sang their innocent congratulations.

The young men rushed outside and brought in a troop of the pretty little creatures. Then there had to be hurrying for the train, and amidst so much happy interruption, dinner was but half over when it was time to go. The place abounds in fruit and flowers. A huge pyramid of these, intermingled, had been improvised, under Dr. Muhlenberg's direction, as a centre-piece for the dinner-table. He pulled it all apart, as the guests made their farewells, and sent them off laden with the spoils, for refreshment on the road.

In the afternoon came the ordinary festivities of the Founder's birthday for the whole settlement, in the fine old grove. It was thought that the previous exertions of the day would make him unable to be among his children there; but in the midst of their hilarity, some one joyfully exclaimed, "Why, there's Dr. Muhlenberg."

He had walked up alone from the house, and was pausing a moment on the brow of the hill to gaze upon the scene. His slender form stood out strongly against the golden autumnal sky, the soft rich hues of which were all in harmony with the ripe saintliness of his well-nigh perfected spirit. He joined the holiday-makers, and all went as merrily as if that were not the last time he and his St. Johnlanders would ever be together again upon earth. But it was the last. Nor had he been unmindful that it might even be so, though he would cast no gloom over their joy by intimating it.

Returning to the city, as he reached the Hospital gate, he sighed out, in one of those rhymings habitual with him:

“Having now done my best,
Let me die in my nest,
Trusting God for the rest.”

“Has it been so great an effort?” asked his friend.
“Rather,” was all the reply.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1876-1877.

The Shadows lengthen.—Joy and Peace.—Effect of Birthday Tribute.—Public Esteem.—“From Tweed to Dr. Muhlenberg.”—His Latest Labors.—Last Visit to his Sister.—Washington’s Birthday.—Sudden Illness.—Six Weeks of Trial.—Died as he had Lived.—Simplicity of Burial.—The Arrival at St. Johnland.—Impression on Bishop Kerfoot.—A Noble Pageant.—His Grave-stone.—The Contributors.—St. Johnland Cemetery.

THROUGHOUT the year 1876 he continued in comfortable health, but the evening shadows were evidently lengthening. The long, beautiful day was mellowing towards sunset, and with an unclouded “joy and peace in believing” that made it the very fruition of the promise: “With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.”

The fatigue and excitement of the birthday celebration left no ill effects; and all that the founders of the Muhlenberg Endowment looked for, at the time, in their tribute, was abundantly realized; for he saw in this combined and generous gift a token and pledge that St. Johnland would be provided for when it should no longer have a Father’s care and protection.

Its Founder’s eightieth year was still more munificently signalized in relation to St. Luke’s Hospital

which received during that twelve months, the quite extraordinary addition to its permanent fund of a hundred and thirteen thousand dollars.* A new song of thanksgiving was put into the mouth of the aged saint.

The birthday gift for St. Johnland as it became publicly known brought him pleasure and enlivenment in visits and letters of congratulation from friends far and near, and even from strangers. A person in California, now prosperous, but first helped by Dr. Muhlenberg to extricate himself from pecuniary distress—though the latter had no memory of so aiding him—wrote from that distance of his glad and loving sympathy in the honor shown his former benefactor; an account of which he had seen in the daily papers.

There were tokens also, at this time, of the place he occupied in the heart and mind of the community at large, which are remarkable and exceptional, taking into account his retiring and unworldly habits. Since his humility can no longer be pained by it, we may venture to record two or three of these as an illustration. In his public acknowledgment of the "Bryant Vase," the poet, speaking of the far-reaching goodness of God, said, as if instancing the extremes of human character, "From Tweed to Dr. Muhlenberg." Again: "A million of inhabitants and only one Dr. Muhlenberg," was quoted by the author of the "Century of Nursing"; and very striking also were some closing words in one of the daily journals which, noticing,

* This amount was the gift of living persons, no legacy or bequest is included in it.

under the title of "A Blameless Life," the completion of his eightieth year, after outlining his unselfish labors says: "It behooves even those of us who are most doubtful about the dogmas, and most impatient of the exclusive pretensions of the churches, to be very chary of dismissing as 'effete' an institution which is still capable of giving their full scope to the powers for well-doing of such an ornament to the human race as Dr. Muhlenberg."

The year 1877 began brightly for him. There was a little revival of physical strength, and he was able to do more work among the patients and in the Chapel, and enjoyed it. He had not been as animated and interesting in the Chapel service for a long while, as he was the last time his voice was ever heard there. This was at evening prayer on Wednesday, February 21st. The whole of that day was well filled up. The morning among the patients and other poor: the afternoon in calls upon two sick friends and a long visit to his sister, then a confirmed invalid. He was accompanied on the occasion by his Sister friend, on whom, from the period of his illness in 1874, he had grown to depend for constant attendance and companionship.

Little did any present imagine that it was the last time this aged brother and sister were to meet in the flesh; but had it been known, the parting could not have been more perfect. He had terminated other visits to Mrs. Rogers with prayer and blessing, but what so quickly followed, has invested the memory of that farewell with a beauty and solemnity of its own.

Rising to go, he placed his friend's hand in that of his sister and with his own hands enfolding both theirs, said: "Let us pray." The Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison, as the three stood together, and was followed by his fervent supplications for grace to the end and by praiseful joyous aspiration of the everlasting reunion. Then he embraced his sister lovingly, and as they separated, lifted his hands, vibrating in benediction, and with the sweetest of parting looks at her, left the room. Neither in life nor after death did she see his face again.

Three days before this, he wrote his last rhymes. Perhaps he had a premonition that such they would be, for they were found, after he had gone, laid in his writing-drawer, dated and signed, quite contrary to his wonted negligence in such matters. They have an interest in that they are the last trembling touches of his broken lyre, still giving forth clearly and distinctly the keynote of his life's faith:

"Glad I am, thou knowest, Lord,
When I can to do the Brother,
Mindful of thy parting word:
'Loving me, love one another.'
But withal, my sin, my sin.
Oh! thy blood to cleanse within,
Heart, and mind, and soul. I pray!
Now, and for the last great day.

"Feb. 18, '77. W. A. M."

He busied himself also on the same day about providing the accustomed household treat for Washington's Birthday, on the morrow. He was always care-

ful to pay due honor to the Father of his country; and the next morning, at breakfast, more mindful than those around him of the anniversary, he did not forget to add to his accustomed grace, "and may God preserve the commonwealth." He seemed in unusual health and spirits at that meal, and no one observing him dreamed that the day begun so cheerily in the Hospital family was to close in a deeper gloom than will ever again settle upon that house.

"We know how Dr. Muhlenberg lived," said one of his college sons, "tell us how such a man died." To which it would be as true as it is comprehensive to reply, "He died as he lived." Never was a symmetrical, holy life more perfectly rounded off. The record of the six weeks of illness preceding his release, fully and carefully kept, reveals throughout, a wonderful harmony of word and action, with all that the strong man in his strength ever presented for our love and admiration. From first to last of these days, there was nothing discordant or incongruous.

Reverence and affection shrink from laying open the sacred seclusion of the sick room; but Dr. Muhlenberg fills a place in the hearts of his fellow Christians and fellow citizens which entitles them to see something of the closing scenes of his life; and the more striking particulars may not be withheld.

It was Washington's Birthday, as already said. Being a public holiday there were many persons coming and going during the morning, and an extraordinary demand was made upon the attention of all the officials

of the institution. The beloved Pastor took only too full a share in the work, listening to poor people at the door, and accompanying visitors over the building, without its being perceived, amid the throng of business, that he was doing too much; nor, as afterwards appeared, that he had not been quite himself from eleven o'clock. The too late discovery of this, gave exquisite pain; yet he thus fell "with his armor on," as he had often expressed the wish he might do. At one o'clock, a terrible convulsion struck him down, never again to take the field.

He was insensible for more than an hour, with fearfully violent jactations. The best medical aid was in attendance, and all that was possible for his relief was done. As the convulsive motions subsided, his consciousness gradually returned. He asked for his Sister friend, the thirty years' companion of his labors. She was quickly at his side. Though suffering much pain, his mind soon became perfectly clear, and in the reaction that had then set in, he began to talk in almost his usual tones. He was never again able to express himself as strongly and coherently, and every word of that precious afternoon was eagerly treasured with deep thankfulness for the privilege of hearing him speak once more.

He supposed he was dying, and took affectionate leave of her, adding: "Not for long. Friends in Christ can not be long parted. Our union has been in Christ and for Christ; we can look the angels in their faces with it."

After a pause, he said: "Praise the Lord, I have had a good time. Thanks, thanks, thanks! I have lived long enough. I am ready. What would signify a year or two longer of life? I do not think there is any more that I could do. Lord, forgive all that has been amiss."

He sent last messages to those dearest to him, and spoke most of all of St. Johnland; charging her who sat by him to keep on bravely and fearlessly in the work there, confident that it is of the Lord; after which, lifting up his arms and eyes heavenward he so besought grace and blessing for it that the answer could not be doubted.

After recapitulating some last directions, he said, "My back aches severely, but never mind. It is good for me to suffer something," and then he repeated, distinctly and unhesitatingly, the last three verses of the hymn which had been his favorite in boyhood:

"Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he bring my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

"Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

"Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

After this, great restlessness ensued and the next day was a most distressing one from a cerebral disturbance which, without impairing his consciousness, haunted him with phantasmagoria in a very harassing manner. His endurance of this new trial was striking. He would describe and analyze the phantoms—now a huge balloon, floating over his bed, then the walls were covered with hieroglyphics, or perplexing diagrams spread themselves over the ceiling; these were so real to him that he could sometimes hardly be persuaded his attendants did not see them. Later the apparitions increased fearfully and his suffering was intense. He was always jealous as to a sound mind and began to fear for his reason. He bade his Sister nurse pray the Lord to take him away by whatever violence, rather than to suffer him to live on in imbecility. Seeing her grief, he suddenly calmed himself, exclaiming, with attempted cheerfulness, “Well, well! It can’t be helped, many have had them. It’s all right, a good discipline for me.”

Throughout his illness, rarely a wakeful hour passed without some interesting, holy words, and the greater part of his nights, whether fully awake or but semi-conscious, were spent in absorbed, audible “stress of prayer.” Amid thickened speech and broken utterance, one could hear pathetic supplications and joyous praises. “Lord, forgive my mistakes. Forgive my sins. Wash me clean. Jesus, thou art all in all. Praise, everlasting praise!” Then, from time to time, he would lift his arms over his head, clasp his hands,

and seem in rapturous communion with far other than the poor watchers at his bedside.

Sometimes, after lying apparently asleep or as unaware of any one's presence, he would abruptly utter something that showed how his thoughts were occupied; thus, without any previous reference to the subject:

"Our Lord did not *send* Judas out before the communion, that would have been to make or proclaim him a traitor. Judas *went* out, and then it was as if Jesus had said, 'The traitor has gone, now, my beloved ones, come and partake of the parting feast.' At another time: "Those Alpine chapels—how sublime that among those heights there is ceaseless worship." Again: "'Love one another as I have loved you'—'Love one another!'—Yes, that's it; that's the church."

During a delirious night he broke out into a rhapsody on Evangelical Catholicism. He seemed to be addressing a congregation of ministers in the Church of the Testimony at St. Johnland, spoke eloquently of the Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of men in Christ. Suddenly, as though visited by applicants for relief, he asked his nurse to get him a pair of shoes for a man who he thought asked for them; after which he sank exhausted into a sleep of some duration. On awaking he said, "Well, has he got them?" "What do you mean?" it was asked. "Why, the poor fellow who wanted the shoes. See that he is not sent off without them." In the wanderings of his mind he was constantly occupied in the relief of the poor.

He made much, as was always his habit, of the accommodation and attendance secured for him: "No royal person could be better provided. Such rooms, such comforts, such doctors and nurses." He was never left exclusively to hired attendants, however trustworthy, and he appreciated it.* After thus reviewing his mercies he would clasp his hands saying:

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

At another time: "If I have many sorrows, I have innumerable mercies."

Towards the middle of March there was a little revival of strength, bodily and mental, but speedily to die out again. The tenor of his days was the same whether better or worse—prayer and praise and perfect submission to God's will, with loving words and ways to his attendants, and now and then a little play of his quaint humor.

"You look better to-day," a friend remarked.

"I have my ups and my downs," he said; "by and by, the wave will come that will float me over."

* His physicians were Dr. William H. Draper, and Dr. Charles Packard. His chief nurse was his Sister friend, the House Mother and then Superintendent of the Hospital, who was devotedly aided by a former pupil of Dr. Muhlenberg's, the Rev. Dr. McNamara, at that time, acting Chaplain for St. Luke's and assistant Pastor of St. Johnland.

One morning, at his usual dressing-time he seemed so languid, so absent or far away, and so unwilling to be moved, that his attendant was directed to defer his morning duties awhile, the Sister adding: "I do not think it right to disturb him as he now lies." To the surprise of all present, he instantly said in a strong, sonorous voice, "Amen, Amen! Thank you."

A little later the barber came, and was told his services would be dispensed with that day. The man was rather a privileged person, in his way, and instead of taking his departure, as was expected, placed himself full in front of Dr. Muhlenberg's bed, and remained there, unwilling to lose what he came for. "Do you feel able to be shaved, sir?" some one asked. "No! I feel too weak." Then, opening his eyes, they fell on the persistent barber. At once, he roused himself. "Oh! *you* are there, are you? You want your job, of course. Well! I'll give you a chance," and so he did, without further delay, unequal as he felt for the exertion.

St. Johnland was almost daily on his lips in prayer or blessing, and tidings from there always roused him. Some one, not well-conversant with the work, remarked that it would be a desirable locality for a young gentlemen's school. With unusual quickness he said: "Oh no! I could never give it up to that. That would be to have it supported by the world, and the world would carry it on in its own way."

About two weeks before Easter, what faint hope there had been that he might rally for a while was

suddenly brought to an end by the setting in of alarming symptoms. He quickly discerned the anxiety of the medical men and the distress of his friends. "Don't be afraid," he said to the latter. "Never mind. It could not be long, at any rate. I am satisfied. The heavenly Jerusalem—we'll meet again there."

At another time: "How could things be more beautifully ordered for my departure,

"Lord, what can I ask of thy Providence more,
Than thus to leave for the heavenly shore."

Again: "I am as it were wounded on the battle-field, but I can still work. I can send up messages from this sick bed to the patients in the wards and in the Chapel, and I can pray for all." One of his messages later was as follows: "Tell them upstairs not to be putting up prayers for my recovery, for I am asking the Lord to call me home. I don't wish confusion in our prayers." Then: "Jesus, Good Shepherd, take me, take me. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest." "I am so tired," he said, on another occasion; "so oppressed with languor and weakness, I know not what to do." "If we could but help you," was said in reply. "What can we do that you may be eased?" Instantly he answered, "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," and in so saying the burden seemed momentarily lifted from him.

A Sister and others would from time to time come for his blessing. On one of these occasions, he asked

rather urgently, for a young Sister newly entered when he was taken ill, and who had evidently been much on his mind, though he had hardly seen her. He laid his hands on her head as she kneeled by him, with a prayer that being "found faithful unto death she might receive the crown of life."

He grew much worse, sometimes remaining in a nearly comatose state for hours, then brightening up, he would talk much and pray still more. Bishop Kerfoot spent some days with his beloved old master, and on Palm Sunday took advantage of more continuous consciousness for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The bishop had received his first communion at the hands of him to whom he now gave his last. Dr. Muhlenberg enjoyed the privilege of communing, "More than I expected," he faltered out, and although he sank into semi-consciousness through a large part of the service, true to his joyous nature, he was himself in all the more praiseful parts of the office, joining particularly, with some strength of voice, in the *Ter Sanctus* and *Gloria in Excelsis*.

On Good Friday, he was able to listen comfortably to some reading from St. John's Gospel. It was the eleventh chapter, the raising of Lazarus. At the passage, "Whoso liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," he exclaimed, "Yes, those are glorious words. Those are my death words. This is the happiest day of my life."

"Do you expect to die to-day?" it was asked.

"No, I feel rather strong."

A little after he said, "If the Lord would but come and take me—but as he wills."

The bells of St. Thomas's Church were silenced very frequently during that Lent, in tender regard for the venerable sufferer. The rector's usual kind morning inquiry on the subject was referred to the patient on a certain day, when he was brighter than usual. "I don't like those Lenten tones," he said, "but let them ring," adding, "I feel lively."

But if those penitential minors were in ill accord with his Christian joyousness, the beautiful bells were amply vindicated when Easter Day came. Steadily declining as he then was, scarcely at all alive to ordinary matters, when at the dawn of the festival, they sounded forth triumphantly, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah," he was transported with pleasure, endeavoring to accompany them with his voice and again and again expressing his delight. "Beautiful! Beautiful! Praise, all praise!" After enjoying the early bells, he recited the *Te Deum* antiphonally with his friend, remarking at the close that the ascription "Holy, Holy, Holy," ought to be said in unison by the clergyman and the congregation. After he had rested a while, his favorite Easter verses were read to him from the twentieth of St. John: "Go tell my brethren, I ascend to your Father and my Father, your God and my God." "Thank you," he exclaimed, not without some ring of his wonted joyousness, "those are glorious words. They should be written in diamonds and rubies," repeating them again

to himself. Later he wanted some Easter music in his room. A beloved musical son, who was present, drew the melodeon from the study to the door connecting with the bedroom, and played and sang "Christ the Lord is risen to-day, sons of men and angels say." Dr. Muhlenberg joined with all the voice he could command, in the chorus after every verse. This was his last song of praise below.

As Easter Day wore on, he sank into a more comatose condition than had yet been. He was with difficulty roused to take nourishment, but in every lucid interval there were broken utterances of prayer and praise, and of longings "to depart and be with Christ." During the succeeding day, his consciousness became increasingly obscured, and so continued until the dawn of Friday, April the 6th, when he was heard to utter some petitions of the Lord's Prayer. A little later he said a faint "Good morning" to his friend as she bent over him, and that was the end of his intercourse with earth.

He never spoke again, nor opened his eyes, nor moved upon his pillow, nor took the slightest nourishment, though his final release was not until the Sunday night following.

It was a watch of sixty hours. Breathing almost imperceptibly, without the least sound of the voice, or stir of hand or foot, the form so venerated, so beloved, lay utterly prostrate, with an entire shrouding of mind and soul. Some who watched there could not have borne the sight, but for the thought of the

cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the infinite mystery and marvel of the obscuring of the Divine as well as the human spirit, ere the Lord entered Paradise.

He died on Sunday night, April 8th, at a little after ten o'clock. The only perceptible change at the moment of dissolution, was the unmistakable shade that passed over the face. The friend whom he had so often charged to see him "safe out of the world," fulfilled the behest to the utmost, kneeling by his couch and holding his dying hand till the last faint pulsation of life had some time ceased.

Few were present, at the moment, in addition to the habitual attendants of that sacred room. His niece, and, next to Mrs. Rogers, only near relative, Mrs. Chisolm, with members of her family; three of his "sons in the Lord," a friend from St. Johnland, and the Rev. Dr. Geer, accidentally calling at the house with loving inquiry, were all. The latter came in only a few minutes before the saint's release, and said the last prayer for him. A breathless silence followed. Then, all rose and recited together the Gloria in Excelsis. There was nothing left to do, but to give thanks, even though eye and heart were straining yearningly after him—"My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

The funeral, in accordance with his expressed wishes, was markedly plain. "I desire to be buried as the poorest of my brethren."

On a certain occasion, replying to some counsels of prudence, he had said, "I only need to leave enough

to bury me." He did not do this. All he possessed at his death was forty dollars, in two gold pieces, given him shortly before his illness. This gold was afterwards bestowed upon a devoted attendant of his sick room.

A eulogy, attributed to William Cullen Bryant, contains the following: "Other men have accumulated wealth that they might found hospitals; he accumulated the Hospital fund as such, never owning it and therefore never giving it. The charitable institutions which he founded, were to him what family, and friends, and personal prosperity are to men generally, and dying as he did, poor, in St. Luke's Hospital, he died a grandly successful man. . . ." The above brings to mind a satire once uttered by the departed, in reference to the accumulation of enormous wealth; he called it, "living to die rich."

He was buried on the fourth day after his decease. The interment was at St. Johnland; the preliminary part of the office in the Chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, on the day previous.

The remains were robed in surplice and stole, with a copy of St. John's Gospel, opened at the fourteenth chapter, lying upon the breast. Some two hours in advance of the time appointed for the service in St. Luke's, the body was laid in its place before the chancel, in order that the patients and others so desiring, might have full opportunity to see his face in death. A guardian of the precious dust was necessary to control the demonstrations of grief. One poor widow passionately

kissed his name upon the coffin lid, exclaiming, "Every body's father is gone."

The Chapel was not large enough to receive the multitude who came to the funeral. "Dr. Muhlenberg's taste and feeling," said one, "revolted from the display and extravagance of floral funeral tributes; but, if every one who loved and honored him, from all classes and conditions of men and women, and from all the branches of the Christian church, should lay but a violet or a crocus upon his bier, his grave would not contain the flowers."

The remains, accompanied by a few personal friends, including Bishop Kerfoot, were conveyed from the city by the evening train, in readiness for the burial on the morrow. The St. Johnland station was reached just after sunset. As the cars stopped, the little platform was seen crowded with boys, older and younger, waiting in awed silence for the arrival, of all that remained to them of their friend and father.

The casket was transferred to the hearse in waiting, and next to it, in sad procession, followed these young St. Johnlanders, on foot. The friends from New York, in their conveyance, completed the *cortège*. It took fully an hour thus to make the mile and a half of distance between the railroad station and the gate-house of the village; the twilight meantime deepening, and the distant tolling of the Church bell falling mournfully upon the ear.

"Well! well!" Bishop Kerfoot said, as he caught sight of the gathering at the railroad station, and

then followed them in their close attendance upon the hearse, "This is reality. This is what he would have liked."

There was just light enough, on arriving, to descry the sobbing groups, issuing from the different houses. All followed the funeral train into the Church, dimly lighted at the chancel, where the remains were reverently placed, and from that moment, faithfully guarded by relays of young male communicants, both throughout the night, and until the hour of burial, next day. The little sanctuary was thronged, making deep, solemn shadows in the unlighted aisle. It was impossible to separate without united prayer. The bishop led in an improvised service, not a mournful one; but looking upwards, whither the sainted father had gone, lifting the thoughts of those true mourners, from the sad mortality before their eyes, to the unspeakable joy of his beatified soul in Paradise.

In a private letter, the bishop afterward wrote: "That journey to St. Johnland, specially that slow walk from the train to the gate, and then, that strange, quiet, solemn movement in the dusk towards the Church, among those groups of *his* sheltered orphans, old and young; and that entrance and silent depositing of the body—and that service of trust and triumph, that no sadness could suppress—Oh! what a true and noble pageant was it all, in the sight of holy angels looking on. No old story of the church can surpass it. . . . I recall none other so significant. . . ."

The burial took place in the early afternoon of the

next day, after the arrival of the morning train from New York. Dr. Muhlenberg had been explicit in his directions, that no invitations were to be sent, and no sermon or address was to be added to the appointed service of the church, which again was to be read by a single clergyman, whoever might be on duty. Also, there was to be no anthem, or ornamental music, but a simple hymn of faith to some well-known plain tune.

A large concourse gathered. "Bishops and other clergy," college sons of former days, dear kindred and loving friends and neighbors thronged to pay him a last tribute of respect and affection. Every thing was done as he would have wished. The aged brethren from St. John's Inn, with the poor children from the different houses led the funeral procession as it wound around the little church, and up the hill to the cemetery.

No hired official took part in the interment. Four St. Johnland communicants bore the coffin, other communicating members of the Community had dug and shaped the grave, and stood waiting there in readiness to complete their sad though voluntary and privileged task. Bishop Kerfoot and the venerable Dr. Diller,—oldest of the long line of his college sons,—dropped the earth on his sacred ashes at the words of committal; the usual prayers were said, a hymn sung—

"Angels and living saints and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital head,
And of his love partake"—

And so "every body's father," and the "St. John" of these latter days was buried.

Possibly some present said in their hearts that which one of the funeral guests was heard openly to express: "What a poor little place to put so great a man in." Yet he sleeps well in his own St. Johnland—a father in the midst of his children, and "where," as he loved to say, "I can speak from my grave for the 'Evangelic Brotherhood.'"

And this he does. Almost immediately after the funeral, contributions were spontaneously offered towards the erection of a durable stone, or "monument," as it is popularly called, to mark the resting-place of the precious remains. Dr. Muhlenberg's long esteemed friend and brother in the ministry, Dr. Heman Dyer, acquiesced in a request that he should be the treasurer of this fund, and announced from time to time, over his own name, the contributions as they came in. Without any solicitation nearly twelve hundred dollars were received. The cost of the stone was between eight and nine hundred dollars. The balance was expended in improving the burial ground which is now enlarged to twice its original size, enclosed by a well-built rustic fence of native cedar-wood, and with the tall trees that shade it and the sweet surrounding scenery, forms a beautiful rural cemetery.

The subscriptions to the stone consisted largely of the offerings of poor persons, often in sums of fifty and twenty-five cents. One poor little girl sent four cents, a poor boy, with small earnings, "Two dollars for the

Doctor's head-stone," and another contributor, five dollars, with these words: "From a Bishop who would be glad to sit at his feet in heaven."

The "monument," of dark polished Aberdeen granite, is composed of a solid but gracefully proportioned cross upon a handsome massive cube, heavily capped; the whole standing ten and a half feet high, with a foundation six feet in depth. It is placed at the head of the grave, and indestructible and immovable, so guards the sacred spot. At the intersection of the arms of the cross, one on each side, are the ancient monograms of the "Alpha and Omega" and "Jesus Hominum Salvator." Dr. Muhlenberg had left in writing: "If I have a tomb-stone, I want these words on it—'I know whom I have believed,'" and therefore on the west front of the cube those words are engraven. On the east front, facing the grave, is read (suitably adjusted as an inscription)—"Here sleeps the earthly part of William Augustus Muhlenberg, Doctor in Divinity. He was born, Sept. 16th, 1796, ended his work, April 8th, 1877." On the side of the stone northward, the reason of his interment in that place is thus expressed: "In Testimony of those Evangelical Catholic Principles, to which, as the Founder of St. Johnland, he consecrated it."

Near to him are interred the remains of a number of the aged pilgrims whom his love and care succored in their declining years, and nigh these again, are the little grassy hillocks of several crippled children and others. The graves are designated by simple



blocks or index stones; the rule of the cemetery for all, of whatever degree, who are privileged to lie there. The stone marking the Founder's grave is the sole monument, and its surmounting cross the one symbol of redemption for all the sleepers there, for them and him alike proclaiming: "WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE."

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

Effect upon Community of his Death.—Multitude of Tributes.—Extracts from the more important.—The Bishop of Long Island and others.—An Ode “In Memoriam.”

“It is but just and natural that when such a man dies the whole community should be moved.” So a clergyman expressed himself in commenting upon Dr. Muhlenberg’s life and character, shortly after his decease. The impression made by the event was profound and widely spread. Sermons, addresses, resolutions of respect and affection, tributes of all kinds, were poured forth both by the secular and the religious press, and as well from Christian bodies and individuals, exterior to his own communion, as from almost every diocese within its border.

Passages from several of the more important of these tributes have, with due acknowledgment, been freely used in the course of this work, whether to explain some great church movement or to illustrate any particular wherein a lower pen could not do equal justice to the subject. But there remain one or two others of the class, too thoughtfully analytic and eloquently true, not to have more than the fugitive existence of their first issue, some extracts from which, regarding traits

and characteristics, not hitherto fully brought out, may most appropriately close this inadequate presentation of our beloved and venerated father in the church.

The following is from the bishop of Long Island in his annual address: “. . . . The church at large has been called to mourn the loss of one whose saintly character and remarkable labors, extending over a long life, made him beyond, perhaps, any man of his day, whether bishop, priest, deacon, or layman, the common property of the church throughout the land. His canonical residence was of no moment in making up his record, for his real home, his acknowledged place, was in the hearts of God’s people. . . . He was a man of whom any age of the church might have been proud. Fame and honor, and with them the noblest form of influence, might have been his, if he had only done one of the many great works for which history will give him a foremost place among his fellows. He was not prominent as a thinker in the purely intellectual sense. He was not strong in the power that grapples with and holds firmly in hand the subtle distinctions and abstract issues of metaphysical speculation. He did not excel as an apologist or a controversialist. He laid no claim to—nay, shrank from being considered an authority in theology regarded as a logical or scientific exhibition of the whole counsel of God. He, indeed, often said what his life-work so gloriously evinced, that his heart had more to do with his confession of faith than his head. And yet, though

he had no taste or faculty for—nay, rather dreaded the dry metallic ring of the higher tasks and exercises of disciplined thinkers, he left behind, both in prose and verse, thoughts that will breathe and burn in the souls of men when not a few of the so-called great minds of the day shall have been forgotten. It is astonishing that so quiet and gentle a life should have developed so many of the qualities and gifts of leadership—leadership neither claimed by him, nor formally conceded to him by others; but none the less real and effective. Scarcely an important movement can be named peculiar to the last forty or fifty years of our church life, and which will be likely to tell upon the next half century of that life, that he did not originate or help others to originate.

“Such a life tempts us to linger upon the many tinted and mellow side lights glancing from it in all directions, as well as on the great, visible, focal points on which its energies converged. No life has been lived among us in this generation that has furnished richer materials for a biography of lasting interest to the church. It was habitually hidden from public sight, and singularly uneventful as the world reckons, but its individuality was intense, and its ardor of feeling and conviction contagious. His highest power was not in speech or in the pen—happy as he was in the use of both—but in personal contact, in the peculiar spiritual atmosphere that enveloped him. He met the supreme test of true goodness and true greatness, for to none was he so good and so great, so pure, so

tender, and so loving as to those who knew him best and were most with him.

"It is our pride and joy that his honored grave is with us on Long Island; made, as was his wish, with the poor and lowly, the crippled and the friendless, who in all coming years shall sleep in the same spot with the beloved Founder of St. Johnland—some day to rank amongst the noblest ventures of this, or any other age. That sheltered hillside, where rest the mortal remains of William A. Muhlenberg, will grow dearer and dearer to God's people, as time rolls on; and unless we have greatly exaggerated the quality and amount of his work for Christ, and all for whom Christ died, it will in fifty years, be accepted as one of the Christian Meccas of our country; and certainly of our Island."

The bishop of Central New York says: "With the least possible parade, with a force individual and single, with a self-forgetfulness that seemed absolute, he has made a place for himself in the priesthood of this church, and in the attachment of its members, from the highest to the lowest, which was altogether characteristic; and it is left entirely empty by his removal. Without being either a theologian or a statesman, he was greater than either, and while apparently wrong in some opinions, comprehended as few men, living or dead, have, what the *worship* and *work* of this church in America ought to be."

A brother presbyter writes: "There were in him many striking characteristics, almost every one of which would have made him a man of mark. But these were so blended and so beautifully harmonious in action as to present a singularly complete and symmetrical whole. Like the colors of the rainbow, each was distinct in itself, and yet so gently did these features shade off and melt into one another, that it was impossible to tell where the one ended and the other began. . . . It was impossible for such a nature to move in straight lines, or express itself according to any established rules. His logic was the logic of deeds, rather than of words. He had a wonderful fancy, and it was wonderfully active. This it was which gave to his words and ways such an intense interest, and made his wit so ready, and at times so amusing, and yet so real and so true. Often, by a single sally of this trenchant weapon, he would expose and annihilate some pretentious folly, or administer a rebuke never to be forgotten. But his fancy, like the heat-lightning of a summer's evening, playing along the horizon, lit up and beautified every thing it touched. These elements spread an indescribable charm over all his life, and made his presence and companionship a continued delight and benediction. Added to these was a comprehensiveness which included all that was valuable—a discrimination which properly assorted and distributed whatever was to be used—and a strong practical sense which controlled and guided every thing to the accomplishment of ob-

jects and ends proposed. Dr. Muhlenberg was a man of strong, almost resistless, will—but he was never self-willed. He was also a man of positive and clearly defined opinions, but never opinionated. He was open to convictions, ready to receive suggestions from any and all sources, and as ready to modify, or change his plans and opinions for any which might be wiser and better. There was none of that foolish pride of opinion which so often disfigures otherwise great men. While he was a teacher, he was also a learner. He never did any thing so well but that it might be improved. He abhorred the idea of stereotyping rules of feeling, or thinking, or acting. And he had but little respect for those whose mind could only move in ruts and grooves, and do things in a particular way. . . . He rather despised that kind of consistency which can not tolerate change, even for the sake of improvement. . . . He knew God, perhaps, better than most men. But it was not in him to trouble himself much about metaphysical terms and distinctions, nor was it possible for him to belong exclusively to any particular school of thought or of polity. He was so thoroughly catholic that he was ever ready to receive any thing good from all schools. While he was a churchman and deeply loved the worship and ways of his own church, he never failed to recognize as brethren beloved, all the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever found. He cordially disliked all narrowness, and bigotry, and exclusiveness, as hostile to the spirit of Christianity, and inconsis-

ent with the brotherhood of believers. His love and service in the cause of Christ, and of suffering humanity, were not restricted by any ecclesiastical lines, but went out to all, and ministered to all as there was ability or opportunity. He was eminently the common property of a common Christianity, and his life and character are an illustrious example of its spirit and of its power. One such life does more to disarm infidelity, and to commend the Gospel of Christ, than all the arguments which can be made, or all the controversies which may be waged. It stands forth like the sermon on the mount—the embodiment and illustration of God's law and God's truth to man. In its spirit and beauty, it is a psalm of perpetual praise and thanksgiving. We bless God for it. We bless God that this great community has, through so many years, been permitted to see and study it. No words of ours can express the benefits and blessings of such a life. The living example has passed away, and we shall see it no more forever. But its silent influence remains, and will continue to inspire and shape human sympathies and human energies from generation to generation, even unto the end. . . . *

“The best monument to the memory of Dr. Muhlenberg,” said another, “is not any one institution but the influence of his life and example throughout this community, in the interest of Christian

* Rev. Dr. Heman Dyer, in *Parish Visitor*.

charity. He was himself a prince in the kingdom of heaven, according to the measurement of rank given by our Lord. Not a great man was he as the world estimates greatness, by degrees of wealth, office, power and authority, but his greatness was in self-subjection for the good of others, in practical usefulness. How many has he initiated into the sweet charities which he himself exemplified. How many have been taught by him to find their pleasure and luxury, in giving for worthy objects. How many rich men and women in this city, whose confidence he had won by his manner of life, have been persuaded to bestow on public charities the money which would otherwise have been squandered on display and self-indulgence. How many currents not of mere impulsive instincts, but of educated Christian principle, have been started by him; which will continue to flow wider and deeper long after every edifice associated with his name shall have fallen into ruins. It is his rare but true eulogy, pronounced by many, that there is, and ever will be, more of Christian charity in the world, because Dr. Muhlenberg has lived in it as he did. This is a monument to his memory which is imperishable."*

Some extended quotations have been made in the body of this work from an address delivered by Dr. Harwood before an association of clergymen, of which at the time of his death, Dr. Muhlenberg was the senior

* Rev. Dr. William Adams, in *New York Observer*.

member. A further passage from this, and the conclusion of a poem spoken on the same occasion by the Rev. Dr. George D. Wildes, will complete the design of these extracts.

“ His fellow Christians of every name were dear to him: with his liturgical genius he was not afraid of free prayer, nor did he ever tremble for the safety of the ark of God. Clearly he was possessed of a strong common sense, which was inspired by the fire of a poetic temperament. He used frequently to say that all his thoughts were embodied in concrete forms, and that he could not frame abstract propositions. This was entirely true. His thinking is in the institutions and the charities he organized. You see from them and in them, the dominating traits of his faith and religious life. His faith was not a theological formula, but a living conviction and power. It was a free, joyous allegiance to Jesus Christ. The incarnation of the Word of God in Jesus was the central idea of his theology and the inspiration of his Christian life. It was brotherhood in Christ—brotherhood through Christ—that he aimed to exemplify. Upon this account his religious sympathies overleaped the barriers of his own communion, and upon this same account he toiled for those who needed assistance. This made him the consoler of the wretched and the counsellor of the rich. It gave to him a blessed standing ground, and he remembered day and night that the Lord Jesus became poor in order that we through His poverty might be rich. . . . People in distress, sought his counsel and strong men

went to him for advice. He was honored with the affectionate veneration of thousands throughout the land, and New York, which bows down to wealth, was proud of this eminent citizen, who could but say with the Apostle Peter: 'Silver and gold have I none: but such as I have, give I unto thee.'

"This Club has special reason for offering its homage to the great presbyter who sleeps now in the sweet seclusion of his beloved St. Johnland. He took the liveliest interest in every project and work that we have thought and wrought. He stands before us in the fullness of his living, charitable, eager religion, striving to embody his idea in concrete work and not in intellectual forms. He hailed in us fellow-workers, and we beheld in him the wise master-builder who sought to make men one in the fellowship of a simple faith. . . ."

.
"Man among men; the kind courageous heart
Chivalric, true, to aid the weaker part,
Free in the liberty
Of Christ's own free,

"His the rare martyr soul; for truth and right
The pleader and the worker; in the might
Of Christ's great might to stand
At his command.

"Not the gray annals of an elder time,
Of joyful service and of faith sublime,
In rubricated name
Tell worthier fame.

“Fourscore and one ! yet not the good old age
Measured by years alone; if these were all,
Unmeaning life, and vain the sacred page,
The patriarch’s record: then ’twere wise to install
For all it grants, long life as sovereign good;
To account the hours for God and duty given,
Servants of greed, and passion’s fitful mood
The all in all, and verity of heaven !
Not thine, dear saint ! thou of the head encrowned
With glory in the ways of righteousness—
Thus to thyself to live; but toilful, found
Blessing and blest where’er thy Lord would bless;
Not to ‘live alway,’ this thy song and prayer;
To live to Christ, thy life’s supremest care.”

THE END

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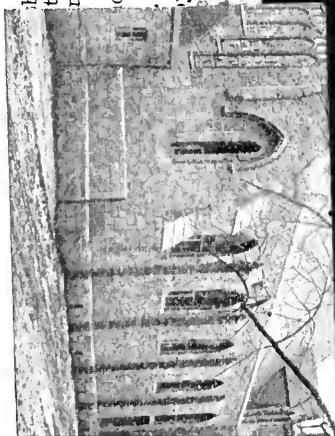
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